







UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

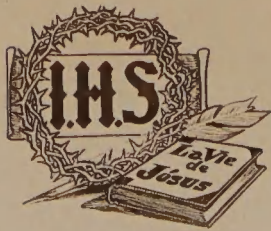
INCLUDING ALL THE GREAT
AUTOBIOGRAPHIES
AND THE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL
DATA LEFT BY THE
WORLD'S FAMOUS MEN AND
WOMEN.



EDITED WITH INTRODUCTIONS
ESSAYS AND APPRECIATIONS
BY THE LEADING SCHOLARS
AND EDUCATORS OF AMERICA.



F. TYLER DANIELS COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK.



320.01
Un3
v.15

VOLUME XV

Recent Great Autobiographies

(1860—1914)

INCLUDING THE SELF-NARRATIVES OF

ERNEST RENAN, the great French historian; THOMAS HUXLEY, the literary champion of modern science; LEO TOLSTOY, greatest of Russian teachers; ARMINIUS VAMBERY, first of Asiatic explorers; SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, most noted of Scottish scientists; SONYA KOVALEVSKY, a Russian woman pioneer; OSCAR WILDE, dramatist and æsthete; MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF, the frankest revealer of the feminine heart; CLARENCE HAWKES, a true American hero; and CLIFFORD BEERS, the autobiographer of insanity.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY BY

MARY E. WOOLLEY

President of Mount Holyoke College

This volume is issued as part of a complete set of The University Library of Autobiography, composed of fifteen volumes. Volume I contains the authenticated certificate as to the limitation of the edition and the registered number of this set.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY
F. TYLER DANIELS COMPANY
INCORPORATED

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XV

	PAGE
RECENT GREAT AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.....	IX
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF T. H. HUXLEY.....	XV
<i>By Mary E. Woolley of Mount Holyoke College</i>	
ERNEST RENAN, 1823-1892.....	1
<i>"Recollections of Youth"</i>	2
THOMAS HUXLEY, 1825-1895.....	59
<i>"My Autobiography"</i>	59
LEO TOLSTOY, 1828-1910.....	71
<i>"Autobiography of Count Tolstoy"</i>	72
ARMINIUS VAMBERY, 1832-1915.....	123
<i>"Life and Adventures of Vambery"</i>	124
SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, 1835-.....	213
<i>"My First Geological Excursion"</i>	213
SONYA KOVALEVSKY, 1850-1891.....	227
<i>"Recollections of Childhood"</i>	228
OSCAR WILDE, 1856-1900.....	251
<i>"De Profundis"</i>	252
MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF, 1860-1884.....	263
<i>"The Journal of a Young Artist"</i>	263
CLARENCE HAWKES, 1869-.....	345
<i>"Hitting the Dark Trail"</i>	345
CLIFFORD BEERS, 1876-.....	355
<i>"A Mind that Found Itself"</i>	356

ILLUSTRATIONS IN VOLUME XV

	TO FACE PAGE
Ernest Renan	Frontispiece
Thomas Huxley	59
Leo Tolstoy	71
Arminius Vambery	123
Sir Archibald Geikie	213
Oscar Wilde	251
Marie Bashkirtseff	263

INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME XV

RECENT GREAT AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

1860

THIS final volume of our series advances in date but little from the preceding one. The narrative of Thomas Huxley, which is given here, belongs with the class of great scientific autobiographies described in the previous volume as having sprung from the keen scientific awakening of the 1850's and 60's. So too we might place the story of Ernest Renan with those of the men whose hearts were rent by the religious struggle of those days. But Huxley and Renan are only the earliest speakers in the present volume. Beyond them we come to autobiographers of our own generation, some of them still living, and others only very recently passed from among us.

Moreover, even with Huxley and Renan we get a much more modern air than with the earlier thinkers whom they resemble. Huxley took up the ideas of evolution where Darwin left them. Huxley was the fighting scientist of the 1860's and 70's, the arguer who hammered home the proofs and made all men see what Darwin had only quietly announced. Even in his autobiography Huxley is still fighting. He tells us that he writes it so men cannot misrepresent him after he is dead. There is a familiar tone about this that may win the reader to a smile as he looks back through Haydon and Rousseau and all the other autobiographers until he reaches old Sir Thomas Bodley, the first Englishman of them all, who also adopted this particular excuse for satisfying the natural human impulse to talk about himself.

Renan, though he at first took exact religious doctrines as seriously as Newman or Mlle. de Guerin, yet in the last analysis concluded to accept life more cheerfully. He resolved to live and work with what he knew, rather than with all that

threw him into doubt. A really remarkable career was that of Renan; and as he was one of France's ablest literary men, his narrative is almost as remarkable as the career itself. He was a Breton, born and bred in the strictest ancient Catholic faith and intended for the priesthood. Doubts never entered his head until his manhood. Then he wrestled with them anxiously, broke wholly from his Church, and wrote his renowned books dealing with Jesus and with all the Biblical story in strictly historic fashion, as one might with any other ancient man and ancient book. He suffered from considerable antagonism, perhaps from persecution, but bravely resolved to be cheerful, and to believe as much as he could both of religion and of the essential goodness of his fellowmen. He ended by winning high literary distinction, and declared himself to be in his home life, his public life, and his religion, the happiest of men. Perhaps he really believed it.

Far different was the attitude of that mighty Russian genius Tolstoi. He too wrote a somewhat fragmentary narrative of his own life. In it we see the ceaseless struggle of a mind to understand itself and also to satisfy itself somewhere among religious beliefs. That was an evil Russia indeed in which Tolstoi began to write in the 1850's. A narrow and self-seeking upper class supported a wealthy and obviously corrupted church, and the peasant was ground helplessly between the two, while an independent thinker could find no place to set his foot or rest his head. Against this system Tolstoi, single-handed, waged a wonderful battle. First he made a religion, found it for himself, dug up a new "Primitive Christianity," as he called it, from amid the crumbling sumptuousness of the Russian Church. Then, having made a faith, he taught it to a nation, a blind and stupid nation wrapped in a widespread garment of craven superstition, of faith in endless omens, which they miscalled Religion. Whatever Russia may at length achieve in the field of thought and modern effort, Tolstoi stands as the fundamental mover, the true achiever, of it all.

Other Russians too began to enter the particular literary field of autobiography—women as well as men. If we look behind Tolstoi for earlier Russian narratives of self, we are driven far back to the great Empress Catherine—and she was

not a Russian but a German. But after Tolstoi the name of the Russian autobiographer is legion.

Most important among such works, at least to western eyes, stand out the two women's narratives of Sonia Kovalevsky and Marie Bashkirtseff. Mme. Kovalevsky was an anomaly, a scientific and mathematical genius born in a woman's body in a country and an age where woman's education was still a thing undreamed. It is pathetic enough to read of her struggles, with their climax of the sacrifice of happiness for education's sake—she married a stranger to win the liberty which marriage allowed. Yet it is still more pathetic to read the vivid pictures of her lonesome and mistaught childhood, to see thus from the inside the Russian aristocratic household, to realize its essential childishness, its essential "goodness" in the midst of its barbarity. From Sonia's childhood eyes one could almost establish the theory of Rousseau and many another eighteenth century philosopher, that human nature in the rough, unrepressed by civilization, is naturally good.

Something of this same naïve picture of crude Russian life, we glimpse from the pages of Mlle. Bashkirtseff, but less vividly. We face here a genius as narrow as that of Mme. Kovalevsky was broad, an outlook upon life as intensely personal as that of the other was universal. Mlle. Bashkirtseff is all passion, and desire, and ambition, and so sees life only through her own emotions. She died in 1884 aged only twenty-four; and when her brief autobiography was soon afterward given to the world, it achieved a fame which made it the most talked of book for years. Poor child, the fame she would have given her life for, came to her all unknown and only after her death! The book is probably the most honest, complete and convincing picture of a woman's emotions which our whole series has to offer.

Another noted narrative also comes to us from the eastern parts of Europe, from a man who was still living when the great European war blocked and confused our sources of information. This was the noted Hungarian traveler and scholar, Arminius Vambery. Vambery first became widely known in the 1860's as a young Hungarian peasant of such power and such intense thirst for knowledge and adventure that he began by mastering most of the languages of the

Mohammedan East and then, disguising himself as a Mohammedan, traveled unsuspected through worlds where no earlier European had ventured. He thus became a pioneer explorer of the East; and his story of his adventures parallels the picture of Eastern life presented in an earlier volume by Marie Asmar, the Babylonian princess.

From these writers of far-off lands let us turn now to those of Britain and America. Many very interesting autobiographies have been given to our world in the last twenty years, some of them looking as far back as Tolstoi's, some dealing with most recent times. It would be impossible as yet to select among them and say, "These will live; these die." Many of them are of men still or very recently active among us. We can only mention here, and not reprint, such works as Roosevelt's autobiography, the life of Booker T. Washington, or of Jacob Riis.

Yet there are some among these recent books whose place is already too well established to be doubted. For example there are the works of Sir Archibald Geikie, the great Scotch geologist, the dean of English science, the head of her world of learning. Geikie wrote no separate autobiography; but in his pleasantly familiar books on geology he is always breaking into personal narrative. From his books it is thus easy to cull the manful story of his hard-working and enthusiastic life.

Nor would any gathering of great autobiographies be complete without that simple, somber, wonderful book by Oscar Wilde, the *De Profundis*. The sin and shame of Wilde have long been known to all men who cared to read of them. It would be a better thing if this book, written from his prison cell, were as widely known instead. It confesses, it explains, it looks earnestly and manfully beyond the sin and beyond man's punishment to ask, "What next?" and to answer as best it may. Many critics have declared Wilde's *De Profundis* to be among the great and permanent books of our age.

In America also there have appeared in recent years two most unusual autobiographies which should be known to every reader, and which have done and must yet do incalculable good. These are the *Hitting the Dark Trail* by Clement Hawkes, and *A Mind That Found Itself* by Clifford Beers. *Hitting the Dark Trail* is a tale of blindness and lameness, so

bravely, so cheerfully borne, that it must shame complaint out of the heart of every able-bodied man, a story of success won by such resolute effort against such enormous discouragement, that no "slacker" could read it understandingly and remain a slacker.

Stranger still is the story of *A Mind That Found Itself*. An able, earnest, highly educated man became temporarily insane. When he recovered, he remembered all his deluded imaginings and traced them to their sources. His book thus showing insanity from the inside, has been a revelation to the world. Its explanation of the mistakes made in treating the insane has led to valuable reforms; its hateful picture of brutal abuses inflicted in secret has swept much of them away. And perhaps best of all, its assurance of the occasional happiness and flashes of understanding among the insane has done much to hearten and console those who have some loved one suffering the dread affliction.

Narratives like those of Wilde and Hawkes and Beers are splendidly fitted to help every reader, and so splendidly fitted to close our present series. Its purpose has been to take our readers over an enormous field of human thought, not touching every stone on the way, but condensing within the limits of practical human reading all the wonderful world of human nature. It is the library of knowledge of our fellowmen.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF T. H. HUXLEY

By *Mary E. Woolley, Litt.D., LL.D.*

“ANYTHING I can do to help in raising a memorial to Carlyle shall be most willingly done. Few men can have dissented more strongly from his way of looking at things than I; but I should not yield to the most devoted of his followers in gratitude for the bracing wholesome influence of his writings when, as a very young man, I was essaying without rudder or compass to strike out a course for myself,” writes Thomas Huxley.

The influence of *The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley*, is described by his own words regarding the writings of Thomas Carlyle. One may dissent from certain conclusions reached by Huxley, but cannot fail to feel the stimulation and inspiration of his life. To live in such an atmosphere is to be influenced for better and higher things. First—it stimulates to earnest, purposeful living. Huxley had the “whip inside him.” Of his schooling he writes, “I had two years of a Pandemonium of a school (between 8 and 10) and after that, neither help nor sympathy in any intellectual direction till I reached manhood.” Perseverance, painstaking thoroughness were characteristic of him from very early manhood. Hardly more than a boy when he set before himself a high ideal of accomplishment, he never relaxed his effort, or took his eyes from the goal. No man better illustrated the “strength of drudgery well done.” To a fellow examiner about a proposed appointee to that post he wrote, “I have the gravest doubt about —— steadily plodding through the disgustful weariness of it, as you and I have done”; to a young man “with aspirations after an intellectual career”, “The learning to do work of practical value in the world, in an exact and careful manner, is of itself a very important education, the effects of which make themselves felt in all other pursuits. The habit of doing that which you do not care about, when

you would much rather be doing something else, is invaluable.”

Fundamental in Huxley's character and fundamental in the influence of his life was that “hatred of shame and love of veracity,” which he attributed largely to the influence of Carlyle. No one can read his life without feeling the tonic of this high moral quality. Above all else he put the importance of discovering truth, that we are “morally bound to ‘try all things and hold fast to that which is good.’”

Acquaintance with such a life stimulates to liberality in the attitude toward others, as well as to more earnest, purposeful living. It is said of Huxley that he had a “singular candor in recognizing truths which might seem to militate against his own position, and power of understanding and respecting his adversaries' opinions.” He was also singularly generous in his estimate of others. Of “Chinese Gordon” and Charles Darwin he wrote, “Of all the people whom I have met within my life, he (Chinese Gordon) and Darwin are the two in whom I have found something bigger than ordinary humanity—an unequaled simplicity and directness of purpose—a sublime unselfishness.”

Breadth of interests was equally characteristic and his life is a lesson to those who are in danger of becoming narrow specialists. His service to education in general was only second to his service to science and to scientific training. His influence in establishing the laboratory system and in promoting the practical teaching of biology, “can hardly be overestimated,” but in addition, he was instrumental in the introduction into the schools of drawing, kindergarten methods, object lessons and elementary science, shorthand, manual training for boys, domestic economy for girls, evening continuation classes. He gave much time and thought to social conditions; in fact, nothing human was foreign to him.

The influence of such a life makes also for a broader and finer culture. Huxley had a “remarkable power of speaking,” lucidity of style, both in speaking and writing, a style formed by the most painstaking effort. “Be clear, though you may be convicted of error,” was his instruction; he said of his essays that he sometimes wrote them six times before getting them into order. His conversation was described as

“singularly finished—clean cut—enlivened by vivid illustration,” characterized by a “sense of humor and economy of words.”

The study of the life of Huxley is an inspiration to grace and beauty as well as dignity of living. Leslie Stephens said of him to one of his sons, “I never came from your house without thinking how good he is; what a tender and affectionate nature the man has! It did me good simply to see him”; and another friend wrote, “I can truly say that I never knew a man whose way of speaking to his family, whose manner in his own home was fuller of a noble, loving, and withal playful courtesy.” He teaches the art of living earnestly, without taking life too seriously. His humor was irresistible; one of his little grandchildren, a mite with whom he was “trying to ingratiate himself with a vast deal of nonsense,” said, “Well, you are the curious’test old man I ever seen.” Love of children, love of humanity, was a ruling power, saving him from narrowness and austerity.

The influence of such a life emphasizes moral and spiritual values, as well as intellectual. It was said of him that he was “almost a fanatic for the sanctity of truth”; his attitude toward children was a “union of underlying tenderness veiled beneath an inflexible determination for what was right”; “what he counted iniquity he hated and what he counted righteous he loved with the candor of a child.” Serving on the Board of Education and giving generously of his time because a friend of children, he interested himself not only in secular studies, but even more in what would help in the development of the moral and spiritual nature. He wrote, “True education is impossible without religion”;—“After all, the reproach made to the English people that ‘they care for nothing but religion and politics’ is rather to their credit. In the long run these are the two things that ought to interest a man more than any others”; “Atheism is, on purely scientific grounds, untenable”; and, agnostic as he was on the question of immortality, “It is a curious thing that I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older and nearer the goal.”

The estimate which he set upon character, is indicated in his epitaph upon Henslow, “He had intellect to comprehend

his highest duty distinctly, and force of character to do it; which of us dare ask for a higher summary of his life than that?"

To live for a time in "the bracing wholesome influence" of a great life, is one of the chief values of reading autobiographies. It is next to living in the actual presence of the life itself, gives a sense of reality of the person, and of nearness to his influence not felt in any other way. It is tonic, invigorating, helping in the formation of good habits, emphasizing the things that are worth while, giving a truer perspective of values, indicating the supreme importance of hard work, earnest purpose, high ideals. Above all, the autobiography makes vivid the realization that character is the cornerstone of a truly great life.

ERNEST RENAN

THE FOREMOST OF NON-CHRISTIAN HISTORIANS

1823-1892

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Few men have risen to such height in the world of modern literature and philosophy as did Ernest Renan; and few autobiographies have been so widely read as his "Recollections of Youth." Renan was a native of Brittany in France, educated for the priesthood. His studies of history early led him to doubt the solidity of the evidence for the events then commonly accepted as constituting the early history of Christianity. Renan therefore withdrew from the Church and devoted himself to literature and historical study. In 1863 he published his "Life of Jesus," a bold and perhaps irreverent work in which he discards all traditionary teachings and builds up a life on the basis of the few facts indisputably established about the Christ, supplemented by a large amount of Renan's own poetic imagination. The book had a profound influence upon its time and was highly lauded by many French critics but strongly opposed by the French Church. In subsequent more extended works Renan confirmed the position won for him by the "Life of Jesus." His chief later works were his "History of the Jews" and "Origins of Christianity." He became widely recognized as the ablest writer of his day. Whatever view later ages may take of his religious attitude, there can be no question of his literary brilliancy, and his "Recollections of Youth," published in 1883, will always be treasured for its high poetic beauty and romance.

Outside his tempestuous literary career Renan lived a quiet and, he assures us, very happy home life. The French government sent him on learned research expeditions to Asia and appointed him a university professor, though he was not actually installed in his professional duties until late in life.

RECOLLECTIONS OF YOUTH

ONE of the most popular legends in Brittany is that relating to an imaginary town called Is, which is supposed to have been swallowed up by the sea at some unknown time. There are several places along the coast which are pointed out as the site of this imaginary city, and the fishermen have many strange tales to tell of it. According to them, the tips of the spires of the churches may be seen in the hollow of the waves when the sea is rough, while during a calm the music of their bells, ringing out the hymn appropriate to the day, rises above the waters. I often fancy that I have at the bottom of my heart a city of Is with its bells calling to prayer a recalcitrant congregation. At times I halt to listen to these gentle vibrations which seem as if they came from immeasurable depths, like voices from another world. Since old age began to steal over me, I have loved, more especially during the repose which summer brings with it, to gather up these distant echoes of a vanished Atlantis.

The recollections of my childhood do not pretend to form a complete and continuous narrative. They are merely the images which arose before me and the reflections which suggested themselves to me while I was calling up a past fifty years old, written down in the order in which they came. Goethe selected as the title for his *Memoirs* "Truth and Poetry," thereby signifying that a man cannot write his own biography in the same way that he would that of any one else. What one says of oneself is always poetical. To fancy that the small details of one's own life are worth recording is to be guilty of very petty vanity. A man writes such things in order to transmit to others the theory of the universe which he carried within himself. The form of the present work seemed to me a convenient one for expressing certain shades of thought which my previous writings did not convey. I had no desire to furnish information about myself for the future use of those who might wish to write essays or articles about me. . . .

I

TRÉGUIER, my native place, has grown into a town out of an ancient monastery founded at the close of the fifth century by St. Tudwal (or Tual), one of the religious leaders of those great migratory movements which introduced into the Armorican peninsula the name, the race, and the religious institutions of the island of Britain. The predominant characteristic of early British Christianity was its monastic tendency, and the bishops, at all events those who landed in Brittany, the north coast of which must at that time have been very sparsely inhabited, began to build large monasteries, the abbots of which had the cure of souls. A circle of from three to five miles in circumference, called the *minihi*, was drawn around each monastery, and the territory within it was invested with special privileges.

The monasteries were called in the Breton dialect *pabu* after the monks (*papæ*), and in this way the monastery of Tréguier was known as *Pabu Tual*.

The meaning of these obscure beginnings gradually faded away, and from the name of *Pabu Tual*, *Papa Tual*, found, as was reported, upon some old stained-glass windows, it was inferred that St. Tudwal had been Pope. The explanation seemed a very simple one, for St. Tudwal, it was well known, had been to Rome, and he was so holy a man that what could be more natural than that the cardinals, when they became acquainted with him, should have selected him for the vacant See. Such things were always happening, and the godly persons of Tréguier were very proud of the pontifical reign of their patron saint. The more reasonable ecclesiastics, however, admitted that it was no easy matter to discover among the list of popes the pontiff who previous to his election was known as Tudwal.

In course of time a small town grew up around the bishop's palace, but the lay town, dependent entirely upon the Church, increased very slowly. The port failed to acquire any importance, and no wealthy trading class came into existence. A very fine cathedral was built toward the close of the thirteenth century, and from the beginning of the seventeenth the monasteries became so numerous that they formed whole

streets to themselves. The bishop's palace, a handsome building of the seventeenth century, and a few canons' residences were the only houses inhabited by people of civilized habits. In the lower part of the town, at the end of the High Street, which was flanked by several turreted buildings, were a few inns for the accommodation of the sailors.

It was only just before the Revolution that a petty nobility, recruited for the most part from the country around, sprang up under the shadow of the bishop's palace. Brittany contained two distinct orders of nobility. The first derived its titles from the King of France, and displayed in a very marked degree the defects and the qualities which characterized the French nobility. The other was of Celtic origin and thoroughly Breton. This latter nobility comprised, from the period of the invasion, the chief men of the parish, the leaders of the people, of the same race as them, possessing by inheritance the right of marching at their head and representing them. No one was more deserving of respect than this country nobleman when he remained a peasant, innocent of all intrigues or of any effort to grow rich; but when he came to reside in town he lost nearly all his good qualities and contributed but little to the moral and intellectual progress of the country.

The Revolution seemed for this agglomeration of priests and monks neither more nor less than a death warrant. The last of the bishops of Tréguier left one evening by a back door leading into the wood behind his palace and fled to England. The concordat abolished the bishopric, and the unfortunate town was not even given a sub-prefect; Lannion and Guingamp, which are larger and busier, being selected in preference. But large buildings, fitted up so as to fulfill only one object, nearly always lead to the reconstitution of the object to which they were destined. We may say morally what is not true physically: when the hollows of a shell are very deep, these hollows have the power of re-forming the animal molded in them. The vast monastic edifices of Tréguier were once more peopled, and the former seminary served for the establishment of an ecclesiastical college, very highly esteemed throughout the province. Tréguier again became in a few years' time what St. Tudwal had made it

thirteen centuries before, a town of priests, cut off from all trade and industry, a vast monastery within whose walls no sounds from the outer world ever penetrated, where ordinary human pursuits were looked upon as vanity and vexation of spirit, while those things which laymen treated as chimerical were regarded as the only realities.

It was amid associations like these that I passed my childhood, and it gave a bent to my character which has never been removed. The cathedral, a masterpiece of airy lightness, a hopeless effort to realize in granite an impossible ideal, first of all warped my judgment. The long hours which I spent there are responsible for my utter lack of practical knowledge. That architectural paradox made me a man of chimeras, a disciple of St. Tudwal, St. Iltud, and St. Cadoc, in an age when their teaching is no longer of any practical use. When I went to the more secular town of Guingamp, where I had some relatives of the middle class, I felt very ill at ease, and the only pleasant companion I had there was an aged servant to whom I used to read fairy tales. I longed to be back in the somber old place, overshadowed by its cathedral, but a living protest, so to speak, against all that is mean and commonplace. I felt myself again when I got back to the lofty steeple, the pointed nave, and the cloisters with their fifteenth century tombs, being always at my ease when in the company of the dead, by the side of the cavaliers and proud dames, sleeping peacefully with their hound at their feet, and a massive stone torch in their grasp. The outskirts of the town had the same religious and idealistic aspect, and were enveloped in an atmosphere of mythology as dense as Benares or Jagatnata. The church of St. Michael, from which the open sea could be discerned, had been destroyed by lightning and was the scene of many prodigies. Upon Maunday Thursday the children of Tréguier were taken there to see the bells go off to Rome. We went blindfolded, and much we then enjoyed seeing all the bells in the peal, beginning with the largest and ending with the smallest, arrayed in the embroidered lace robes which they had been dressed in upon their baptismal day, cleaving the air on their way to Rome for the Pope's benediction.

Upon the opposite side of the river there was the beauti-

ful valley of the Tromeur, watered by a sacred fountain which Christianity had hallowed by connecting it with the worship of the virgin. The chapel was burnt down in 1828, but it was at once rebuilt, and the statue of the virgin was replaced by a much more handsome one. That fidelity to the traditions of the past which is the chief trait in the Breton character was very strikingly illustrated in this connection, for the new statue, which was radiant with white and gold over the high altar, received but few devotions, the prayers of the faithful being said to the black and calcined trunk of the old statue which was relegated to a corner of the chapel. The Bretons would have thought that to pay their devotions to the new virgin was tantamount to turning their backs upon her predecessor.

St. Yves was the object of even deeper popular devotion, the patron saint of the lawyers having been born in the *minihî* of Tréguier, where the church dedicated to him is held in great veneration. This champion of the poor, the widows and the orphans, is looked upon as the grand justiciary and avenger of wrong. Those who have been badly used have only to repair to the solemn little chapel of *Saint Yves de la Vérité*, and to repeat the words: "Thou wert just in thy lifetime, prove that thou art so still," to ensure that their oppressor will die within a year. He becomes the protector of all those who are left friendless, and at my father's death my mother took me to his chapel and placed me under his tutelary care. I cannot say that the good St. Yves managed our affairs very successfully, or gave me a very clear understanding of my worldly interests, but I nevertheless have much to thank him for, as he endowed me with a spirit of content which passeth riches, and a native good humor which has never left me.

The month of May, during which the festival of St. Yves fell, was one long round of processions to the *minihî*, and as the different parishes, preceded by their processional crucifixes, met in the roads, the crucifixes were pressed one against the other in token of friendship. Upon the eve of the festival the people assembled in the church, and on the stroke of midnight the saint stretched out his arms to bless the kneeling congregation. But if among them all there was one doubting

soul who raised his eyes to see if the miracle really did take place, the saint, taking just offense at such a suspicion, did not move, and by the misconduct of this incredulous person no benediction was given.

The clergy of the place, disinterested and honest to the core, contrived to steer a middle course between not doing anything to weaken these ideas and not compromising themselves. These worthy men were my first spiritual guides, and I have them to thank for whatever may be good in me. Their every word was my law, and I had so much respect for them that I never thought to doubt anything they told me until I was sixteen years of age, when I came to Paris. Since that time I have studied under many teachers far more brilliant and learned, but none have inspired such feelings of veneration, and this has often led to differences of opinion between some of my friends and myself. It has been my good fortune to know what absolute virtue is. I know what faith is, and though I have since discovered how deep a fund of irony there is in the most sacred of our illusions, yet the experience derived from the days of old is very precious to me. I feel that in reality my existence is still governed by a faith which I no longer possess, for one of the peculiarities of faith is that its action does not cease with its disappearance. Grace survives by mere force of habit the living sensation of it which we have felt. In a mechanical kind of way we go on doing what we had before been doing in spirit and in truth. After Orpheus, when he had lost his ideal, was torn to pieces by the Thracian women, his lyre still repeated Eurydice's name.

The point to which the priests attached the highest importance was moral conduct, and their own spotless lives entitled them to be severe in this respect, while their sermons made such an impression upon me that during the whole of my youth I never once forgot their injunctions. These sermons were so awe-inspiring, and many of the remarks which they contained are so engraved upon my memory, that I cannot even now recall them without a sort of tremor. For instance, the preacher once referred to the case of Jonathan, who died for having eaten a little honey. I lost myself in wonderment as to what this small quantity of honey could

have been which was so fatal in its effects. The preacher said nothing to explain this, but heightened the effect of his mysterious allusion with the words—pronounced in a very hollow and lugubrious tone—*tetigisse perisse*. At other times the text would be the passage from Jeremiah, “*Mors ascendit per fenestras.*” This puzzled me still more, for what could be this death which came up through the windows, these butterfly wings which the lightest touch polluted? The preacher pronounced the words with knitted brow and uplifted eyes. But what perplexed me most of all was a passage in the life of some saintly person of the seventeenth century who compared women to firearms which wound from afar. This was quite beyond me, and I made all manner of guesses as to how a woman could resemble a pistol. It seemed so inconsistent to be told in one breath that a woman wounds from afar, and in another that to touch her is perdition. All this was so incomprehensible that I immersed myself in study, and so contrived to clear my brain of it.

Coming from persons in whom I felt unbounded confidence, these absurdities carried conviction to my very soul, and even now, after fifty years' hard experience of the world¹ the impression has not quite worn off. The comparison between women and firearms made me very cautious, and not until age began to creep over me did I see that this also was vanity, and that the Preacher was right when he said: “Go thy way, eat thy bread joyfully . . . with the woman whom thou lovest.” My ideas upon this head outlived my ideas upon religion, and this is why I have enjoyed immunity from the opprobrium which I should not unreasonably have been subjected to if it could have been said that I left the seminary for other reasons than those deriving from philology. The common-place interrogation, “Where is the woman?” in which laymen invariably look for an explanation of all such cases, cannot but seem a paltry attempt at humor to those who see things as they really are. My early days were passed in this high school of faith and of respect. The liberty in which so many giddy youths find themselves suddenly landed was in my case acquired very gradually, and I did not attain the degree of emancipation which so many Parisians

¹ This passage was written at Ischia in 1875.

reach without any effort of their own, until I had gone through the German exegesis. It took me six years of meditation and hard study to discover that my teachers were not infallible. What caused me more grief than anything else when I entered upon this new path was the thought of distressing my revered masters; but I am absolutely certain that I was right, and that the sorrow which they felt was the consequence of their narrow views as to the economy of the universe.

II

THE education which these worthy priests gave me was not a very literary one. We turned out a good deal of Latin verse, but they would not recognize any French poetry later than the *Religion* of Racine the younger. The name of Lamartine was pronounced only with a sneer, and the existence of M. Hugo was not so much as known. To compose French verse was regarded as a very dangerous habit, and would have been sufficient to get a pupil expelled. I attribute partially to this my inability to expressing thoughts in rime, and this inability has often caused me great regret, for I have frequently felt a sort of inspiration to do so, but have invariably been checked by the association of ideas which has led me to regard versification as a defect. Our studies of history and of the natural sciences were not carried far, but, upon the other hand, we went deep into mathematics, to which I applied myself with the utmost zest, these abstract combinations exercising a wonderful fascination over me.

Our professor, the good Abbé Duchesne, was particularly attentive in his lessons to me and to my close friend and fellow-student Guyomar, who displayed a great aptitude for this branch of study. We two students always returned together from the college. Our shortest cut was by the square, and we were too conscientious to deviate from the most direct route; but when we had had to work out some problem more intricate than usual our discussion of it lasted far beyond class-time, and on those occasions we made our way home past the hospital. This road took us past several large doors which were always shut, and upon which we worked out our calculations and drew our figures in chalk. Traces of them

are perhaps visible there still, for these were the doors of large monasteries, where nothing ever changes.

The hospital-general, so called because it was the trysting-place alike of disease, old age, and poverty, was a very large structure, standing, like all old buildings, upon a good deal of ground, and having very little accommodation. Just in front of the entrance there was a small screen, where the inmates who were either well or recovering from illness used to meet when the weather was fine, for the hospital contained not only the sick, but the paupers, and even persons who paid a small sum for board and lodging. At the first glimpse of sunshine they all came to sit out beneath the shade of the screen upon old cane chairs, and it was the most animated place in the town. Guyomar and myself always exchanged the time of day with these good people as we passed, and we were greeted with no little respect, for though young we were regarded as already clerks of the Church. This seemed quite natural, but there was one thing which excited our astonishment, though we were too inexperienced to know much of the world.

Among the paupers in the hospital was a person whom we never passed without surprise. This was an old maid of about five-and-forty, who always wore over her head a hood of the most singular shape; as a rule she was almost motionless, with a somber and lost expression of countenance, and with her eyes glazed and hard-set. When we went by her countenance became animated, and she cast strange looks at us, sometimes tender and melancholy, sometimes hard and almost ferocious. If we looked back at her she seemed to be very much put out. We could not understand all this, but it had the effect of checking our conversation and any inclination to merriment. We were not exactly afraid of her, for though she was supposed to be out of her mind, the insane were not treated with the cruelty which has since been imported into the conduct of asylums. So far from being sequestered they were allowed to wander about all day long. There is as a rule a good deal of insanity at Tréguier, for, like all dreamy races, which exhaust their mental energies in pursuit of the ideal, the Bretons of this district only too readily allow themselves to sink, when they are not sup-

ported by a powerful will, into a condition half way between intoxication and folly, and in many cases brought about by the unsatisfied aspirations of the heart.

These harmless lunatics, whose insanity differed very much in degree, were looked upon as part and parcel of the town, and people spoke about "our lunatics" just as at Venice people say "*nostre carampane.*" One was constantly meeting them, and they passed the time of day with us and made some joke, at which, sickly as it was, we could not help smiling. They were treated with kindness, and they often did a service in their turn. I shall never forget a poor fellow called Brian, who believed that he was a priest, and who passed part of the day in church, going through the ceremonies of mass. There was a nasal drone to be heard in the cathedral every afternoon, and this was Brian reciting prayers, which were doubtless not less acceptable than those of other people. The cathedral officials had the good sense not to interfere with him, and not to draw frivolous distinctions between the simple and the humble who came to kneel before their God.

The insane woman at the hospital was much less popular, on account of her taciturn ways. She never spoke to any one, and no one knew anything of her history. She never said a word to us boys, but her haggard and wild look made a deep and painful impression upon us. I had often thought since of this enigma, though without being able to decipher it; but I obtained a clew to it eight years ago, when my mother, who had attained the age of eighty-five without loss of health, was overtaken by an illness which slowly undermined her strength.

My mother was in every respect, whether as regarded her ideas or her associations, one of the old school. She spoke Breton perfectly, and had at her fingers' ends all the sailors' proverbs and a host of things which no one now remembers. She was a true woman of the people, and her natural wit imparted a wonderful amount of life to the long stories which she told and which few but herself knew. Her sufferings did not in any way affect her spirits, and she was quite cheerful the afternoon of her death. Of an evening I used to sit with her for an hour in her room, with no other

light—for she was very fond of this semi-obscurity—than that of the gas-lamp in the street. Her lively imagination would then assume free scope, and, as so often happens with old people, the recollections of her early days came back with special force and clearness. She could remember what Tréguier and Lannion were before the Revolution, and she would describe what the different houses were like, and who lived in them. I encouraged her by questions to wander on, as it amused her and kept her thoughts away from her illness.

Upon one occasion we began to talk of the hospital, and she gave me the complete history of it. “Many changes,” to use her own words, “have occurred there since I first knew it. No one need ever feel any shame at having been an inmate of it, for the most highly respected persons have resided there. During the First Empire, and before the indemnities were paid, it served as an asylum for the poor daughters of the nobles, who might be seen sitting out at the entrance upon cane chairs. Not a complaint ever escaped their lips, but when they saw the persons who had acquired possession of their family property rolling by in carriages, they would enter the chapel and engage in devotions so as not to meet them. This was done not so much to avoid regretting the loss of goods, of which they had made a willing sacrifice to God, as from a feeling of delicacy lest their presence might embarrass these *parvenus*. A few years later the parts were completely reversed, but the hospital still continued to receive all sorts of wreckage. It was there that your uncle, Pierre Renan, who led a vagabond life, and passed all his time in taverns reading to the tipplers the books he borrowed from us, died; and old Système, whom the priests disliked though he was a very good man; and Gode, the old sorceress, who, the day after you were born, went to tell your fortune in the Lake of the Minihi; and Marguerite Calvez, who perjured herself and was struck down with consumption the very day she heard that St. Yves had been implored to bring about her death within the year.”

“And who,” I asked her, “was that mad woman who used to sit under the screen, and of whom Guyomar and myself were so afraid?”

Reflecting a moment to remember whom I meant, she replied, "Why, she was the daughter of the flax-crusher."

"Who was he?"

"I have never told you that story. It is too old-fashioned to be understood at the present day. Since I have come to Paris there are many things to which I have never alluded. She was of the nobility, and these country nobles were so much respected. I always considered them to be the genuine noblemen. It would be no use telling this to the Parisians, they would only laugh at me. They think that their city is everything, and in my view they are very narrow-minded. People have no idea in the present day how these old country noblemen were respected, poor as they were."

III

WHEN I come to look at things very closely, I see that I have changed very little; my destiny had practically welded me, from my earliest youth, to the place which I was to hold in the world. My vocation was thoroughly matured when I came to Paris; before leaving Brittany my life had been mapped out. By the mere force of things, and despite my conscientious efforts to the contrary, I was predestined to become what I am, a member of the romantic school, protesting against romanticism, a Utopian inculcating the doctrine of half-measures, an idealist unsuccessfully attempting to pass muster for a Philistine, a tissue of contradictions, resembling the double-natured *hircocerf* of scholasticism. One of my two halves must have been busy demolishing the other half, like the fabled beast of Ctesias which unwittingly devoured its own paws. As was well said by that keen observer, Challemeil-Lacour: "He thinks like a man, feels like a woman, and acts like a child." I have no reason to complain of such being the case, as this moral constitution has procured for me the keenest intellectual joys which man can taste.

My race, my family, my native place, and the peculiar circle in which I was brought up, by diverting me from all material pursuits, and by rendering me unfit for anything except the treatment of things of the mind, had made of me an idealist, shut out from everything else. The application

of my intellect might have been a different one, but the principle would have remained the same. The true sign of a vocation is the impossibility of getting away from it: that is to say, of succeeding in anything except that for which one was created. The man who has a vocation mechanically sacrifices everything to his dominant task. External circumstances might, as so often happens, have checked the course of my life and prevented me from following my natural bent, but my utter incapability of succeeding in anything else would have been the protest of baffled duty, and Predestination would in one way have been triumphant by proving the subject of the experiment to be powerless outside the kind of labor for which she had selected him. I should have succeeded in any variety of intellectual application; I should have failed miserably in any calling which involved the pursuit of material interests.

The characteristic feature of all degrees of the Breton race is its idealism—the endeavor to attain a moral and intellectual aim, which is often erroneous but always disinterested. There never was a race of men less suited for industry and trade. They can be got to do anything by putting them upon their honor; but material gain is deemed unworthy of a man of spirit, the noblest occupations being those which bring no profit, as of the soldier, the sailor, the priest, the true gentleman who derives from his land no more than the amount sanctioned by long tradition, the magistrate and the thinker. These ideas are based upon the theory, an incorrect one perhaps, that wealth is only to be acquired by taking advantage of others, and grinding down the poor. The outcome of these views is that the man of wealth is not thought nearly so much of as he who devotes himself to the public welfare, or who represents the views of the district. The people have no patience with the idea, very prevalent among self-made men, that their accumulation of wealth confers a benefit upon the community. When in former times they were told that “the king sets great value upon the Bretons,” they were content, and in his abundance they felt themselves rich. Being convinced that money gained must be taken from some one else, they despised greed. A like idea of political economy is very old-fashioned, but human opinion will per-

haps come back to it some day. In the meanwhile, let me claim immunity for these few survivors of another world, in which this harmless error has kept alive the tradition of self-sacrifice. Do not improve their worldly lot, for they would be none the happier; do not add to their wealth, for they would be less unselfish; do not drive them into the primary schools, for they would perhaps lose some of their good qualities without acquiring those which culture bestows; but do not despise them. Contempt is the one thing which tells upon those of simple nature; it either shakes their faith in what is right or makes them doubt whether the better classes are good judges upon this point.

This disposition, for which I can find no better name than moral romanticism, was inherent in me from my birth, and in some measure by descent. I had, so Gode, the old sorceress, often told me, been touched by some fairy's wand before my birth. I came into the world before my time, and was so weak for two months that they did not think I should live. Gode informed my mother that she had an infallible way of ascertaining my fate. She went one morning with one of the little shifts which I wore to the sacred lake, and returned in high glee, exclaiming: "He means to live! No sooner had I thrown the little shift on to the surface than it lifted itself up." In later years she used often to say to me with much animation of feature: "Ah! if you had seen how the two arms stretched themselves out." The fairies were attached to me from my childhood, and I was very fond of them. You must not laugh at us Celts. We shall never build a Parthenon, for we have not the marble; but we are skilled in reading the heart and soul; we have a secret of our own for inserting the probe; we bury our hands in the entrails of a man, and, like the witches in Macbeth, withdraw them full of the secrets of infinity. The great secret of our art is that we can make our very failing appear attractive. The Breton race has in its heart an everlasting source of folly. The "fairy kingdom," which is the most beautiful on earth, is its true domain. The Breton race alone can comply with the strange conditions exacted by the fairy Gloriande from all who seek to enter her realm; the horn which will give no sound except when touched by lips that are pure, the

magic cup which is filled only for the faithful lover, are our special appurtenances.

Religion is the form behind which the Celtic races disguise their love of the ideal, but it would be a mistake to imagine that religion is to them a tie or a servitude. No race has a greater independence of sentiment in religion. It was not until the twelfth century, and owing to the support which the Normans of France gave to the See of Rome, that Breton Christianity was unmistakably brought into the current of Catholicism. It would have taken very little for the Bretons of France to have become Protestant like their brethren the Welsh in England. In the seventeenth century French Brittany was completely permeated by Jesuitical customs and by the modes of piety common to the rest of the world. Up to that time the religion of the country had had features of its own, its special characteristic being the worship of saints. Among the many peculiarities for which Brittany is noteworthy, its local hagiography is assuredly the most remarkable. Going through the country on foot there is one thing which immediately strikes the observer. The Parish churches, in which the Sunday services are held, do not differ in the main from those of other countries. But in country districts it is no uncommon thing to find as many as ten or fifteen chapels in a single parish, most of them little huts with a single door and window, and dedicated to some saint unknown to the rest of Christendom. These local saints, who are to be counted by the hundred, all date from the fifth or the sixth century; that is to say, from the period of the emigration. Most of them are persons who have really existed, but who have been wrapped by tradition in a very brilliant network of fable. These fables, which are of the most primitive simplicity and form a complete treasure of Celtic mythology and popular fancies, have never been reduced to writing in their entirety. The instructive compilations made by the Benedictines and the Jesuits, even the candid and curious work of Albert Legrand, a Dominican of Morlaix, reproduce but a very small fraction of them. So far from encouraging these antique forms of popular worship, the clergy only just tolerate them, and would suppress them altogether if they could, feeling that they are the survivals of

another and a much less orthodox age. They consent to say mass once a year in these chapels, as the saints to whom they are dedicated have too great a hold in the country to be dislodged, but they say nothing about them in the parish church. The clergy let the people visit these little sanctuaries of the antique rite, to seek in them the cure for certain complaints, and to worship there after their own way; they pretend to be blind to all this. Where, then, it may be asked, lies concealed the treasure of all these old stories? Why, in the memory of the people? Go from chapel to chapel, get the good people who attend them into conversation, and if they think they can trust you they will tell you with a mixture of seriousness and pleasantry wonderful stories, from which comparative mythology and history will one day reap a rich harvest.

These stories had from the first a very great influence upon my imagination. The chapels which I have spoken of are always solitary, and stand by themselves amid the desolate moors or barren rocks. The wind whistling amid the heather and the stunted vegetation thrilled me with terror, and I often used to take to my heels, thinking that the spirits of the past were pursuing me. At other times I would look through the half ruined door of the chapel at the stained glass or the statuettes of painted wood which stood on the altar. These plunged me in endless reveries. The strange and terrible physiognomy of these saints, more Druid than Christian, savage and vindictive, pursued me like a nightmare. Saints though they were, they were none the less subject to very strange weaknesses. Gregory, of Tours, has told us the story of a certain Winnoch, who passed through Tours on his way to Jerusalem, his only covering being some sheep skins with their wool taken off. He seemed so pious that they kept him there and made a priest of him. He made wild herbs his sole food, and raised the wine flagon to his lips in such a way that it seemed as if he scarcely moistened his lips. But as the liberality of the devout provided him with large quantities of it he got into the habit of drinking, and was several times observed to be overcome by his potations. The devil gained such a hold over him that, armed with knives, sticks, stones, and whatever else he could get hold of, he ran after the

people in the streets. It was found necessary to chain him up in his cell. None the less was he a saint. St. Cadoc, St. Iltud, St. Conery, St. Renan (or Ronan), appeared to me as giants. In after years, when I had come to know India, I saw that my saints were true *Richis*, and that through them I had become familiarized with the most primitive features of our Aryan world, with the idea of solitary masters of nature, asserting their power over it by asceticism and the force of the will.

The last of the saints whom I have mentioned naturally attracted my attention more than any of the others, as his name was the same as that by which I was known.¹ There is not a more original figure among all the saints of Brittany. The story of his life has been told to me two or three times, and each time with more extraordinary details. He lived in Cornwall, near the little town which bears his name (St. Renan). He was more a spirit of the earth than a saint, and his power over the elements was illimitable. He was of a violent and rather erratic temperament, and there was no telling beforehand as to what he would do. He was much respected, but his stubborn resolve to take in all things his own course caused him to be regarded with no little fear, and when he was found one day lying dead on the floor of his hut there was a feeling of consternation in the country. The first person who, when looking in at the window as he went by, saw him in this position, took to his heels. He had been so self-willed and peculiar in his lifetime that no one ventured to guess as to how he might wish to have his body disposed of. It was feared that if his wishes were incorrectly interpreted, he would punish them by sending the plague, or having the town swallowed up by an earthquake, or by converting the country around into a marsh. Nor would it be wise to take his body to the parish church, as he had sometimes shown an aversion from it.

He might, perhaps, create a scandal. All the principal inhabitants were assembled in the cell, with his stark black corpse in their midst, when one of them made the following sensible suggestion: "We never could understand him when

¹ The ancient form of the word is Ronan, which is still to be found in the names of places, *Loc Ronan*, the well of St. Ronan (Wales).

he was alive; it was easier to trace the flight of the swallow than to guess at his thoughts. Now that he is dead, let him still follow his own fancy. We will cut down a few trees, make a wagon of them, and harness four oxen to it. Then he can let them take him to the place where he wishes to be buried." This was done, and the body of the saint deposited on the vehicle. The oxen, guided by the invisible hand of Ronan, went in a straight line into the thick of the forest, the trees bent or broke beneath their steps with an awful crackling sound. The wagon stopped in the center of the forest, just where the largest of the oaks reared their head. The hint was taken, and the saint was buried there and a church erected to his memory.

Tales of this kind inspired me early in life with a love of mythology. The simplicity of spirit with which they were accepted carried one back to the early ages of the world. Take, for instance, the way in which, as I was taught to believe, my father was cured of fever when a child. Before daybreak he was taken to the chapel of the saint who exercised the healing power. A blacksmith arrived at the same time with his forge, nails, and tongs. He lighted his fire, made his tongs red hot, and held them before the face of the saint, threatening to shoe him as he would a horse unless he cured the child of his fever. The threat took immediate effect, and my father was cured. Wood-carving has long been in great favor in Brittany. The statues of these saints are extraordinarily life-like, and in the eyes of people of vivid imagination they may well seem to be actually alive. I remember in particular one good man, who was not more daft than the rest, who always made off to the churches in the evening when he got the chance. The next morning he was invariably found in the building, half dead with fatigue. He had spent the whole night in detaching the figures of Christ from the crosses and drawing the arrows out of the bodies of St. Sebastian.

My mother, who was a Gascon on one side (her father was a native of Bordeaux), told these anecdotes with much wit and tact, passing deftly between what was real and what was fanciful, so as to leave the impression that these things were only true from an ideal point of view. She clung to these fables as a Breton; as a Gascon she was inclined to laugh

at them, and this was the secret of the sprightliness and gaiety of her life. This state of things has been the means of giving me what little talent I may have for historical studies. I have derived from it a kind of habit of looking below the surface and hearing sounds which other ears do not catch. The essence of criticism is to be able to realize conditions different from those under which we are now living. I have been in actual contact with the primitive ages. The most remote past was still in existence in Brittany up to 1830. The world of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries passed daily before the eyes of those who lived in the towns. The epoch of the Welsh emigration (the fifth and the sixth centuries) was plainly visible in the country to the practiced eye. Paganism was still to be detected beneath a layer, often so thin as to be transparent, of Christianity, and with the former were mixed up traces of a still more ancient world which I afterward came upon again among the Laplanders. When visiting, in 1870, with Prince Napoleon, the huts of a Laplander encampment near Tromsø, I felt some of my earliest recollections live again in the features of several women and children and in certain customs and traits of character. It occurred to me that in ancient times there might have been admixtures between the lost branches of the Celtic race and races like the Laplanders which covered the soil upon their arrival. My ethnical position would in this case be: "A Celt crossed with Gascon with a slight infusion of Laplander blood." Such a condition of things ought, if I am not mistaken, according to the theories of the anthropologists, to represent the maximum of idiocy and imbecility; but the decrees of anthropology are only relative: what it treats as stupidity among the ancient races of men is often neither more nor less than an extraordinary force of enthusiasm and intuition.

IV

EVERYTHING, therefore, predisposed me toward romanticism, not in form, for I was not long in understanding that this is a mistake, that though there may be two modes of feeling and thinking there can be but one form of expressing these feelings and thoughts—but toward romanticism of the mind and imagination, toward the pure ideal. I was an offshoot

from the old idealist race of the most genuine growth. There is in the district of Goëlo or of Avangour, on the Trieux, a place called the Lédano, because it is there that the Trieux opens out and forms a lagoon before running into the sea. Upon the shore of the Lédano there is a large farm called Keranbélec or Meskanbélec. This was the headquarters of the Renans, who came there from Cardigan about the year 480, under the leadership of Fragan. They led there for thirteen hundred years an obscure existence, storing up sensations and thoughts the capital of which has devolved upon me. I can feel that I think for them and that they live again in me. Not one of them attempted to hoard, and the consequence was that they all remained poor. My absolute inability to be resentful or to appear so is inherited from them. The only two kinds of occupation which they knew anything of were to till the land or to steer a boat on the estuaries and archipelagos of rocks which the Trieux forms at its mouth. A short time previous to the Revolution, three of them rigged out a bark, and settled at Lézardrieux. They lived together on the bark, which was for the best part of her time laid up in a creek of the Lédano, and they sailed her when the fit took them. They could not be classed as bourgeois, for they were not jealous of the nobles: they were well-to-do sailors, independent of every one. My grandfather, one of the three, took another step toward town life; he came to live at Tréguier. When the Revolution broke out he showed himself to be a sincere but honorable patriot. He had some little money, but, unlike all others in the same position as himself, he would not buy any of the national property, holding that this property had been ill-gotten. He did not think it honorable to make large profits without labor. The events of 1814-15 drove him half mad.

Hegel had not as yet discovered that might implies right, and in any event he would have found it difficult to believe that France had been victorious at Waterloo. The privilege of these charming theories, of which by the way I have had rather too much, was reserved for me. On the evening of March 19th, 1815, he came to see my mother and told her to get up early the next morning and look at the tower. And surely enough he and several other patriots had during

the night upon the refusal of the clerk to give them the keys, clambered up the outside of the steeple at the risk of breaking their necks a dozen times over and hoisted the national flag. A few months later, when the opposite cause was triumphant, he literally lost his senses. He would go about in the street with an enormous tricolor cockade, exclaiming: "I should like to see any one come and take this away from me," and as he was a general favorite people used to answer: "Why, no one, Captain." My father shared the same sentiments. Taken by the English while serving under Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse, he passed several years on the pontoons. His great delight was to go each year, when the conscription was drawn, and humiliate the recruits by relating his experiences as a volunteer. Regarding with contempt those who were drawing lots, he would add: "We used not to act in this way," and he would shrug his shoulders over the degeneracy of the age.

It is from what I have seen of these excellent sailors, and from what I have read and heard about the peasants of Lithuania, and even of Poland, that I have derived my ideas as to the innate goodness of our races when they are organized after the type of the primitive clan. It is impossible to give an idea of how much goodness and even politeness and gentle manners there are in these ancient Celts. I saw the last traces of it some thirty years ago in the beautiful little island of Bréhat, with its patriarchal ways which carried one back to the time of the Pheacians. The unselfishness and the practical incapacity of these good people were beyond conception. One proof of their nobility was that whenever they attempted to engage in any commercial business they were defrauded. Never in the world's history did people ruin themselves with a lighter or more careless heart, keeping up a running fire of paradox and quips. Never in the world were the laws of common sense and sound economy more joyously trodden under foot. I asked my mother, toward the close of her life, whether it was really the case that all the members of our family whom she had known were upon as bad terms with fortune as those whom I could remember.

"All as poor as Job," she answered me. "How could it be different? None of them were born rich, and none of

them pillaged their neighbors. In those days the only rich people were the clergy and the nobles. There is, however, one exception, I mean A——, who became a millionaire. Oh! he is a very respectable person, very nearly a member of parliament, and quite likely to become one.”

“How did A—— contrive to make such a large fortune while all his neighbors remained poor?”

“I cannot tell you that. . . . There are some people who are born to be rich, while there are others who never would be so. The former have claws, and do not scruple to help themselves first. That is just what we have never been able to do. When it comes to taking the best piece out of the dish which is handed around our natural politeness stands in our way. None of your ancestors could make money. They took nothing from the general mass, and would not impoverish their neighbors. Your grandfather would not buy any of the national property, as others did. Your father was like all other sailors, and the proof that he was born to be a sailor and to fight was that he had no head for business. When you were born we were in such a bad way that I took you on my knees and cried bitterly. You see that sailors are not like the rest of the world. I have known many who entered upon a term of service with a good round sum of money in their possession. They would heat the silver pieces in a frying-pan and throw them into the street, splitting their sides with laughter at the crowd which scrambled for them. This was meant to show that it was not for mercenary motives that they were ready to risk their lives, and that honor and duty cannot be posted in a ledger. And then there was your poor uncle Peter. I cannot tell you what trouble he used to give me.”

“Tell me about him,” I said, “for somehow or other I like him very much.”

“You saw him once; he met us near the bridge, and he lifted his hat to you, but you were too much respected in the neighborhood for him to venture to speak to you, though I did not like to tell you so. He was one of the best-natured creatures in existence, but he could never be got to apply himself to work. He was always lounging about, passing the best part of the day and night in taverns. He was honest

and good-hearted withal, but there was no getting him to follow any trade. You have no idea how agreeable he was until the life he led had exhausted him. He was a universal favorite, and with his inexhaustible stock of tales, proverbs, and funny stories, he was welcome everywhere. He was very well read, too, and by no means devoid of learning. He was the oracle of the taverns, and was the life and soul of any party at which he might be present. He effected a regular literary revolution. Heretofore the only books which people cared for were the *Quatre Fils d'Aymon* and *Renaud de Montauban*. All these ancient characters were familiar to us, and each of us had his or her favorite hero, but Peter taught us more modern tales which he took from books, but which he remodeled to suit the local taste.

We had at that time a pretty good library. When the mission fathers came to Tréguier, during the reign of Charles X., the preacher delivered such an eloquent sermon against dangerous books that we all of us burnt any such volumes as we had. The missionary had told us that it was better to burn too many than too few, and that, for the matter of that, all books might under certain conditions be dangerous. I did like the rest of the people, but your father put several upon the top of the large wardrobe, saying that they were too handsome to be burnt; they were *Don Quichotte*, *Gil Blas*, and the *Diable Boiteux*. Peter found them there, and would read them to the common people and to the men employed in the port. And so the whole of our library disappeared. In this way he spent the modest little fortune which he possessed, and became a regular vagabond, though in spite of this he remained kind and generous, incapable of harming a worm."

"But," I rejoined, "why did not his friends send him to sea? that would have made him more regular in his ways."

"That could never have been, for he was so popular that all his friends would have run after him and fetched him back. You have no idea how full of fun he was. Poor Peter! with all his faults I could not help liking him, for he was charming at times. He could set you off into a fit of laughter with a word. He had a knack of his own for springing a joke upon you in the most unexpected way. I shall

never forget the evening when they came to tell me that he had been found dead on the road to Langoat. I went and had him properly laid out. He was buried, and the priest spoke in consoling terms about the death of these poor waifs whose heart is not always so far from God as some people may imagine."

Poor Uncle Pierre; I have often thought of him. This tardy esteem will be his sole recompense. The metaphysical paradise would be no place for him. His lively imagination, his high spirits, and his keen sense of enjoyment constituted him for a distinct individualism in his own sphere. My father's character was just the opposite, for he was inclined to be sentimental and melancholy. It was when he was advanced in years and upon his return from a long voyage that he gave me birth. In the early dawn of my existence I felt the cold sea mist, shivered under the cutting morning blast and passed my bitter and gloomy watch on the quarter-deck.

V

I WAS related on my maternal grandmother's side to a much more prim class of people. My grandmother was a very good specimen of the middle classes of former days. She had been excessively pretty. I can remember her toward the close of her life, and she was always dressed in the fashion which prevailed at the time of her being left a widow. She was very particular about her class, never altered her head-dress, and would not allow herself to be addressed except as "Mademoiselle." The ladies of noble birth had a great respect for her. When they met my sister Henrietta they used to kiss her and say, "My dear, your grandmother was a very respectable person, we were very fond of her. Try to be like her." And as it happened my sister did like her very much and took her as a pattern, but my mother, always laughing and full of wit, differed from her very much. Mother and daughter were in all respects a marked contrast.

The worthy burghers of Lannion and their families were models of simplicity, honor, and respectability. Several of my aunts never married, but they were very light-spirited and cheerful, thanks to the innocence of their hearts. Families dwelt together in unity, animated by the same simple faith.

My aunts' sole amusement on Sundays after mass was to send a feather up into the air, each blowing at it in turn to prevent it from falling to the ground. This afforded them amusement enough to last until the following Sunday. The piety of my grandmother, her urbanity, her regard for the established order of things are graven in my heart as the best pictures of that old-fashioned society based upon God and the king—two props for which it may not be easy to find substitutes.

When the Revolution broke out my grandmother was horror-struck, and she took the lead with so many other pious persons in hiding the priests who had refused to take the oath of fidelity to the Constitution. Mass was celebrated in her drawing-room, and as the ladies of the nobility had emigrated she thought it her duty to take their place. Most of my uncles, on the other hand, were ardent patriots. When any public misfortune occurred, such, for instance, as the treason of Dumouriez, my uncles allowed their beards to grow and went about with long faces, flowing cravats, and untidy garments. My grandmother would at these times indulge in delicate but rather risky satire. "My dear Tanne-guy, what is the matter with you? Has any trouble befallen us? Has anything happened to Cousin Amélie? Is my Aunt Augustine's asthma worse?"—"No, cousin, the Republic is in danger."—"Oh, is that all, my dear Tanne-guy? I am so glad to hear you say so. You quite relieve me." Thus she sported for two years with the guillotine, and it is a wonder that she escaped it. A lady named Taupin, pious like herself, was associated with her in these good works. The priests were sheltered by turns in her house and in that of Madame Taupin. My uncle Y——, a very sturdy Revolutionist, but a good-hearted man at bottom, often said to her: "My cousin, if it came to my knowledge that there were priests or aristocrats concealed in your house, I should be obliged to denounce you." She always used to reply that her only acquaintances were true friends of the Republic and no mistake about it.

So it was that Madame Taupin was the one to be guillotined. My mother never related this incident to me without being very deeply moved. She showed me when I was a child

the spot where the tragedy was enacted. Upon the day of the execution, my grandmother went, with all her family, out of Lannion, so as not to participate in the crime which was about to be committed. She went before daybreak to a chapel, situated rather more than a mile from the town in a retired spot and dedicated to St. Roch. Several pious persons had arranged to meet there, and a signal was to let them know just when the knife was about to drop so that they might all be in prayer when the soul of the martyr was brought by the angels before the throne of the Most High.

All this bound people together more closely than we can form any idea of. My grandmother loved the priests and believed in their courage and devotion to duty. She was destined to meet with a very cool reception from one of them. When during the Consulate religious worship was re-established, the priest whom she had sheltered at the risk of her life was appointed incumbent of a parish near Lannion. She took my mother, then quite a child, with her, and they walked the five miles under a scorching sun. The thought of meeting again one whom she had seen keeping the night watch at her house under such tragical circumstances made her heart beat fast. The priest, whether from sacerdotal pride or from a feeling of duty, behaved in a very strange manner. He scarcely seemed to recognize her, never asked her to be seated, and dismissed her with a few short remarks. Not a word of thanks or an allusion to the past. He did not even offer her a glass of water. My grandmother could scarcely keep from fainting; and she returned to Lannion in tears, whether because she reproached herself for some feminine error of the heart or because she was hurt by so much pride.

My mother never knew whether in after years she looked back to this incident with the more of injured pride or of admiration. Perhaps she came at last to recognize the infinite wisdom of the priest, who seemed to say to her, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" and who would not admit that he had any reason to be grateful to her. It is difficult for women to comprehend this abstract feeling. Their work, whatever it may be, has always a personal object in view, and it would be hard to make them believe it natural that peo-

ple should fight shoulder to shoulder without knowing and liking one another.

My mother, with her frank, cheerful, and inquisitive ways, was rather partial to the Revolution than the reverse. Unbeknown to my grandmother she used to go and hear the patriotic songs. The *Chant du Départ* made a great impression upon her, and when she repeated the stirring line put in the mouth of the mothers,

“Des nos yeux maternels ne craignez point de larmes,”

her voice was always broken. These stirring and terrible scenes had imprinted themselves forever upon her mind. When she began to go back over these recollections, indissolubly bound up with the days of her girlhood, when she remembered how enthusiasm and wild delight alternated with scenes of terror, her whole life seemed to rise up before her. I learnt from her to be so proud of the Revolution that I have liked it since, in spite of my reason and of all that I have said against it. I do not withdraw anything which I have already said, but when I see the inveterate persistency of foreign writers to try and prove that the French Revolution was one long story of folly and shame, and that it is but an unimportant factor in the world's history, I begin to think that it is perhaps the greatest of all our achievements, inasmuch as other people are so jealous of it.

VI

ALTHOUGH the religious and too premature sacerdotal education which I had received prevented me from being on any intimate terms with young people of the other sex, I had several little girl-friends, one of whom more particularly has left a profound impression upon me. From an early age I preferred the society of girls to boys, and the latter did not like me, as I was too effeminate for them. We could not play together, as they called me “Mademoiselle,” and teased me in a variety of ways. Upon the other hand, I got on very well with girls of my own age, and they found me very sensible and steady. I was about twelve or thirteen, and I could not account for the preference. The vague idea which attracted me to them was, I think, that men are at liberty

to do many things which women cannot, and the latter consequently had, in my eyes, the charm of being weak and beautiful creatures, subject in their daily life to rules of conduct which they did not attempt to override. All those whom I had known were the pattern of modesty. The first feeling which stirred in me was one of pity, so to speak, coupled with the idea of assisting them in their becoming resignation, of liking them for their reserve, and making it easier for them. I quite felt my own intellectual superiority; but even at that early age I felt that the woman who is very beautiful or very good, solves completely the problem of which we, with all our hard-headedness, make such a hash. We are mere children of pedants compared to her. I as yet understood this only vaguely, though I saw clearly enough that beauty is so great a gift that talent, genius and even virtue are nothing when weighed in the balance with it; so that the woman who is really beautiful has the right to hold herself superior to everybody and everything; inasmuch as she combines not in a creation outside of herself, but in her very person, as in a Myrrhine vase, all the qualities which genius painfully endeavors to reproduce.

Among these, my companions, there was, as I have said, one to whom I was particularly attached. Her name was Noémi, and she was quite a model of good conduct and grace. Her eyes had a languid look, which denoted at once good-nature and quickness; her hair was beautifully fair. She was about two years my senior, and she treated me partly as an elder sister, partly with the confidential affection of one child for another. We got on very well together, and while our friends were constantly falling out, we were always of one mind. I tried to make these quarrels up, but she never thought that I should be successful, and would tell me that it was hopeless to try and make everybody agree. These attempts at mediation, which gave us an imperceptible superiority over the other children, formed a very pleasing tie between us. Even now I cannot hear "*Nous n'irons plus au bois*" or "*Il pleut, il pleut, bergère,*" without my heart beating rather more quickly than is its wont. There can be no doubt that but for the fatal vice which held me fast, I should have been in love with Noémi two or three years later;

but I was a slave to reasoning, and my whole time was devoted to religious dialectics. The flow of abstractions which rushed to the head made me giddy, and caused me to be absent-minded and oblivious of all else.

This budding affection was, moreover, turned from its course by a peculiar defect which has more than once been injurious to my prospects in life. This is my indecision of character, which often leads me into positions from which I have great difficulty in extricating myself. This defect was further complicated in this particular case by a good quality which has led me into as many difficulties as the most serious of defects. There was among these children a little girl, though much less pretty than Noémi, who, gentle and amiable as she was, did not get nearly so much notice taken of her. She was even fonder of making me her companion than Noémi, of whom she was rather jealous. I have never been able to do a thing which would give pain to any one. I had a vague sort of idea that a woman who was not very pretty must be unhappy and feel the inward pang of having missed her fate. I was oftener, therefore, with her than with Noémi, because I saw that she was melancholy. So I allowed my first love to go off at a tangent, just as, later in life, I did in politics, and in a very bungling sort of way. Once or twice I noticed Noémi laughing to herself at my simple folly. She was always nice with me, but at times her manner was slightly sarcastic, and this tinge of irony, which she made no attempt to conceal, only rendered her more charming in my eyes.

The struggles amid which I grew to manhood nearly effaced her from my memory. In after years I often fancied that I could see her again, and one day I asked my mother what had become of her. "She is dead," my mother replied, "and of a broken heart. She had no fortune of her own. When she lost her father and mother, her aunt—a very respectable woman who kept the equally respectable Hotel —, took her to live there. She did the best she could. Even as a child, when you knew her, she was charming, but at two-and-twenty she was marvelously beautiful. Her hair—which she tried in vain to keep out of sight under a heavy cap—came down over her neck in wavy tresses like handfuls of ripe wheat.

She did all that she could to conceal her beauty. Her beautiful figure was disguised by a cape, and her long white hands were always covered with mittens. But it was all of no use. Groups of young men would assemble in church to see her at her devotions. She was too beautiful for our country, and she was as good as she was beautiful." My mother's story touched me very much. I have thought of her much more frequently since, and when it pleased God to give me a daughter I named her Noémi.

VII

MANY persons who allow that I have a perspicuous mind wonder how I came during my boyhood and youth to put faith in creeds, the impossibility of which has since been so clearly revealed to me. Nothing, however, can be more simple, and it is very probable that if an extraneous incident had not suddenly taken me from the honest but narrow-minded associations amid which my youth was passed, I should have preserved all my life long the faith which in the beginning appeared to me as the absolute expression of the truth. I have said how I was educated in a small school kept by some honest priests, who taught me Latin after the old fashion, (which was the right one), that is to say, to read out of trumpery primers, without method and almost without grammar, as Erasmus and the humanists of the fifteenth and sixteenth century, who are the best Latin scholars since the days of old, used to learn it. These worthy priests were patterns of all that is good. Devoid of anything like *pedagogy*, to use the modern phrase, they followed the first rule of education, which is not to make too easy the tasks which have for their aim the mastering of a difficulty. Their main object was to make their pupils into honorable men. Their lessons of goodness and morality, which impressed me as being the literal embodiments of virtue and high feeling, were part and parcel of the dogma which they taught. The historical education they had given me consisted solely in reading Rollin. Of criticism, the natural sciences, and philosophy I as yet knew nothing of course. Of all that concerned the nineteenth century, and the new ideas as to history and literature expounded by so many gifted thinkers, my teach-

ers knew nothing. It was impossible to imagine a more complete isolation from the ambient air. A thorough-paced Legitimist would not even admit the possibility of the Revolution or of Napoleon being mentioned except with a shudder. My only knowledge of the empire was derived from the lodge-keeper of the school. He had in his room several popular prints. "Look at Bonaparte," he said to me one day, pointing to one of these, "he was a patriot, he was!" No allusion was ever made to contemporary literature, and the literature of France terminated with Abbé Delille. They had heard of Chateaubriand, but with a truer instinct than that of the would-be Neo-Catholics, whose heads are crammed with all sorts of delusions, they mistrusted him. A Hertullian enlivening his Apologeticum with *Atala* and *René* was not calculated to command their confidence. Lamartine perplexed them more sorely still; they guessed that his religious faith was not built on very strong foundations, and they foresaw his subsequent falling away. This gift of observations did credit to their orthodox sagacity, but the result was that the horizon of their pupils was a very narrow one. Rollin's *Traité des Études* is a work full of large-minded views compared to the circle of pious mediocrity within which they felt it their duty to confine themselves.

Thus the education which I received in the years following the Revolution of 1830 was the same as that which was imparted by the strictest of religious sects two centuries ago. It was none the worse for that, being the same forcible mode of teaching, distinctively religious, but not in the least Jesuitical, under which the youth of ancient France had studied, and which gave so serious and so Christian a turn to the mind. Educated by teachers who had inherited the qualities of Port Royal, minus their heresy, but minus also their power over the pen, I may claim forgiveness for having, at the age of twelve or fifteen, admitted the truth of Christianity like any pupil of Nicole or M. Hermant. My state of mind was very much that of so many clever men of the seventeenth century, who put religion beyond the reach of doubt, though this did not prevent them having very clear ideas upon all other topics. I afterward learnt facts which caused me to abandon my Christian beliefs; but they must

be profoundly ignorant of history and of the human intelligence who do not understand how strong a hold the simple and honest discipline of the priests took upon the more gifted of their students. The basis of this primitive form of education was the strictest morality, which they inculcated as inseparable from religious practice, and they made us regard the possession of life as implying duties toward truth. The very effort to shake off opinions, in some respects unreasonable, had its advantages. Because a Paris fibbertigibbet disposes with a joke of creeds, from which Pascal, with all his reasoning powers, could not shake himself free, it must not be concluded that the Gavroche is superior to Pascal. I confess that I at times feel humiliated to think that it cost me five or six years of arduous research, and the study of Hebrew, the Semitic languages, Gesenius, and Ewald to arrive at the result which this urchin achieves in a twinkling. These pilings of Pelion upon Ossa seem to me, when looked at in this light, a mere waste of time. But Père Hardouin observed that he had not got up at four o'clock every morning for forty years to think as all the world thought. So I am loath to admit that I have been at so much pains to fight a mere *chimæra bombinans*. No, I cannot think that my labors have been all in vain, nor that victory is to be won in theology as cheaply as the scoffers would have us believe. There are, in reality, but few people who have a right not to believe in Christianity. If the great mass of people only knew how strong is the net woven by the theologians, how difficult it is to break the threads of it, how much erudition has been spent upon it, and what a power of criticism is required to unravel it all. . . . I have noticed that some men of talent who have set themselves too late in life the task have been taken in the toils and have not been able to extricate themselves.

My tutors taught me something which was infinitely more valuable than criticism or philosophic wisdom; they taught me to love truth, to respect reason, and to see the serious side of life. This is the only part in me which has never changed. I left their care with my moral sense so well prepared to stand any test, that this precious jewel passed uninjured through the crucible of Parisian frivolity. I was so well prepared

for the good and for the true that I could not possibly have followed a career which was not devoted to the things of the mind. My teachers rendered me so unfit for any secular work that I was perforce embarked upon a spiritual career. The intellectual life was the only noble one in my eyes; and mercenary cares seemed to me servile and unworthy.

I have never departed from the sound and wholesome program which my masters sketched out for me. I no longer believe Christianity to be the supernatural summary of all that men can know; but I still believe that life is the most frivolous of things, unless it is regarded as one great and constant duty. Oh! my beloved old teachers, now nearly all with the departed, whose images often rise before me in my dreams, not as a reproach but as a grateful memory, I have not been so unfaithful to you as you believe! yes, I have said that your history was very short measure, that your critique had no existence, and that your natural philosophy fell far short of that which leads us to accept as a fundamental dogma: "There is no special supernatural;" but in the main I am still your disciple. Life is only of value by devotion to what is true and good. Your conception of what is good was too narrow; your view of truth too material and too concrete, but you were, upon the whole, in the right, and I thank you for having inculcated in me like second nature the principle, fatal to worldly success but prolific of happiness, that the aim of a life worth living should be ideal and unselfish.

Most of my fellow students were brawny and high-spirited young peasants from the neighborhood of Tréguier, and, like most individuals occupying an inferior place in the scale of civilization, they were inclined to air an exaggerated regard for bodily strength, and to show a certain amount of contempt for women and for anything which they considered effeminate. Most of them were preparing for the priesthood. My experiences of that time put me in a very good position for understanding the historical phenomena, which occur when a vigorous barbarism first comes into contact with civilization. I can quite easily understand the intellectual condition of the Germans at the Carlovingian epoch, the psychological and literary condition of a Saxo Grammaticus and

a Hrabanus Maurus. Latin had a very singular effect upon their rugged natures, and they were like mastodons going in for a degree. They took everything as serious as the Laplanders do when you give them the Bible to read. We exchanged with regard to Sallust and Livy, impressions which must have resembled those of the disciples of St. Gall or St. Colomb when they were learning Latin. We decided that Cæsar was not a great man because he was not virtuous, our philosophy of history was as artless and child-like as might have been that of the Heruli.

The morals of all these young people, left entirely to themselves and with no one to look after them, were irreproachable. There were very few boarders at the Tréguier College just then. Most of the students who did not belong to the town boarded in private houses, and their parents used to bring them in on market day their provisions for the week. I remember one of these houses, close to our own, in which several of my fellow-students lodged. The mistress of it, who was an indefatigable housewife, died, and her husband, who at the best of times was no genius, drowned what little he had in the cider-cup every evening. A little servant-maid, who was wonderfully intelligent, took the whole burden upon her shoulders. The young students determined to help her, and so the house went on despite the old tippler. I always heard my comrades speak very highly of this little servant, who was a model of virtue and who was gifted, moreover, with a very pleasing face.

The fact is that, according to my experience, all the allegations against the morality of the clergy are devoid of foundation. I passed thirteen years of my life under the charge of priests, and I never saw anything approaching to a scandal; all the priests I have known have been good men. Confession may possibly be productive of evil in some countries, but I never saw anything of the sort during my ecclesiastical experience. The old-fashioned book which I used for making my examinations of conscience was innocence itself. There was only one sin which excited my curiosity and made me feel uneasy. I was afraid that I might have been guilty of it unawares. I mustered up courage enough, one day, to ask my confessor what was meant by the phrase:

“To be guilty of simony in the collation of benefices.” The good priest reassured me and told me that I could not have committed that sin.

Persuaded by my teachers of two absolute truths, the first, that no one who has any respect for himself can engage in any work that is not ideal—and that all the rest is secondary, of no importance, not to say shameful, *ignominia seculi*—and the second, that Christianity embodies everything which is ideal, I could not do otherwise than regard myself as destined for the priesthood. This thought was not the result of reflection, impulse or reasoning. It came, so to speak, of itself. The possibility of a lay career never so much as occurred to me. Having adopted with the utmost seriousness and docility the principles of my teachers, and having brought myself to consider all commercial and mercenary pursuits as inferior and degrading, and only fit for those who had failed in their studies, it was only natural that I should wish to be what they were. They were my patterns in life, and my sole ambition was to be like them, professor at the College of Tréguier, poor, exempt from all material cares, esteemed and respected like them.

Not but what the instincts which in after years led me away from these paths of peace already existed within me; but they were dormant. From the accident of my birth I was torn by conflicting forces. There was some Basque and Bordeaux blood in my mother's family, and unbeknown to me the Gascon half of myself played all sorts of tricks with the Breton half. Even my family was divided, my father, my grandfather, and my uncles being, as I have already said, the reverse of clerical, while my maternal grandmother was the center of a society which knew no distinction between royalism and religion.

In short, all my defects are those of the young ecclesiastical student of Tréguier. I was born to be a priest, as others are born to be soldiers and lawyers. The very fact of my being successful in my studies was a proof of it. What was the good of learning Latin so thoroughly if it was not for the Church? A peasant, noticing all my dictionaries upon one occasion, observed: “These, I suppose, are the books which people study when they are preparing for the priest-

hood." As a matter of fact, all those who studied at school at all were in training for the ecclesiastical profession. The priestly order stood on a par with the nobility: "When you meet a noble," I have heard it observed, "you salute him, because he represents the king; when you meet a priest, you salute him because he represents God." To make a priest was regarded as the greatest of good works; and the elderly spinsters who had a little money thought that they could not find a better use for it than in paying the college fees of a poor but hard-working young peasant. When he came to be a priest, he became their own child, their glory, and their honor. They followed him in his career, and watched over his conduct with jealous care. As a natural consequence of my assiduity in study I was destined for the priesthood. Moreover, I was of sedentary habits and too weak of muscle to distinguish myself in athletic sports. I had an uncle of a Voltairian turn of mind, who did not at all approve of this. He was a watchmaker, and had reckoned upon me to take on his business. My successes were as gall and wormwood to him, for he quite saw that all this store of Latin was dead against him, and that it would convert me into a pillar of the Church which he disliked. He never lost an opportunity of airing before me his favorite phrase, "a donkey loaded with Latin." Afterward, when my writings were published, he had his triumph. I sometimes reproach myself for having contributed to the triumph of M. Homais over his priest. But it cannot be helped, for M. Homais is right. But for M. Homais we should all be burnt at the stake. But as I have said, when one has been at great pains to learn the truth, it is irritating to have to allow that the frivolous, who could never be induced to read a line of St. Augustine or St. Thomas Aquinas, are the true sages. It is hard to think that Gavroche and M. Homais attain without an effort the Alpine heights of philosophy.

My young compatriot and friend, M. Quellien, a Breton poet full of raciness and originality, the only man of the present day whom I have known to possess the faculty of creating myths, has described this phase of my destiny in a very ingenious style. He says that my soul will dwell, in the shape of a white sea-bird, around the ruined church of

St. Michel, an old building struck by lightning which stands above Tréguier. The bird will fly all night with plaintive cries around the barricaded door and windows, seeking to enter the sanctuary, but not knowing that there is a secret door. And so through all eternity my unhappy spirit will moan ceaselessly upon this hill. "It is the spirit of a priest who wants to say mass," one peasant will observe.—"He will never find a boy to serve it for him," will rejoin another. And that is what I really am—an incomplete priest. Quelin has very clearly discerned what will always be lacking in my church—the chorister boy.

VIII

THUS everything seemed to make for my having a modest ecclesiastical career in Brittany. I should have made a very good priest, indulgent, fatherly, charitable, and of blameless morals. I should have been as a priest what I am as a father, very much loved by my flock, and as easy-going as possible in the exercise of my authority. What are now defects would have been good qualities. Some of the errors which I profess would have been just the thing for a man who identifies himself with the spirit of his calling. I should have got rid of some excrescences which, being only a layman, I have not taken the trouble to remove, easy as it would have been for me to do so. My career would have been as follows: at two-and-twenty professor at the College of Tréguier, and at about fifty canon, or perhaps grand vicar at St. Brieuc, very conscientious, very generally respected, a kind-hearted and gentle confessor. Little inclined to new dogmas, I should have been bold enough to say with many good ecclesiastics after the Vatican Council: *Posui custodiam ori meo*. My antipathy for the Jesuits would have shown itself by never alluding to them, and a fund of mild Gallicanism would have been veiled beneath the semblance of a profound knowledge of canon law.

An extraneous incident altered the whole current of my life. From the most obscure of little towns in the most remote of provinces I was thrust without preparation into the vortex of all that is most sprightly and alert in Parisian society. The world stood revealed to me, and myself became

a double one. The Gascon got the better of the Breton; there was no more *custodio oris mei*, and I put aside the padlock which I should otherwise have set upon my mouth. In so far as regards my inner self I remained the same. But what a change in the outward show! Hitherto I had lived in a hypogee, lighted by smoky lamps; now I was going to see the sun and the light of day.

M. Dupanloup [who was then head of the chief seminary of Paris] held that youths destined for holy orders and those who were in after life to occupy the highest social positions should both receive the same education. Virgil, he thought, should be as much a part of a priest's intellectual training as the Bible. He hoped that the *élite* of his theological students would, by their association upon equal terms with young men of good family acquire more polish and a higher social tone than can be obtained in seminaries peopled by peasants' sons. He was wonderfully successful in this respect. The college, though consisting of two elements apparently incongruous, was remarkable for its unity. The knowledge that talent overrode all other considerations prevented anything like jealousy, and by the end of a week the poorest youth from the provinces, awkward and simple as he might be, was envied by the young millionaire—who, little as he might know it, was paying for his schooling—if he had turned out some good Latin verses, or written a clever exercise.

In the year 1836, I was fortunate enough to win all the prizes in my class at the Tréguier College. The *palmares* happened to be seen by one of the enlightened men whom M. Dupanloup employed to recruit his youthful army. My fate was settled in a twinkling, and "Have him sent for," was the order of the impulsive Superior. I was fifteen and a half years old, and we had no time to reflect. I was spending the holidays with a friend in a villege near Tréguier, and in the afternoon of the fourth of September I was sent for in haste. I remember my returning home as well as if it was only yesterday. We had a league to travel through the country. The vesper bell with its soft cadence echoing from steeple to steeple awoke a sensation of gentle melancholy, the image of the life which I was about to abandon forever. The next day I started for Paris; upon the 7th

I beheld sights which were as novel for me as if I had been suddenly landed in France from Tahiti or Timbuctoo.

IX

No Buddhist Lama or Mussulman Fakir, suddenly translated from Asia to the Boulevards of Paris, could have been more taken aback than I was upon being suddenly landed in a place so different from that in which moved my old Breton priests, who, with their venerable heads all wood or granite, remind one of the Osirian colossi which in after life so struck my fancy when I saw them in Egypt, grandiose in their long lines of immemorial calm. My coming to Paris marked the passage from one religion to another. There was as much difference between Christianity as I left in Brittany and that which I found current in Paris, as there is between a piece of old cloth as stiff as a board, and a bit of fine cambric. It was not the same religion. My old priests, with their heavy old-fashioned copes, had always seemed to me like the magi, from whose lips came the eternal truths, whereas the new religion to which I was introduced was all print and calico, a piety decked out with ribbons and scented with musk, a devotion which found expression in tapers and small flower-pots, a young lady's theology without stay or style, as composite as the polychrome frontispiece of one of Lebel's prayer-books.

This was the gravest crisis in my life. The young Breton does not bear transplanting. The keen moral repulsion which I felt, superadded to a complete change in my habits and mode of life, brought on a very severe attack of homesickness. The confinement to the college was intolerable. The remembrance of the free and happy life which I had hitherto led with my mother went to my very heart. I was not the only sufferer. M. Dupanloup had not calculated all the consequences of his policy. Imperious like a military commander, he did not take into account the deaths and casualties which occurred among his young recruits. We confided our sorrows to one another. My most intimate friend, a young man from Coutances, if I remember right, who had been transported like myself from a happy home, brooded in solitary grief over the change and died. The natives of

Savoy were even less easily acclimatized. One of them, who was rather my senior, confessed to me that every evening he calculated the distance from his dormitory on the third floor to the pavement in the street below. I fell ill, and to all appearances was not likely to recover. The melancholy to which Bretons are so subject took hold of me. The memories of the last notes of the vesper bell which I had heard pealing over our dear hills, and of the last sunset upon our peaceful plains, pricked me like pointed darts.

According to every rule of medicine I ought to have died; and it is perhaps a pity that I did not. Two friends whom I brought with me from Brittany, in the following year gave this clear proof of fidelity. They could not accustom themselves to this new world, and they left it. I sometimes think that the Breton part of me did die; the Gascon, unfortunately found sufficient reason for living! The latter discovered, too, that this new world was a very curious one, and was well worth clinging to. It was to him who had put me to this severe test that I owed my escape from death. I am indebted to M. Dupanloup for two things: for having brought me to Paris, and for having saved me from dying when I got there. He naturally did not concern himself much about me at first. The most eagerly sought-after priest in Paris, with an establishment of two hundred students to superintend, or rather to found, could not be expected to take any deep personal interest in an obscure youth. A peculiar incident formed a bond between us. The real cause of my suffering was the ever-present souvenir of my mother. Having always lived alone with her, I could not tear myself away from the recollection of the peaceful happy life which I had led year after year. I had been happy, and I had been poor with her. A thousand details of this very poverty, which absence made all the more touching, searched out my very heart. At night I was always thinking of her, and I could get no sleep. My only consolation was to write her letters full of tender feeling and moist with tears. Our letters, as is the usage in religious establishments, were read by one of the masters. He was so struck by the tone of deep affection which pervaded my boyish utterances that he showed one of them to M. Dupanloup, who was very much surprised when he read it.

The noblest trait in M. Dupanloup's character was his affection for his mother. Though his birth was, in one way, the greatest trouble of his life, he worshiped his mother. She lived with him, and though we never saw her, we knew that he always spent so much time with her every day. He often said that a man's worth is to be measured by the respect he pays to his mother. He gave us excellent advice upon this head, which I never failed to follow, as, for instance, never to address her in the second person singular, or to end a letter without using the word *respect*. This created a connecting link between us. My letter was shown to him on a Friday, upon which evening the reports for the week were always read out before him. I had not, upon that occasion, done very well with my composition, being only fifth or sixth. "Ah!" he said, "if the subject had been that of a letter which I read this morning, Ernest Renan would have been first." From that time forth he noticed me. He recognized the fact of my existence, and I regarded him, like we all did, as a principle of life, a sort of god. One worship took the place of another, and the sentiment inspired by my early teachers gradually died out.

Only those who knew Saint Nicholas du Chardonnet during the brilliant period from 1838 to 1844 can form an adequate idea of the intense life which prevailed there. And this life had only one source, one principle: M. Dupanloup himself. The whole work fell on his shoulders. Regulations, usage administration, the spiritual and temporal government of the college, were all centered in him. The college was full of defects, but he made up for them all. As a writer and an orator he was only second-rate, but as an educator of youth he had no equal. The old rules of Saint Nicholas du Chardonnet provided, as in all other seminaries, that half an hour should be devoted every evening to what was known as spiritual reading. Before M. Dupanloup's time, the readings were from some ascetic book such as the *Lives of the Fathers in the Desert*, but he took this half hour for himself, and every evening he put himself into direct communication with all his pupils by the medium of a familiar conversation, which was so natural and unrestrained that it might often have borne comparison with the homilies of John Chrysostom

in the Palæa of Antioch. Any incident in the inner life of the college, any occurrence directly concerning himself or one of the pupils, furnished the theme for a brief and lively soliloquy.

The reading of the reports on Friday was still more dramatic and personal, and we all anticipated that day with a mixture of hope and apprehension. The observations with which he interlarded the reading of the notes were charged with life and death. There was no mode of punishment in force; the reading of the notes and the reflections which he made upon them being the sole means which he employed to keep us all on the *qui vive*. This system, doubtless, had its drawbacks. Worshiped by his pupils, M. Dupanloup was not always liked by his fellow-workers. I have been told that it was the same in his diocese, and that he was always a greater favorite with his laymen than with his priests. There can be no doubt that he put every one about him into the background. But his very violence made us like him, for we felt that all his thoughts were concentrated on us.

He was without an equal in the art of rousing his pupils to exertion, and of getting the maximum amount of work out of each. Each pupil had a distinct existence in his mind, and for each one of them he was an ever-present stimulus to work. He set great store by talent, and treated it as the groundwork of faith. He often said that a man's worth must be measured by his faculty for admiration. His own admiration was not always very enlightened or scientific, but it was prompted by a generous spirit, and a heart really glowing with the love of the beautiful. He was the Villemain of the Catholic school, and M. Villemain was the friend whom he loved and appreciated the most among laymen. Every time he had seen him, he related the conversation which they had together in terms of the warmest sympathy.

The defects of his own mind were reflected in the education which he imparted. He was not sufficiently rational or scientific. It might have been thought that his two hundred pupils were all destined to be poets, writers, and orators. He set little value on learning without talent. This was made very clear at the entrance of the Nicolaïtes to St. Sulpice, where talent was held of no account, and where scholasticism

and erudition alone were prized. When it came to a question of doing an exercise of logic or philosophy in barbarous Latin, the students of St. Nicholas, who had been fed upon more delicate literature, could not stomach such coarse food. They were not, therefore, much liked at St. Sulpice, to which M. Dupanloup was never appointed, as he was considered to be too little of a theologian. When an ex-student of St. Nicholas ventured to speak of his former school, the old tutors would remark: "Oh, yes! in the time of M. Bourdoise," as much as to say that the seventeenth century was the period during which this establishment achieved its celebrity.

Whatever its shortcomings in some respects, the education given at St. Nicholas was of a very high literary standard. Clerical education has this superiority over a university education, that it is absolutely independent in everything which does not relate to religion. Literature is discussed under all its aspects, and the yoke of classical dogma sits much more lightly. This is how it was that Lamartine, whose education and training were altogether clerical, was far more intelligent than any university man; and when this is followed by philosophical emancipation, the result is a very frank and unbiased mind. I completed my classical education without having read Voltaire, but I knew the *Soirées de St. Pétersbourg* by heart, and its style, the defects of which I did not discover until much later, had a very stimulating effect upon me.

The discussions on romanticism, then so fierce in the world outside, found their way into the college, and all our talk was of Lamartine and Victor Hugo. The superior joined in with them, and for nearly a year they were the sole topic of our spiritual readings. M. Dupanloup did not go all the way with the champions of romanticism, but he was much more with them than against them. Thus it was that I came to know of the struggles of the day. Later still, the *solvuntur objecta* of the theologians enabled me to attain liberty of thought. The thorough good faith of the ancient ecclesiastical teaching consisted in not dissimulating the force of any objection, and as the answers were generally very weak, a clever person could work out the truth for himself.

I learnt much, too, from the course of lectures on history. Abbé Richard gave these lectures in the spirit of the mod-

ern school and with marked ability. For some reason or other his lectures were interrupted, and his place was taken by a tutor, who, with many other engagements on hand, merely read to us some old notes, interspersed with extracts from modern books. Among these modern volumes, which often formed a striking contrast with the jog-trot old notes, there was one which produced a very singular effect upon me. Whenever he began to read from it I was incapable of taking a single note, my whole being seemed to thrill with intoxicating harmony. The book was Michelet's *Histoire de France*, the passages which so affected me being in the fifth and sixth volumes. Thus the modern age penetrated into me as through all the fissures of a cracked cement. I had come to Paris with a complete moral training, but ignorant to the last degree. I had everything to learn. It was a great surprise for me when I found that there was such a person as a serious and learned layman. I discovered that antiquity and the Church are not everything in this world, and especially that contemporary literature was well worthy of attention. I ceased to look upon the death of Louis XIV. as marking the end of the world. I became imbued with ideas and sentiments which had no expression in antiquity or in the seventeenth century.

So the germ which was in me began to sprout. Distasteful as it was in many respects to my nature, this education had the effect of a chemical reagent, and stirred all the life and activity that was in me. For the essential thing in education is not the doctrine taught, but the arousing of the faculties. In proportion as the foundations of my religious faith had been shaken by finding the same names applied to things so different, so did my mind greedily swallow the new beverage prepared for it. The world broke in upon me. Despite its claim to be a refuge to which the stir of the outside world never penetrated, St. Nicholas was at this period the most brilliant and worldly house in Paris. The atmosphere of Paris—minus, let me add, its corruptions—penetrated by door and window; Paris with its pettiness and its grandeur, its revolutionary force and its lapses into flabby indifference. My old Brittany priests knew much more Latin and mathematics than my new masters; but they lived in

the catacombs, bereft of light and air. Here, the atmosphere of the age had free course. In our walks to Gentilly of an evening we engaged in endless discussions. I could never sleep of a night after that; my head was full of Hugo and Lamartine. I understood what glory was after having vaguely expected to find it in the roof of the chapel at Tréguier. In the course of a short time a very great revelation was borne in upon me. The words talent, brilliancy, and reputation, conveyed a meaning to me. The modest ideal which my earliest teachers had inculcated faded away; I had embarked upon a sea agitated by all the storms and currents of the age. These currents and gales were bound to drive my vessel toward a coast whither my former friends would tremble to see me land.

My performances in class were very irregular. Upon one occasion I wrote an *Alexander*, which must be in the prize exercise book, and which I would reprint if I had it by me. But purely rhetorical compositions were very distasteful to me; I could never make a decent speech. Upon one prize-day we got up a representation of the Council of Clermont, and the various speeches suitable to the occasion were allotted by competition. I was a miserable failure as Peter the Hermit and Urban II.; my Godefroy de Bouillon was pronounced to be utterly devoid of military ardor. A warlike song in Sapphic and Adonic stanzas created a more favorable impression. My refrain *Sternite Turcas*, a short and sharp solution of the Eastern Question, was selected for recital in public. I was too staid for these childish proceedings. We were often set to write a Middle Age tale, terminating with some striking miracle, and I was far too fond of selecting the cure of lepers. I often thought of my early studies in mathematics, in which I was pretty well advanced, and I spoke of it to my fellow students, who were much amused at the idea, for mathematics stood very low in their estimation, compared to the literary studies which they looked upon as the highest expression of human intelligence. My reasoning powers only revealed themselves later, while studying philosophy at Issy. The first time that my fellow pupils heard me argue in Latin they were surprised. They saw at once that I was of a different race from themselves,

and that I should still be marching forward when they had reached the bounds set for them. But in rhetoric I did not stand so well. I looked upon it as a pure waste of time and ingenuity to write when one has no thoughts of one's own to express.

The groundwork of ideas upon which education at St. Nicholas was based was shallow, but it was brilliant upon the surface, and the elevation of feeling which pervaded the whole system was another notable feature. I have said that no kind of punishment was administered; or, to speak more accurately, there was only one, expulsion. Except in cases where some grave offense had been committed, there was nothing degrading in being dismissed. No particular reason was alleged, the superior saying to the student who was sent away: "You are a very worthy young man, but your intelligence is not of the turn we require. Let us part friends. Is there any service I can do you?" The favor of being allowed to share in an education considered to be so exceptionally good was thought so much of that we dreaded an announcement of this kind like a sentence of death. This is one of the secrets of the superiority of ecclesiastical over state colleges; their *régime* is much more liberal, for none of the students are there by right, and coercion must inevitably lead to separation. There is something cold and hard about the schools and colleges of the state, while the fact of a student having secured by a competitive examination an inalienable right to his place in them, is an infallible source of weakness. For my own part I have never been able to understand how the master of a normal school, for instance, manages, inasmuch as he is unable to say, without further explanation, to the pupils who are unsuited for their vocation: "You have not the bent of intelligence for our calling, but I have no doubt that you are a very good lad, and that you will get on better elsewhere. Good-by." Even the most trifling punishment implies a servile principle of obedience from fear. So far as I am myself concerned, I do not think that at any period of my life I have been obedient. I have, I know, been docile and submissive, but it has been to a spiritual principle, not to a material force wielding the dread of punishment. My mother never ordered me to

do a thing. The relations between my ecclesiastical teachers and myself were entirely free and spontaneous. Whoever has had experience of this *rationabile obsequium* cannot put up with any other. An order is a humiliation; whosoever has to obey is a *capitis minor* sullied on the very threshold of the higher life. Ecclesiastical obedience has nothing lowering about it; for it is voluntary, and those who do not get on together can separate. In one of my Utopian dreams of an aristocratic society, I have provided that there should only be one penalty, death; or, rather, that all serious offenses should be visited by a reprimand from the recognized authorities which no man of honor would survive. I should never have done to be a soldier, for I should either have deserted or committed suicide. I am afraid that the new military institutions which do not leave a place for any exceptions or equivalents will have a very lowering moral effect. To compel every one to obey is fatal to genius and talent. The man who has passed years in the carriage of arms after the German fashion is dead to all delicate work whether of the hand or brain. Thus it is that Germany would be devoid of all talent since she has been engrossed in military pursuits, but for the Jews to whom she is so ungrateful.

The generation which was from fifteen to twenty years of age, at the brilliant but fleeting epoch of which I am speaking, is now between fifty-five and sixty. It will be asked whether this generation has realized the unbounded hopes which the ardent spirit of our great preceptor had conceived. The answer must unquestionably be in the negative, for if these hopes had been fulfilled the face of the world would have been completely changed. M. Dupanloup was too little in love with his age, and too uncompromising to its spirit, to mold men in accordance with the temper of the time. When I recall one of these spiritual readings during which the master poured out the treasures of his intelligence, the class-room, with its serried benches upon which clustered two hundred lads hushed in attentive respect, and when I set myself to inquire whither have fled the two hundred souls, so closely bound together by the ascendancy of one man, I count more than one case of waste

and eccentricity; as might be expected, I can count archbishops, bishops, and other dignitaries of the Church, all to a certain extent enlightened and moderate in their views. I come upon diplomatists, councilors of the State, and others, whose honorable careers would in some instances have been more brilliant if Marshal McMahon's dismissal of his ministry on the 16th of May, 1877, had been a success. But, strange to say, I see among those who sat beside a future prelate a young man destined to sharpen his knife so well that he will drive it home to his archbishop's heart. . . . I think that I can remember Verger, and I may say of him as Sachetti of the beautified Florentine: *Fu mia vicina, andava come le altre*. The education given us had its dangers; it had a tendency to produce over-excitement, and to turn the balance of the mind, as it did in Verger's case.

A still more striking instance of the saying that "the spirit bloweth where it listeth," was that of H. de ——. When I first entered at Saint Nicholas he was the object of my special admiration. He was a youth of exceptional talent, and he was a long way ahead of all his comrades in rhetoric. His staid and elevated piety sprung from a nature endowed with the loftiest aspirations. He quite came up to our idea of perfection, and according to the custom of ecclesiastical colleges, in which the senior pupils share the duties of the masters, the most important of these functions were confided to him. His piety was equally great for several years at the seminary of St. Sulpice. He would remain for hours in the chapel, especially on holy days, bathed in tears. I well remember one summer evening at Gentilly—which was the country-house of the petty seminary of Saint Nicholas—how we clustered round some of the senior students and one of the masters noted for his Christian piety, listening intently to what they told us. The conversation had taken a very serious turn, the question under discussion being the ever-enduring problem upon which all Christianity rests—the question of divine election—the doubt in which each individual soul must stand until the last hour, whether he will be saved. The good priest dwelt specially upon this, telling us that no one can be sure, however great may be the favors which Heaven has showered upon him, that he

will not fall away at the last. "I think," he said, "that I have known one case of predestination." There was a hush, and after a pause he added, "I mean H. de —; if any one is sure of being saved it is he. And yet who can tell that H. de — is not a reprobate?" I saw H. de — again many years afterward. He had in the interval studied the Bible very deeply. I could not tell whether he was entirely estranged from Christianity, but he no longer wore the priestly garb, and was very bitter against clericalism. When I met him later still I found that he had become a convert to extreme democratic ideas, and with the passionate exaltation which was the principal trait in his character, he was bent upon inaugurating the reign of justice. His head was full of America, and I think that he must be there now. A few years ago one of our old comrades told me that he had read a name not unlike his among the list of men shot for participation in the Communist insurrection of 1871. I think that he was mistaken, but there can be no doubt that the career of poor H. de — was shipwrecked by some great storm. His many high qualities were neutralized by his passionate temper. He was by far the most gifted of my fellow pupils at Saint Nicholas. But he had not the good sense to keep cool in politics. A man who behaved as he did might get shot twenty times. Idealists like us must be very careful how we play with those tools. We are very likely to leave our heads or our wing-feathers behind us. The temptation for a priest who has thrown up the Church to become a democrat is very strong, beyond doubt, for by so doing he regains colleagues and friends, and in reality merely exchanges one sect for another. Such was the fate of Lamennais. One of the wisest acts of Abbé Loyson has been the resistance of this temptation and his refusal to accept the advances which the extreme party always makes to those who have broken away from official ties.

For three years I was subjected to this profound influence, which brought about a complete transformation in my being. M. Dupanloup had literally transfigured me. The poor little country lad struggling vainly to emerge from his shell, had been developed into a young man of ready and quick intelligence. There was, I know, one thing wanting

in my education, and until that void was filled up I was very cramped in my powers. The one thing lacking was positive science, the idea of a critical search after truth. This superficial humanism kept my reasoning powers fallow for three years, while at the same time it wore away the early candor of my faith. My Christianity was being worn away, though there was nothing as yet in my mind which could be styled doubt. I went every year, during the holidays, into Brittany. Notwithstanding more than one painful struggle, I soon became my old self again just as my early masters had fashioned me.

In accordance with the general rule I went, after completing my rhetoric at Saint Nicholas du Chardonnet, to Issy, the country branch of the St. Sulpice seminary. Thus I left M. Dupanloup for an establishment in which the discipline was diametrically opposed to that of Saint Nicholas. The first thing which I was taught at St. Sulpice was to regard as childish nonsense the very things which M. Dupanloup had told me to prize the most. What, I was taught, could be simpler? If Christianity is a revealed truth, should not the chief occupation of the Christian be the study of that revelation, in other words, of theology? Theology and the study of the Bible absorbed my whole time, and furnished me with the true reasons for believing in Christianity and for not adhering to it. For four years a terrible struggle went on within me, until at last the phrase which I had long put away from me, as a temptation of the devil—"It is not true," would not be denied. This inward combat and the Seminary of St. Sulpice itself are further removed from the present age than if encircled by thousands of leagues of solitude. I arose from the direct study of Christianity, undertaken in the most serious spirit, without sufficient faith to be a sincere priest, and yet with too much respect for it to permit of my trifling with faiths so worthy of that respect. . . .

X

I NOW bring to a conclusion these *Recollections* by asking the reader to forgive the irritating fault into which writing of this kind leads one in every sentence. Vanity is so deep

in its secret calculations that even when frankly criticizing himself the writer is liable to the suspicion of not being quite open and above-board. The danger in such a case is that he will, with unconscious artfulness, humbly confess, as he can do without much merit, to trifling and external defects so as indirectly to ascribe to himself very high qualities. The demon of vanity is assuredly, a very subtle one, and I ask myself whether perchance I have fallen a victim to it. If men of taste reproach me with having shown myself to be a true representative of the age while pretending not to be so, I beg them to rest well assured that this will not happen to me again.

Claudite jam rivos, pueri; sat prata biberunt.

I have too much work before me to amuse myself in a way which many people will stigmatize as frivolous. My mother's family at Lannion, from which I have inherited my disposition, has supplied several cases of longevity; but certain recurrent symptoms lead me to believe that, so far as I am concerned, I shall not furnish another. I shall thank God that it is so, if I am thus spared years of decadence and loss of power, which are the only things I dread. At all events the remainder of my life will be devoted to a research of the pure objective truth. Should these be the last lines in which I am given an opportunity of addressing myself to the public, I may be allowed to thank them for the intelligent and sympathetic way in which they have supported me. In former times the most that a man who went out of the beaten track could expect was that he would be tolerated. My age and country have been much more indulgent for me. Despite his many defects and his humble origin, the son of peasants and of lowly sailors, trebly ridiculous as a deserter from the seminary, an unfrocked clerk and a case-hardened pedant, was from the first well-received, listened to, and ever made much of, simply because he spoke with sincerity. I have had some ardent opponents, but I have never had a personal enemy. The only two objects of my ambition, admission to the Institute and to the Collège de France, have been gratified. France has allowed me to share the favors which she reserves for all that is liberal:

Her admirable language, her glorious literary tradition, her rules of tact, and the audience which she can command. Foreigners, too, have aided me in my task as much as my own country, and I shall carry to my grave a feeling of affection for Europe as well as for France, to whom I would at times go on my knees and entreat not to divide her own household by fratricidal jealousy, nor to forget her duty and her common task, which is civilization.

Nearly all the men with whom I have had anything to do have been extremely kind to me. When I first left the seminary, I traversed, as I have said, a period of solitude, during which my sole support consisted of my sister's letters and my conversations with M. Berthelot; but I soon met with encouragement in every direction. M. Egger became, from the beginning of 1846, my friend and my guide in the difficult task of proving, rather late in the day, what I could do in the way of classics. Eugène Burnouf, after perusing a very defective essay which I wrote for the Volney Prize in 1847, chose me as a pupil. M. and Mme. Adolphe Garnier were extremely kind to me. They were a charming couple, and Madame Garnier, radiant with grace and devoid of affectation, first inspired me with admiration for a kind of beauty from which theology had sequestered me. With M. Victor Le Clerc I had brought before my eyes all those qualities of study and methodical application which distinguished my former teachers. I had learnt to like him from the time of my residence at St. Sulpice: he was the only layman whom the directors of the seminary valued, and they envied him his remarkable ecclesiastical erudition. M. Cousin, though he more than once displayed friendliness for me, was too closely surrounded by disciples for me to try and force my way through such a crowd, which was somewhat subservient to their master's utterances. M. Augustin Thierry, upon the other hand, was, in the true sense of the word, a spiritual father for me. His advice is ever in my thoughts, and I have him to thank for having kept clear in my style of writing from certain very ungainly defects which I should not have discovered for myself. It was through him that I made the acquaintance of the Scheffer family, whom I have to thank for a companion who has always assorted herself

so harmoniously to my somewhat contracted conditions of life that I am at times tempted, when I reflect upon so many fortunate coincidences, to believe in predestination.

According to my philosophy, which regards the world in its entirety as full of a divine afflation, there is no place for individual will in the government of the universe. Individual Providence, in the sense formerly attached to it, has never been proved by any unmistakable fact. But for this, I should assuredly be thankful to yield to a combination of circumstances in which a mind, less subjugated than my own by general reasoning, would detect the traces of the special protection of benevolent deities. The play of chances which brings up a ternion or a quaternion is nothing compared to what has been required to prevent the combination of which I am reaping the fruits from being disturbed. If my origin had been less lowly in the eyes of the world, I should not have entered or persevered upon that royal road of the intellectual life, to which my early training for the priesthood attached me. The displacement of a single atom would have broken the chain of fortuitous facts which, in the remote district of Brittany, was preparing me for a privileged life; which brought me from Brittany to Paris; which, when I was in Paris, took me to the establishment of all others where the best and most solid education was to be had; which, when I left the seminary, saved me from two or three mistakes which would have been the ruin of me; which, when I was on my travels, extricated me from certain dangers that, according to the doctrine of chances, would have been fatal to me; which, to cite one special instance, brought Dr. Suquet over from America to rescue me from the jaws of death which were yawning to swallow me up. The only conclusion I would fain draw from all this is that the unconscious effort toward what is good and true in the universe has its throw of the dice through the intermediary of each one of us. There is no combination but what comes up, quaternions like any other. We may disarrange the designs of Providence in respect to ourselves; but we have next to no influence upon their accomplishment. *Quid habes quod non accepisti?* The dogma of grace is the truest of all the Christian dogmas.

My experience of life has, therefore, been very pleasant; and I do not think that there are many human beings happier than I am. I have a keen liking for the universe. There may have been moments when subjective skepticism has gained a hold upon me, but it never made me seriously doubt of the reality, and the objections which it has evoked are sequestered by me, as it were, within an inclosure of forgetfulness; I never give them any thought, my peace of mind is undisturbed. Then, again, I have found a fund of goodness in nature and in society. Thanks to the remarkable good luck which has attended me all my life, and always thrown me into communication with very worthy men, I have never had to make sudden changes in my attitudes. Thanks, also, to an almost unchangeable good-temper, the result of moral healthiness, which is itself the result of a well-balanced mind, and of tolerably good bodily health, I have been able to indulge in a quiet philosophy, which finds expression either in grateful optimism or playful irony. I have never gone through much suffering. I might even be tempted to think that nature has more than once thrown down cushions to break the fall for me. Upon one occasion, when my sister died, nature literally put me under chloroform, to save me a sight which would perhaps have created a severe lesion in my feelings, and have permanently affected the serenity of my thought.

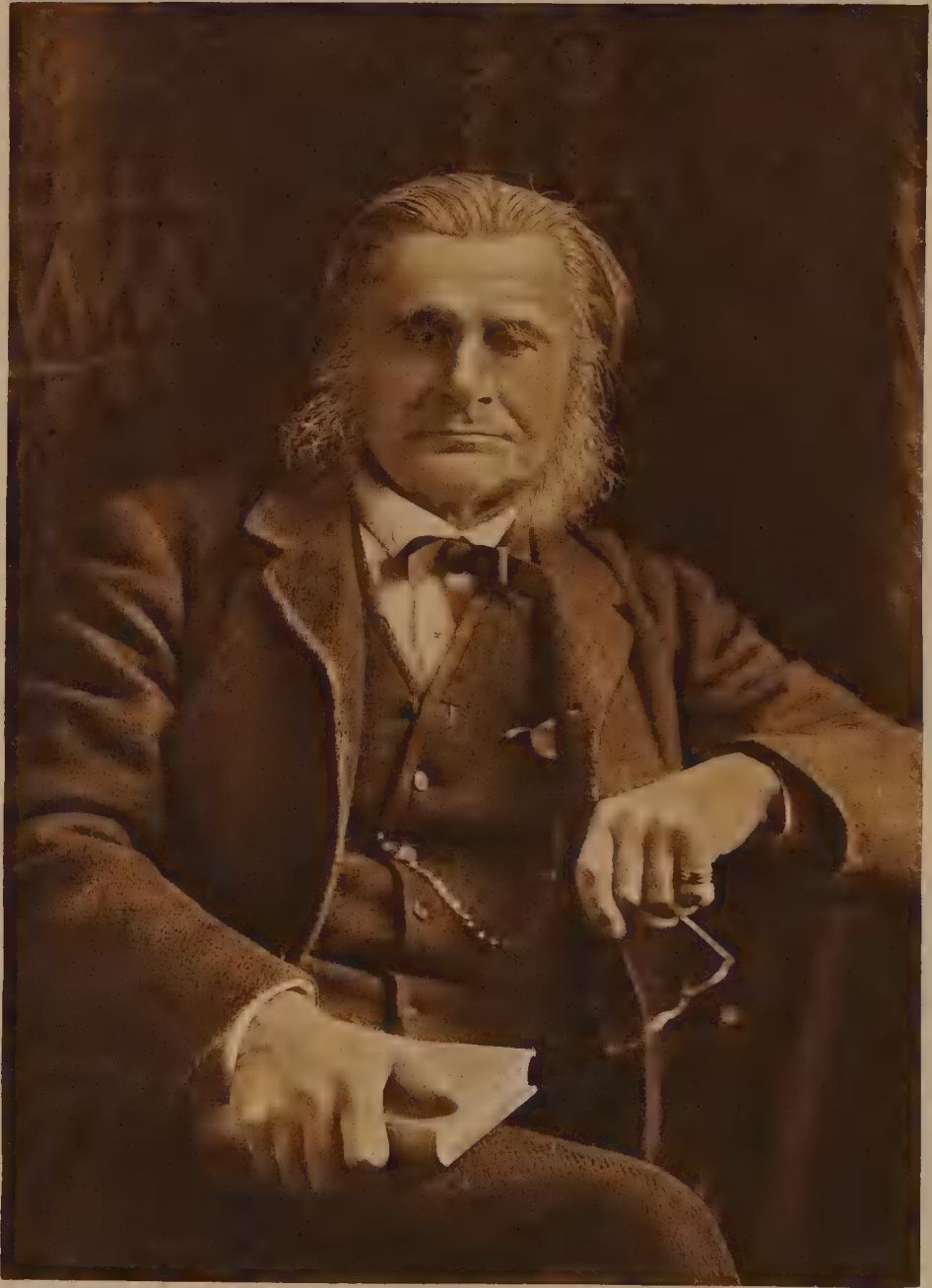
Thus, I have to thank some one; I do not exactly know whom. I have had so much pleasure out of life that I am really not justified in claiming a compensation beyond the grave. I have other reasons for being irritated at death: he is leveling to a degree which annoys me; he is a democrat, who attacks us with dynamite; he ought, at all events, to await our convenience and be at our call. I receive many times in the course of the year an anonymous letter, containing the following words, always in the same handwriting: "If there should be such a place as hell, after all?" No doubt the pious person who writes to me is anxious for the salvation of my soul, and I am deeply thankful for the same. But hell is a hypothesis very far from being in conformity with what we know from other sources of the divine mercy. Moreover, I can lay my hand on my heart and say that if there is such a

place I do not think that I have done anything which would consign me to it. A short stay in purgatory would, perhaps, be just; I would take the chance of this, as there would be Paradise afterward, and there would be plenty of charitable persons to secure indulgences, by which my sojourn would be shortened. The infinite goodness which I have experienced in this world inspires me with the conviction that eternity is pervaded by a goodness not less infinite, in which I repose unlimited trust.

All that I have now to ask of the good genius which has so often guided, advised, and consoled me is a calm and sudden death at my appointed hour, be it near or distant. The Stoics maintained that one might have led a happy life in the belly of the bull of Phalaris. This is going too far. Suffering degrades, humiliates, and leads to blasphemy. The only acceptable death is the noble death, which is not a pathological accident, but a premeditated and precious end before the Everlasting. Death upon the battlefield is the grandest of all; but there are others which are illustrious. If at times I may have conceived the wish to be a senator, it is because I fancy that this function will, within some not distant interval, afford fine opportunities of being knocked on the head or shot—forms of death which are very preferable to a long illness, which kills you by inches and demolishes you bit by bit. God's will be done! I have little chance of adding much to my store of knowledge; I have a pretty accurate idea of the amount of truth which the human mind can, in the present stage of its development, discern. I should be very grieved to have to go through one of those periods of enfeeblement during which the man once endowed with strength and virtue is but the shadow and ruin of his former self; and often, to the delight of the ignorant, sets himself to demolish the life which he had so laboriously constructed. Such an old age is the worst gift which the gods can give to man. If such a fate be in store for me, I hasten to protest beforehand against the weaknesses which a softened brain might lead me to say or sign. It is the Renan, sane in body and in mind, as I am now—not the Renan half destroyed by death and no longer himself, as I shall be if my decomposition is gradual—whom I wish to be believed and listened to. I disavow the blasphemies to

which in my last hour I might give way against the Almighty. The existence which was given me without my having asked for it has been a beneficent one for me. Were it offered to me, I would gladly accept it over again. The age in which I have lived will not probably count as the greatest, but it will doubtless be regarded as the most amusing. Unless my closing years have some very cruel trials in store, I shall have, in bidding farewell to life, to thank the cause of all good for the delightful excursion through reality which I have been enabled to make.

END OF RENAN'S "RECOLLECTIONS"



THOMAS HUXLEY

THE ABLEST TEACHER AND CHIEF LITERARY CHAMPION OF
MODERN SCIENCE

1825-1895

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Thomas Henry Huxley was an English naval doctor whose scientific studies while on various naval expeditions won him such high repute that he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society at the age of twenty-six, received a Royal medal, and before he was thirty was appointed Professor of Natural History in the Royal School of Mines.

When in 1859 the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species" shook the scientific and intellectual world to its foundations, Huxley became the chief literary champion of Darwin's teachings. His own contributions to science continued to be extensive, especially in his best known book "Man's Place in Nature"; but chiefly, as Huxley himself tells us, he devoted his life "to the popularization of science, to the development and organization of scientific education, to the endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution." In this self-chosen field Huxley was unquestionably the leader of his day.

High honors, both scholastic and scientific, crowned Huxley's later years. He was elected Rector of the University of Aberdeen, was president of the Ethnological Society, the Geological Society, the British Scientific Association and finally of the Royal Society itself, a rank in which he had for predecessors Sir Isaac Newton and Samuel Pepys.

The brief autobiographical sketch which Huxley left behind is as aggressive as was so much of his career. It is typical of the man himself.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

"And when I consider, in one view, the many things . . . which I have upon my hands, I feel the burlesque of being employed in this manner at my time of life. But, in another view, and taking in all circumstances, these things, as trifling as they may appear, no less than things of greater importance,

seem to be put upon me to do.”—*Bishop Butler to the Duchess of Somerset.*

THE “many things” to which the Duchess’s correspondent here refers are the repairs and improvements of the episcopal seat at Auckland. I doubt if the great apologist, greater in nothing than in the simple dignity of his character, would have considered the writing an account of himself as a thing which could be put upon him to do whatever circumstances might be taken in. But the good bishop lived in an age when a man might write books and yet be permitted to keep his private existence to himself; in the pre-Boswellian epoch, when the germ of the photographer lay in the womb of the distant future, and the interviewer who pervades our age was an unforeseen, indeed, unimaginable, birth of time.

At present, the most convinced believer in the aphorism “*Bene qui latuit, bene vixit,*” is not always able to act up to it. An importunate person informs him that his portrait is about to be published and will be accompanied by a biography which the importunate person proposes to write. The sufferer knows what that means; either he undertakes to revise the “biography” or he does not. In the former case, he makes himself responsible; in the latter, he allows the publication of a mass of more or less fulsome inaccuracies for which he will be held responsible by those who are familiar with the prevalent art of self-advertisement. On the whole, it may be better to get over the “burlesque of being employed in this manner” and do the thing himself.

It was by reflections of this kind that, some years ago, I was led to write and permit the publication of the subjoined sketch.

I was born about eight o’clock in the morning on the 4th of May, 1825, at Ealing, which was, at that time, as quiet a little country village as could be found within half-a-dozen miles of Hyde Park Corner. Now it is a suburb of London with, I believe, 30,000 inhabitants. My father was one of the masters in a large semi-public school which at one time had a high reputation. I am not aware that any portents preceded my arrival in this world, but, in my childhood, I remember hearing a traditional account of the manner in

which I lost the chance of an endowment of great practical value. The windows of my mother's room were open, in consequence of the unusual warmth of the weather. For the same reason, probably, a neighboring beehive had swarmed, and the new colony, pitching on the window-sill, was making its way into the room when the horrified nurse shut down the sash. If that well-meaning woman had only abstained from her ill-timed interference, the swarm might have settled on my lips, and I should have been endowed with that mellifluous eloquence which, in this country, leads far more surely than worth, capacity, or honest work, to the highest places in Church and State. But the opportunity was lost, and I have been obliged to content myself through life with saying what I mean in the plainest of plain language, than which, I suppose, there is no habit more ruinous to a man's prospects of advancement.

Why I was christened Thomas Henry I do not know; but it is a curious chance that my parents should have fixed for my usual denomination upon the name of that particular Apostle with whom I have always felt most sympathy. Physically and mentally I am the son of my mother so completely—even down to peculiar movements of the hands, which made their appearance in me as I reached the age she had when I noticed them—that I can hardly find any trace of my father in myself, except an inborn faculty for drawing, which unfortunately, in my case, has never been cultivated, a hot temper, and that amount of tenacity of purpose which unfriendly observers sometimes call obstinacy.

My mother was a slender brunette, of an emotional and energetic temperament, and possessed of the most piercing black eyes I ever saw in a woman's head. With no more education than other women of the middle classes in her day, she had an excellent mental capacity. Her most distinguishing characteristic, however, was rapidity of thought. If one ventured to suggest she had not taken much time to arrive at any conclusion, she would say, "I cannot help it, things flash across me." That peculiarity has been passed on to me in full strength; it has often stood me in good stead; it has sometimes played me sad tricks, and it has always been a danger. But, after all, if my time were to come over again,

there is nothing I would less willingly part with than my inheritance of mother wit.

I have next to nothing to say about my childhood. In later years my mother, looking at me almost reproachfully, would sometimes say, "Ah! you were such a pretty boy!" whence I had no difficulty in concluding that I had not fulfilled my early promise in the matter of looks. In fact, I have a distinct recollection of certain curls of which I was vain, and of a conviction that I closely resembled that handsome, courtly gentleman, Sir Herbert Oakley, who was vicar of our parish, and who was as a god to us country folk, because he was occasionally visited by the then Prince George of Cambridge. I remember turning my pinafore wrong side forwards in order to represent a surplice, and preaching to my mother's maids in the kitchen as nearly as possible in Sir Herbert's manner one Sunday morning when the rest of the family were at church. That is the earliest indication I can call to mind of the strong clerical affinities which my friend Mr. Herbert Spencer has always ascribed to me, though I fancy they have for the most part remained in a latent state.

My regular school training was of the briefest, perhaps fortunately, for though my way of life has made me acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men, from the highest to the lowest, I deliberately affirm that the society I fell into at school was the worst I have ever known. We boys were average lads, with much the same inherent capacity for good and evil as any others; but the people who were set over us cared about as much for our intellectual and moral welfare as if they were baby-farmers. We were left to the operation of the struggle for existence among ourselves, and bullying was the least of the ill practices current among us. Almost the only cheerful reminiscence in connection with the place which arises in my mind is that of a battle I had with one of my classmates, who had bullied me until I could stand it no longer. I was a very slight lad, but there was a wild-cat element in me which, when roused, made up for lack of weight, and I licked my adversary effectually. However, one of my first experiences of the extremely rough-and-ready nature of justice, as exhibited by the course of things in general, arose out of the fact that I—the victor—had a black

eye, while he—the vanquished—had none, so that I got into disgrace and he did not. We made it up, and thereafter I was unmolested. One of the greatest shocks I ever received in my life was to be told a dozen years afterwards by the groom who brought me my horse in a stable-yard in Sydney that he was my quondam antagonist. He had a long story of family misfortune to account for his position, but at that time it was necessary to deal very cautiously with mysterious strangers in New South Wales, and on inquiry I found that the unfortunate young man had not only been “sent out,” but had undergone more than one colonial conviction.

As I grew older, my great desire was to be a mechanical engineer, but the fates were against this and, while very young, I commenced the study of medicine under a medical brother-in-law. But, though the Institute of Mechanical Engineers would certainly not own me, I am not sure that I have not all along been a sort of mechanical engineer *in partibus infidelium*. I am now occasionally horrified to think how very little I ever knew or cared about medicine as the art of healing. The only part of my professional course which really and deeply interested me was physiology, which is the mechanical engineering of living machines; and, notwithstanding that natural science has been my proper business, I am afraid there is very little of the genuine naturalist in me. I never collected anything, and species work was always a burden to me; what I cared for was the architectural and engineering part of the business, the working out the wonderful unity of plan in the thousands and thousands of diverse living constructions, and the modifications of similar apparatuses to serve diverse ends. The extraordinary attraction I felt towards the study of the intricacies of living structure nearly proved fatal to me at the outset. I was a mere boy—I think between thirteen and fourteen years of age—when I was taken by some older student friends of mine to the first *post-mortem* examination I ever attended. All my life I have been most unfortunately sensitive to the disagreeables which attend anatomical pursuits, but on this occasion my curiosity overpowered all other feelings, and I spent two or three hours in gratifying it. I did not cut myself, and none of the ordinary symptoms of dissection-poison

supervened, but poisoned I was somehow, and I remember sinking into a strange state of apathy. By way of a last chance, I was sent to the care of some good, kind people, friends of my father's, who lived in a farmhouse in the heart of Warwickshire. I remember staggering from my bed to the window on the bright spring morning after my arrival, and throwing open the casement. Life seemed to come back on the wings of the breeze, and to this day the faint odor of wood-smoke, like that which floated across the farm-yard in the early morning, is as good to me as the "sweet south upon a bed of violets." I soon recovered, but for years I suffered from occasional paroxysms of internal pain, and from that time my constant friend, hypochondriacal dyspepsia, commenced his half century of co-tenancy of my fleshly tabernacle.

Looking back on my "Lehrjahre," I am sorry to say that I do not think that any account of my doings as a student would tend to edification. In fact, I should distinctly warn ingenuous youth to avoid imitating my example. I worked extremely hard when it pleased me, and when it did not—which was a very frequent case—I was extremely idle (unless making caricatures of one's pastors and masters is to be called a branch of industry), or else wasted my energies in wrong directions. I read everything I could lay hands upon, including novels, and took up all sorts of pursuits to drop them again quite as speedily. No doubt it was very largely my own fault, but the only instruction from which I ever obtained the proper effect of education was that which I received from Mr. Wharton Jones, who was the lecturer on physiology at the Charing Cross School of Medicine. The extent and precision of his knowledge impressed me greatly, and the severe exactness of his method of lecturing was quite to my taste. I do not know that I have ever felt so much respect for anybody as a teacher before or since. I worked hard to obtain his approbation, and he was extremely kind and helpful to the youngster who, I am afraid, took up more of his time than he had any right to do. It was he who suggested the publication of my first scientific paper—a very little one—in the *Medical Gazette* of 1845, and most kindly corrected the literary faults which abounded in it, short as it was; for at that time, and

for many years afterwards, I detested the trouble of writing, and would take no pains over it.

It was in the early spring of 1846, that, having finished my obligatory medical studies and passed the first M.B. examination at the London University—though I was still too young to qualify at the College of Surgeons—I was talking to a fellow-student (the present eminent physician, Sir Joseph Fayrer) and wondering what I should do to meet the imperative necessity for earning my own bread, when my friend suggested that I should write to Sir William Burnett, at that time Director-General for the Medical Service of the Navy, for an appointment. I thought this rather a strong thing to do, as Sir William was personally unknown to me, but my cheery friend would not listen to my scruples, so I went to my lodgings and wrote the best letter I could devise. A few days afterwards I received the usual official circular of acknowledgment, but at the bottom there was written an instruction to call at Somerset House on such a day. I thought that looked like business, so at the appointed time I called and sent in my card, while I waited in Sir William's ante-room. He was a tall, shrewd-looking old gentleman, with a broad Scotch accent—and I think I see him now as he entered with my card in his hand. The first thing he did was to return it, with the frugal reminder that I should probably find it useful on some other occasion. The second was to ask whether I was an Irishman. I suppose the air of modesty about my appeal must have struck him. I satisfied the Director-General that I was English to the backbone, and he made some inquiries as to my student career, finally desiring me to hold myself ready for examination. Having passed this, I was in Her Majesty's Service, and entered on the books of Nelson's old ship, the *Victory*, for duty at Haslar Hospital, about a couple of months after I made my application.

My official chief at Haslar was a very remarkable person, the late Sir John Richardson, an excellent naturalist, and far-famed as an indomitable Arctic traveler. He was a silent, reserved man, outside the circle of his family and intimates; and, having a full share of youthful vanity, I was extremely disgusted to find that "Old John," as we irreverent young-

sters called him, took not the slightest notice of my worshipful self either the first time I attended him, as it was my duty to do, or for some weeks afterwards. I am afraid to think of the lengths to which my tongue may have run on the subject of the churlishness of the chief, who was, in truth, one of the kindest-hearted and most considerate of men. But one day, as I was crossing the hospital square, Sir John stopped me, and heaped coals of fire on my head by telling me that he had tried to get me one of the resident appointments, much coveted by the assistant-surgeons, but that the Admiralty had put in another man. "However," said he, "I mean to keep you here till I can get you something you will like," and turned upon his heel without waiting for the thanks I stammered out. That explained how it was I had not been packed off to the West Coast of Africa like some of my juniors, and why, eventually, I remained altogether seven months at Haslar.

After a long interval, during which "Old John" ignored my existence almost as completely as before, he stopped me again as we met in a casual way, and describing the service on which the *Rattlesnake* was likely to be employed, said that Captain Owen Stanley, who was to command the ship, had asked him to recommend an assistant surgeon who knew something of science; would I like that? Of course I jumped at the offer. "Very well, I give you leave; go to London at once and see Captain Stanley." I went, saw my future commander, who was very civil to me, and promised to ask that I should be appointed to his ship, as in due time I was. It is a singular thing that, during the few months of my stay at Haslar, I had among my messmates two future Directors-General of the Medical Service of the Navy (Sir Alexander Armstrong and Sir John Watt-Reid), with the present President of the College of Physicians and my kindest of doctors, Sir Andrew Clark.

Life on board Her Majesty's ships in those days was a very different affair from what it is now, and ours was exceptionally rough, as we were often many months without receiving letters or seeing any civilized people but ourselves. In exchange, we had the interest of being about the last voyagers, I suppose, to whom it could be possible to meet with

people who knew nothing of fire-arms—as we did on the south Coast of New Guinea—and of making acquaintance with a variety of interesting savage and semi-civilized people. But, apart from experience of this kind and the opportunities offered for scientific work, to me, personally, the cruise was extremely valuable. It was good for me to live under sharp discipline; to be down on the realities of existence by living on bare necessities; to find out how extremely well worth living life seemed to be when one woke up from a night's rest on a soft plank, with the sky for canopy and cocoa and weevilly biscuit the sole prospect for breakfast; and, more especially, to learn to work for the sake of what I got for myself out of it, even if it all went to the bottom and I along with it. My brother officers were as good fellows as sailors ought to be and generally are, but, naturally, they neither knew nor cared anything about my pursuits, nor understood why I should be so zealous in pursuit of the objects which my friends, the middies, christened "Buffons," after the title conspicuous on a volume of the "Suites à Buffon," which stood on my shelf in the chart room.

During the four years of our absence, I sent home communication after communication to the "Linnean Society," with the same result as that obtained by Noah when he sent the raven out of his ark. Tired at last of hearing nothing about them, I determined to do or die, and in 1849 I drew up a more elaborate paper and forwarded it to the Royal Society. This was my dove, if I had only known it. But owing to the movements of the ship, I heard nothing of that either until my return to England in the latter end of the year 1850, when I found that it was printed and published, and that a huge packet of separate copies awaited me. When I hear some of my young friends complain of want of sympathy and encouragement, I am inclined to think that my naval life was not the least valuable part of my education.

Three years after my return were occupied by a battle between my scientific friends on the one hand and the Admiralty on the other, as to whether the latter ought, or ought not, to act up to the spirit of a pledge they had given to encourage officers who had done scientific work by contributing to the expense of publishing mine. At last the Admiralty,

getting tired, I suppose, cut short the discussion by ordering me to join a ship, which thing I declined to do, and as Rastignac, in the *Père Goriot*, says to Paris, I said to London "*à nous deux.*"

I desired to obtain a Professorship of either Physiology or Comparative Anatomy, and as vacancies occurred I applied, but in vain. My friend, Professor Tyndall, and I were candidates at the same time, he for the Chair of Physics and I for that of Natural History in the University of Toronto, which, fortunately, as it turned out, would not look at either of us. I say fortunately, not from any lack of respect for Toronto, but because I soon made up my mind that London was the place for me, and hence I have steadily declined the inducements to leave it, which have at various times been offered. At last, in 1854, on the translation of my warm friend Edward Forbes, to Edinburgh, Sir Henry De la Beche, the Director-General of the Geological Survey, offered me the post Forbes vacated of Paleontologist and Lecturer on Natural History. I refused the former point blank, and accepted the latter only provisionally, telling Sir Henry that I did not care for fossils, and that I should give up Natural History as soon as I could get a physiological post. But I held the office for thirty-one years, and a large part of my work has been paleontological.

At that time I disliked public speaking, and had a firm conviction that I should break down every time I opened my mouth. I believe I had every fault a speaker could have (except talking at random or indulging in rhetoric), when I spoke to the first important audience I ever addressed, on a Friday evening at the Royal Institution in 1852. Yet, I must confess to having been guilty, *malgré moi*, of as much public speaking as most of my contemporaries, and for the last ten years it ceased to be so much of a bugbear to me. I used to pity myself for having to go through this training, but I am now more disposed to compassionate the unfortunate audiences, especially my ever-friendly hearers at the Royal Institution, who were the subjects of my oratorical experiments.

The last thing that it would be proper for me to do would be to speak of the work of my life, or to say at the end of the day whether I think I have earned my wages or not. Men are said to be partial judges of themselves. Young men may be, I doubt if old men are. Life seems terribly foreshortened as they look back, and the mountain they set themselves to climb in youth turns out to be a mere spur of immeasurably higher ranges when, with failing breath, they reach the top. But if I may speak of the objects I have had more or less definitely in view since I began the ascent of my hillock, they are briefly these: To promote the increase of natural knowledge and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off.

It is with this intent that I have subordinated any reasonable, or unreasonable, ambition for scientific fame which I may have permitted myself to entertain to other ends; to the popularization of science; to the development and organization of scientific education; to the endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution; and to untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, that clericalism, which in England, as everywhere else, and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science.

In striving for the attainment of these objects, I have been but one among many, and I shall be well content to be remembered, or even not remembered, as such. Circumstances, among which I am proud to reckon the devoted kindness of many friends, have led to my occupation of various prominent positions, among which the Presidency of the Royal Society is the highest. It would be mock modesty on my part, with these and other scientific honors which have been bestowed upon me, to pretend that I have not succeeded in the career which I have followed, rather because I was driven into it than of my own free will; but I am afraid I should not

count even these things as marks of success if I could not hope that I had somewhat helped that movement of opinion which has been called the New Reformation.

THE END OF "MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY"



LEO TOLSTOY

THE GREATEST OF RUSSIAN WRITERS AND TEACHERS

1828-1910

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Lyof (Leo) Nikolayevitch, Count Tolstoy, the greatest of Russian moral and social philosophers and novelists, owes his eminence largely to the fact that most of his works are autobiographical in nature, for introspection is his leading characteristic.

Born on his father's estate, Yasnaya Polyana, in the Government of Tula, in 1828, he was graduated in law (of which he asserted he "literally knew nothing") from the University of Kazan in 1848. He lived on his estate until 1851, when he visited his eldest brother Nicolay, an artillery officer, in the Caucasus. Attracted by the natural beauties of the region and the free, simple life of the people, he joined an artillery regiment, and in 1853 was attached to the Army of the Danube, taking part in the defense of Sebastopol during the Crimean War. At the end of the war he resigned his commission and went to St. Petersburg. In 1857 he made a trip through Germany to Switzerland, returning with a desire to remedy the poverty of the people and the ignorance and heartlessness of modern society which he had observed. Settling down on his estate he devoted himself to the education of the peasants, making a later trip to Germany to observe the pedagogical methods employed there. Thereafter he stayed at home and devoted himself to writing, until his death in 1910.

The chief books of Tolstoy are: the stories, autobiographical in character, written while in the Caucasus, "Childhood," "Boyhood," and "The Cossacks"; the vivid descriptions of the siege of Sebastopol, 1854-55, which won him world-wide fame as a realistic writer; the study of social conditions presented in the form of fiction, which he wrote on his return from Switzerland, and which he entitled "From the Memoirs of Prince Nekhludof (Luzern)"; three chapters (no more were ever written) of "The Decembrists," an historical novel on the reign of Alexander I, dealing particularly with Napoleon's Russian campaign; his great epic novel, "War and Peace," published 1864-69, embracing not only the great events of Russian history, but also all

ranks of Russian society from Czar to peasant; "Anna Karenina," a long and powerful novel dealing with the problems of love and marriage (published 1875-76); religious and social works, such as "Commentary on the Gospel" (1883), "Confession," "My Religion," "What Shall We Then Do?"; short stories, such as "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch" (1885); and the dramas, "The Power of Darkness" and "Fruits of Culture," attacking respectively the spiritualistic mania prevalent in aristocratic society, and the barren artistic and literary pursuits of the so-called *élite*.

"The Kreutzer Sonata" (1888), a novel denouncing marriage made a great stir throughout the world, notably in America. "What Is Art?" (1898) is an exhaustive compendium and critic of views of the leading writers on the subject. "Resurrection" (1899) is the culmination of his social philosophy, presented in the guise of fiction. While it deals in particular with sexual immorality, it is also a general arraignment of existing social institutions. Its publication would seem to have been the deciding cause of the long-threatened excommunication of Tolstoy by the Holy Synod, which was issued in 1901.

Though he addressed bold letters to the Czar during the abortive revolution of 1905-6, demanding universal suffrage, representative government, land reform and other democratic measures, he was not punished by the government, evidently through fear of the people, who revered him as a prophet, the great teacher of social justice.

In 1911, one year after Tolstoy's death, his friend, Paul Birukoff, published "Leo Tolstoy, His Life and Work," which was begun in 1905. It is a memoir consisting of an autobiography of early life contributed by Tolstoy, and supplemented by passages from Tolstoy's autobiographical stories such as "Childhood" and "Boyhood" and his "My Confessions," as well as of details of later life similarly gathered from diaries, correspondence and books. We present here in autobiographical form material selected from Birukoff's work relating events in Tolstoy's life down through the period of "Youth," where Tolstoy's own reminiscences cease to preserve the character of a continuous narrative.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

INTRODUCTION

My friend, Paul Birukoff, having undertaken to write my biography (for the complete edition of my works), has asked me to furnish him with some particulars of my life.

In my imagination I began to compose my autobiography. At first I involuntarily began in the most natural way with

only that which was good in my life, merely adding to this good side, like shade on a picture, its dark, repulsive features. But upon examining the events of my life more seriously I saw that such an autobiography, though it might not be a direct lie, would yet be a lie, owing to the biased exposure and lighting up of the good and the hushing up or smoothing down of the evil. Yet when I thought of writing the whole truth without concealing anything that was bad in my life, I was shocked at the impression which such an autobiography was bound to produce. At that time I fell ill, and during the unavoidable idleness of an invalid, my thoughts kept continually turning to my reminiscences, and dreadful these reminiscences were.

Under this impression I wrote the following in my diary:

“*6th January, 1903.*—I am now suffering the torments of hell: I am calling to mind all the infamies of my former life—these reminiscences do not pass away and they poison my existence. Generally people regret that the individuality does not retain memory after death. What a happiness that it does not! What an anguish it would be if I remembered in this life all the evil, all that is painful to the conscience, committed by me in a previous life. And, if one remembers the good, one has to remember the evil too. What a happiness that reminiscences disappear with death and that there only remains consciousness, a consciousness which, as it were, represents the general outcome of the good and the evil, like a complex equation reduced to its simplest expression: $x =$ a positive or a negative, a great or a small quantity.”

Yes, the extinction of memory is a great happiness; with memory one could not live a joyful life. As it is, with the extinction of memory we enter into life with a clean white page upon which we can write afresh good and evil.

It is true that not all my life was so fearfully bad. That character prevailed only for a period of twenty years. It is also true that even during that period my life was not the uninterrupted evil that it appeared to me during my illness; for even during that period there used to awake in me impulses toward good, although they did not last long and were soon stifled by unrestrained passions.

Still these reflections, especially during my illness, clearly

showed me that my autobiography—as autobiographies are generally written—if it passed over in silence all the abomination and criminality of my life, would be a lie, and that, when a man writes his life, he should write the whole and exact truth. Only such an autobiography, however humiliating it may be for me to write it, can have a true and fruitful interest for the readers.

Thus recalling my life to mind, *i. e.*, examining it from the point of view of the good and evil which I had done, I saw that all my long life breaks up into four periods: that splendid—especially in comparison with what comes after—that innocent, joyful, poetic period of childhood up to fourteen; then the second, those dreadful twenty years, the period of coarse dissoluteness, of service of ambition and vanity, and, above all, of sensuousness; then the third period of eighteen years, from my marriage until my spiritual birth, a period which, from the worldly point of view, one might call moral; I mean that during these eighteen years I lived a regular, honest family life, without addicting myself to any vices condemned by public opinion, but a period all the interests of which were limited to egotistical family cares, to concern for the increase of wealth, the attainment of literary success, and the enjoyment of every kind of pleasure; and lastly, there is the fourth period of twenty years in which I am now living and in which I hope to die, and from the standpoint of which I see all the significance of my past life, and which I do not desire to alter in anything except in those habits of evil which were acquired by me in the previous periods.

Such a history of my life during all these four periods, I should like to write quite, quite truthfully, if God will give me the power and the time. I think that such an autobiography, even though very defective, would be more profitable to men than all that artistic prattle with which the twelve volumes of my works are filled, and to which men of our time attribute an undeserved significance.

And I should now like to do this. I will begin by describing the first joyful period of my childhood, which attracts me with special force; then, however ashamed I may be to do so, I will also describe, without hiding anything, those dreadful twenty years of the following period; then the third

period, which may be of the least interest of all; and, finally, the last period of my awakening to the truth which has given me the highest well-being in life and joyous peace in view of approaching death.

In order not to repeat myself in the description of my childhood, I have read over again my work under that title, and felt sorry that I had written it—so badly, in such an insincere literary style as it is written. It could not have been otherwise, first, because my aim was to describe, not my own history, but that of the companions of my childhood; and, secondly, because when writing it I was far from independent in the form of expression, being under the influence of two writers who at that time strongly impressed me: Sterne (*Sentimental Journey*) and Töpfer (*Bibliothèque de mon oncle*).

I am at this day especially displeased with the last two parts, *Boyhood* and *Youth*, in which, besides the clumsy confusion of truth with fiction, there is also insincerity, the desire to put forward as good and important that which, at the time of writing, I did not regard as good and important—my democratic tendency.

I hope that what I shall now write will be better and, above all, more profitable to others.

CHAPTER I—CHILDHOOD

[In his *First Memories*, Tolstoy relates his vague sensations on being swathed, sensations, that is, felt during the first year of his life.]

My first reminiscences I am unable to arrange in order, not knowing what came before and what after; of some of them I do not even know whether they happened in reality or in a dream. Here they are: I am bound; I wish to free my arms and I cannot do it and I scream and cry, and my cries are unpleasant to myself, but I cannot cease. Somebody bends down over me, I do not remember who. All is in a half light. But I remember that there are two people. My cries affect them; they are disturbed by my cries, but do not unbind me as I desire, and I cry yet louder. They think that this is necessary (*i. e.* that I should be bound), whereas I

know it is not necessary and I wish to prove it to them, and am convulsed with cries, distasteful to myself but unrestrainable. I feel the injustice and cruelty, not of human beings, for they pity me, but of fate, and I feel pity for myself. I desire freedom, it interferes with no one else, and I, who require strength, am weak, whilst they are strong.

Another impression is a joyful one. I am sitting in a wooden trough, and am enveloped by the new and not unpleasant smell of some kind of stuff with which my little body is being rubbed. It was probably bran, and most likely I was having a bath, but the novelty of the impression from the bran aroused me, and for the first time I remarked and liked my little body with the ribs showing on the breast, and the smooth, dark-colored trough, my nurse's rolled-up sleeves, and the warm steaming bran-water, and its sound, and especially the feeling of the smoothness of the trough's edges when I passed my little hands along them.

It is strange and dreadful to think that from my birth until the age of three years, when I was weaned, when I began to crawl, to walk, to speak, however much I may seek them in my memory, I can find no other impressions save these two: When did I originate? When did I begin to live? And why is it joyous to me to imagine myself as at that time, and yet has been dreadful to me, as it is still dreadful to many, to imagine myself again entering that state of death of which there will be no recollections that can be expressed in words? Was I not alive when I learned to look, to listen, to understand, and to speak, when I slept, took the breast, kissed it, and laughed and gladdened my mother? I lived, and lived blissfully! Did I not then acquire all that by which I now live, and acquire it to such an extent and so quickly, that in all the rest of my life I have not acquired a hundredth part of the amount? From a five-year-old child to my present self there is only one step. From a new-born infant to a five-year-old child there is an awesome distance. From the germ to the infant an unfathomable distance. But from non-existence to the germ the distance is not only unfathomable, but inconceivable. Not only are space and time and causation forms of thought, and not only is the essence of life outside these forms, but all our life is a greater and

greater subjection of oneself to these forms, and then again liberation from them.

The next reminiscences refer to the time when I was already four or five years old, but of these I have very few, and not one of them concerns life outside the walls of the house. Nature, up to five years old, did not exist for me. All that I remember takes place in my little bed in a room. Neither grass nor leaves nor sky nor sun exists for me. Probably one has to leave nature in order to see it, and I was nature itself.

The next reminiscence is one about "Yeremeyevna." "Yeremeyevna" was a word with which we children were threatened. My recollection of it is this: I am in my little bed, happy and content as always, and I should not remember this were it not that my nurse, or some person who formed part of my childish world, says something in a voice new to me, and goes away, and, besides being merry, I become afraid. And I call to mind that I am not alone, but with some one else who is like myself; this probably was my sister Mashenka, a year younger than myself, whose bed stood in the same room as mine. I recall that my bed has a curtain, and my sister and I are happy, and afraid of something extraordinary which has happened among us, and I hide under my pillow, both hide and watch the door, from which I expect something new and amusing, and we laugh and hide and wait. And lo! there appears some one in a dress and cap quite unlike anything I have ever seen, but I recognize that it is the same person who is always with me (whether my nurse or my aunt I do not know), and in a gruff voice which I recognize, this some one says something dreadful about naughty children and "Yeremeyevna." I shriek with fear and joy, and am indeed horrified and yet delighted to be horrified, and I wish the one who is frightening me not to know I have recognized her. We quiet down, but then purposely begin whispering to each other to recall "Yeremeyevna."

I have another recollection of "Yeremeyevna." In this reminiscence the chief part is played by the German, Feodor Ivanovich, our tutor; I am not yet under his supervision; therefore this takes place before I am five. And it happened so early that I do not as yet remember my brothers or

my father. If I have an idea of any separate person, it is only my sister, and that simply because she is, like me, afraid of "Yeremeyevna." With this reminiscence is connected my first recognition that our house has a second story. How I got up there I don't at all remember, but I remember that there were many of us, and that we were all moving in a circle, holding each other's hands. Among us there were women, strangers to us (I somehow remember that they were washerwomen), and we all begin to circle round and jump, and Feodor Ivanovich jumps, lifting his legs too high, flinging about and making a great noise, and I feel at one and the same moment that this is not right, that it is wicked, and I rebuke him, and begin to cry, and everything ceases.

My definite reminiscences commence from the time when I was transferred downstairs to Feodor Ivanovich and my elder brothers. With Feodor Ivanovich and the boys I experienced for the first time, and therefore more powerfully than ever after, that feeling which is called the feeling of duty—the feeling of the Cross, which every man is called to bear. I was sorry to abandon what I was used to (used to from eternity), I was sorry, poetically sorry, to separate not so much from persons, from my sister, my nurse, and my aunt, as from my little bed, with its curtain and the pillow, and I was afraid of the new life into which I entered. I tried to find what was joyful in the new life which confronted me; I tried to believe the caressing words with which Feodor Ivanovich sought to attract me; I tried not to see the contempt with which the boys received me, the younger one; I tried to think that it was shameful for a big boy to live with girls, and that there was nothing good in the upstairs life with the nurse. But inwardly I felt dreadfully sad, I knew that I was irretrievably losing innocence and happiness, and only the feeling of self-respect, the consciousness that I was fulfilling my duty, supported me. Many times later on I had to live through such moments at the parting of the ways in life, when I entered on a new road. I experienced a quiet grief at the irretrievableness of what was being lost, I kept disbelieving that it was really happening. Although I had been told that I was to be transferred to the boys, yet I remember that the dressing-gown, with belt sewn to the back,

which was put on me, cut me off as it were forever from upstairs, and then for the first time I was impressed, not by all those with whom I had lived upstairs, but by the principal person with whom I lived and whom I did not previously understand. This was my aunt, Tatiana Alexandrovna Yergolsky. I remember a short, stout, black-haired, kind, affectionate, solicitous woman. She put the dressing-gown on to me, and tightened the belt while embracing and kissing me, and I saw that she felt as I did; that it was sad—dreadfully sad—but necessary. For the first time I felt that life was not a plaything, but a difficult task. Shall I not feel the same when I am dying? I shall understand that death or future life is not a plaything, but a difficult task.

Aunt Tatiana must have been very attractive in her girlhood with her crisp, black, curling hair in its enormous plait, her jet black eyes, and vivacious, energetic expression. V. Yushkof, the husband of my Aunt Pelageya Ilyinishna, a great flirt even when an old man, used often, when recalling her, to say with the feeling with which those who have been in love speak about the object of their previous affections: "*Toinette, oh! elle était charmante!*"¹

When I remember her she was more than forty, and I never thought about her being pretty or not pretty. I simply loved her—loved her eyes, her smile, and her dusky, broad little hand with its energetic little cross vein.

She probably loved my father and my father loved her, but she did not marry him in youth, in order that he might marry my rich mother, and later, as recorded in her diary, she did not marry him because she did not wish to spoil her pure poetic relations with him and us.

We had two aunts and a grandmother; they all had more right to us than Tatiana Alexandrovna—whom we called aunt only by habit, for our kinship was so distant that I could never remember it—but she, by right of love to us, like Buddha with the wounded swan, took the first place in our bringing up.

I remember how once on the sofa in the drawing-room, when I was about five, I squeezed in behind her, and she caressingly touched me with her hand. I caught this hand

¹"*Toinette, oh! she was charming!*"

and began to kiss it and to cry from tender love toward her.

Toward the servants she was kind; she never spoke to them angrily and could not bear the idea of blows or flogging, yet she regarded serfs as serfs and treated them as their superior. Notwithstanding this, all the servants distinguished her from others and loved her. When she died and was being borne through the village, peasants came out from all the houses and paid for *Te Deums*. Her principal characteristic was love, but how I could wish that this had not been all for one person—for my father. Still, starting from this center her love spread on all around. We felt that she loved us for his sake, that through him she loved every one, because all her life was love.

When our aunt Pelageya Ilyinishna Yurhkof took us away to Kazan, "Auntie" submitted to this, but her love did not thereby diminish. She lived with her sister, the Countess L. A. Tolstoy, but in her soul she lived with us, and, whenever possible, she would return to us. The fact that the last years of her life, about twenty years, were passed with me at Yasnaya Polyana was a great joy to me.

"Auntie" liked to keep sweets in her room in various little dishes—dried figs, gingerbread, dates; she liked them, yet she would treat me first to them. I cannot forget, and cannot call to mind without a cruel twinge of conscience, how several times I refused her money for the sweets, and how she, sadly sighing, desisted. It is true I was then in straitened circumstances, but now I cannot recall without remorse how I refused her!

When I was married and she had begun to fail, she once, turning her face away (I saw she was ready to shed tears) said to me: "Look here, *mes chers amis*, my room is a very good one and you will require it. But if I die in it the memory will be unpleasant, so move me to another that I may not die here."

I have said that Aunty Tatiana had the greatest influence on my life. This influence consisted first, in that ever since childhood she taught me the spiritual delight of love, not in words, but by her whole being.

Secondly, she taught me the delights of an unhurried, lonely life.

[Tolstoy, in his *Autobiography*, gives his early remembrances of his grandparents and his father.]

My grandmother, Pelageya Nicolayevna, was the daughter of the blind Prince Nicolay Ivanovich Gorchakof, who had amassed a large fortune. As far as I can form an idea of her character, she was not very intelligent, poorly educated—like all at that time, she knew French better than Russian (and to this her education was limited)—and exceedingly spoilt, first by her father, then by her husband, and lastly, in my time, by her son.

My grandfather, Ilya Andreyevich, her husband, was, according to my view of him, a man of limited intelligence, gentle in manner, merry, and not only generous, but carelessly extravagant, and above all, trustful. In his estate incessant fêtes, theatrical performances, balls, banquets, and excursions were kept up, which, largely owing to my grandfather's tendency to play for high stakes at lumber and whist without knowing the game, and his readiness either to give or lend to any one who asked, both in loan and donation, and above all with the speculations and monopolies he used to start, resulted in his wife's large estate being so involved in debts, that at last there was no means of livelihood, and my grandfather had to procure the post of governor in Kazan, which he did easily owing to his connections.

After the death of her husband in Kazan, and the marriage of my father, my grandmother settled down with my father in Yasnaya Polyana, and here I knew her as an old woman.

My earliest reminiscences of my grandmother, before our removal to Moscow and our life there, amount to three strong impressions concerning her. One was how my grandmother washed, and with some kind of special soap produced on her hands wonderful bubbles, which, so it seemed to me, she alone could produce. We used to be brought to her to see how she washed. I remember the white jacket, petticoat, white aged hands, and the enormous bubbles rising on them, and her satisfied, smiling, white face.

The second recollection is how she was drawn out, my father's valets acting as horses, in the yellow cabriolet on springs—in which we used to go for drives with our tutor,

Feodor Ivanovich—into the small coppice for gathering nuts, of which there was a specially great quantity that year. I remember the dense thicket of hazel trees into which, thrusting aside and breaking the branches, Petrusha and Matyusha, the house valets, dragged the cabriolet with my grandmother, how they pulled down to her branches with clusters of ripe nuts, sometimes dropping off, how my grandmother herself gathered them into a bag, and how we either ourselves bent down branches, or else were astonished by the strength of Feodor Ivanovich, who bent down thick stems while we gathered nuts on all sides. I remember how hot it was in the open spaces, how pleasantly fresh in the shade, how one breathed the sharp odor of the hazel-tree foliage, how the nuts cracked on all sides under the teeth of the girls who were with us, and how we, without ceasing, chewed the fresh, full, white kernels.

We gathered the nuts into our pockets, into the skirts of our jackets, into the cabriolet, and our grandmother took them from us and praised us. It seemed to me that, as the soap-bubbles could be produced only by my grandmother, so also the wood, the nuts, the sun, could only be in connection with my grandmother in her yellow cabriolet drawn by Petrusha and Matyusha.

But the strongest impression connected with my grandmother was a night passed in her bedroom with Lyof Stepanovich, an old blind story-teller, the survival of the ancient luxury of my grandfather. He had been bought merely for the purpose of narrating stories, which, owing to the extraordinary memory peculiar to blind people, he could retell word for word after they had been twice read to him.

He lived somewhere in the house, and during the whole day he was not seen. But in the evenings, he came up into my grandmother's bedroom and seated himself on a low window ledge, where they used to bring him supper from the master's table. Here he waited for my grandmother, who might with impunity perform her night toilet in the presence of a blind man. On the day when it was my turn to sleep in my grandmother's bedroom, Lyof Stepanovich, with his white eyes, clad in a long blue coat with puffs on the shoulders, was already sitting on the window ledge having his supper. I remember the moment when the candle was put out and there

remained only a little light in front of the gilded icons, and my grandmother, that same wonderful grandmother who produced the extraordinary soap-bubbles, all white, clothed in white, lying on white, and covered with white, in her white nightcap, lay high on the cushions, and from the window was heard the even quiet voice of Lyof Stepanovich. "Will it please you for me to continue?" "Yes, continue." "'Dearest sister, tell us one of those most interesting stories which you know so well how to narrate.' 'Willingly,' answered Shaheresada, 'would I relate the remarkable history of Prince Kamaralzaman, if our lord will express his consent.'"

Thus, word for word, Lyof Stepanovich began the history of Kamaralzaman. I did not listen, I did not understand what he said, so absorbed was I by the mysterious appearance of the white grandmother, by her swaying shadow on the wall, and the appearance of the old man with white eyes whom I could not now see, but whom I realized as sitting immovably on the window ledge, and who was saying with a slow voice some strange words, which seemed to me very solemn as they alone resounded through the darkness of the little room lighted by the trembling of the image-lamp. I probably immediately fell asleep, for I remember nothing further, and in the morning I was again astonished and enraptured by the soap-bubbles which my grandmother when washing produced on her hands.

The blind Lyof Stepanovich's sense of hearing was so perfect that he could distinctly hear mice running about and could tell in which direction they were going. In grandmother's room one of the special attractions for the mice was the oil used for the image-lamp, which they drank up. At night while telling stories he would say, without changing his tone of voice: "There, your excellency, a little mouse has just run to the image-lamp to get at the oil." After that he would go on again with his story-telling in the same monotone.

As for my maternal grandfather, Nicolay Sergeyeovich Volkonsky, I know that having attained the high position of Commander-in-chief during the reign of Catherine II., he suddenly lost it by refusing to marry Potemkin's niece and mistress, Varenka Engelhardt. To Potemkin's sugges-

tion he answered: "What makes him think that I'll marry his strumpet?"

In consequence of this exclamation, not only was his career checked, but he was nominated Governor of Archangel, where he remained, I believe, until Paul's accession, when he retired; and, having after that married Princess Catherine Trubetskoy, he settled down in his estate, Yasnaya Polyana.

The Princess Catherine died early, leaving my grandfather an only daughter, and with this dearly beloved child he lived until his death about 1821. He was regarded as a very exacting master, but I never heard instances of his inflicting the severe punishments which were usual at that time. The enthusiastic respect for his character and intelligence was so great among the servants and the peasants of his time, whom I have often questioned about him, that, although I have heard condemnation of my father, I heard only praises of my grandfather's intelligence, business capacities, and interest in the welfare of the peasants and of his enormous household.

He probably possessed refined æsthetic feeling. All his buildings were not only durable and commodious, but also of considerable beauty; and he laid out a park in front of the house. He kept a small but excellent orchestra merely for himself and my mother. I still remember an enormous elm tree which grew near the avenue of limes and was surrounded by benches with stands for the musicians. In the mornings he used to walk in the avenue and listen to the music. He could not bear sport, and he loved flowers and hot-house plants.

My mother I do not at all remember. I was a year and a half old when she died. Owing to some strange chance no portrait whatever of her has been preserved, so that, as a real physical being, I cannot represent her to myself. I am in a sense glad of this, for in my conception of her there is only her spiritual figure, and all that I know about her is beautiful, and I think this is so, not only because all who spoke to me of my mother tried to say only what was good, but because there was actually very much of this good in her.

However, not only my mother, but also all those who

surrounded my infancy, from my father to the coachman, appear to me as exceptionally good people. Probably my pure loving feeling, like a bright ray, disclosed to me in people their best qualities (such always exist); when all these people seemed to me exceptionally good, I was much nearer truth than when I saw only their defects.

I have preserved her diary concerning the conduct of Nikolenka² (my eldest brother), who was six years old when she died, and I think resembled her more than the rest of us. They both possessed a feature very dear to me: indifference to the opinion of others, and modesty in their endeavors to conceal those mental, educational, and moral advantages which they had over others. Of these advantages my brother Turgenev remarked that he did not possess those faults which are necessary in order to become a great writer.

They both had another feature which I believe contributed to their indifference to the judgment of men—it was that they never condemned any one. The utmost extreme expression, of his negative relation to a man consisted with my brother in good-natured humor and a similar smile.

A third feature which distinguishes my mother among her circle was her truthfulness and the simple tone of her letters. At that time the expression of exaggerated feelings was especially cultivated in letters: "Incomparable, divine, the joy of my life, unutterably precious," etc., were the most usual epithets between friends.

I have been told that my mother loved me very much, and called me "*Mon petit Benjamin.*"

[She had been betrothed to a young man who died before the day set for their marriage.]

I think that her love for her deceased betrothed, precisely because it was terminated by death, was that poetic love which girls feel only once. Her marriage with my father was arranged by her relatives and my father's. She was a rich orphan, no longer young, whereas my father was a merry, brilliant young man with name and connections, but the family fortune was much impaired by my grandfather Tolstoy—indeed my father even refused to accept the heritage. I think that my mother loved my father, because he

² An affectionate modification of Nicolay.

was her husband and the father of her children; she was never in love with him.

Her most passionate love was for my eldest brother Koko,³ the diary of whose conduct she kept in Russian—putting down in it his bad conduct—and then read to him. From this diary one can see that, while she had a passionate desire to do all that was possible toward giving Koko the best education, she had a very indefinite idea as to what was necessary for this purpose. Thus, for instance, she rebukes him for being too sensitive and being moved to tears at the sight of animals suffering. A man, according to her ideas, should be firm.

Her love for me took the place of her love for Koko, who at the time of my birth had already detached himself from his mother and been transferred into male hands. It was a necessity for her to love what was not herself, and one love took the place of another.

Such was the figure of my mother in my imagination. She appeared to me a creature so elevated, pure, and spiritual that often in the middle period of my life, during my struggle with overwhelming temptations, I prayed to her soul, begging her to aid me, and this prayer always helped me much.

My father's household contained also his sister, my aunt Countess Alexandra Osten-Saken, and her ward Pashenka, Tatiana Yergolsky, and the tutor, Feodor Ivanovich Resselier, fairly correctly described by me in *Childhood*. We were five children—Nicolay, Sergey, Dmitri, myself, the youngest boy, and our sister Mashenka, at whose birth my mother died.

Scarcely any one visited Yasnaya Polyana except our intimate friends the Ogarefs and some relatives who, if casually traveling along the high-road, might look in upon them. My mother's life was passed in occupations with the children, in reading novels aloud of an evening to my grandmother, and in serious readings, such as *Emile*, by Rousseau, and discussions about what had been read; in playing the piano, teaching Italian to one of her aunts, walks, and household work. My mother's married life of nine years was a happy period. No one died, no one was seriously ill, my father's disordered

³ Another pet name of Nicolay.

affairs were improving. All were healthy, happy, and friendly. My father amused every one with his stories and jokes. I did not witness that time. At the time with which my remembrances begin, my mother's death had already laid its seal upon the life of our family.

All this I have described from what I have heard and from letters. Now I shall begin about what I have myself experienced. I shall not speak about the vague, indistinct recollections of infancy, in which one cannot yet distinguish reality from dream-land. I will commence with what I clearly remember, with the circumstances and the persons that surrounded me from my first years. The first place among them is occupied, of course, by my father, if not owing to his influence upon me, yet from my feeling toward him.

My father from his early years had remained his parents' only son. In the year 1812 he was seventeen years old, and, notwithstanding the horror and fear and pleading of his parents, entered the military service. He went through the campaigns of the years '13 and '14, and in '14 he was taken prisoner by the French, and was liberated in the year '15, when our troops entered Paris. Before he entered the military service, when he was sixteen years old, a connection had been arranged by his parents between him and a servant-girl, as such a union was at that time deemed necessary for health. A son was born, Mishenka, who was made a postilion, and who, during my father's life, lived well, but afterward went wrong and often applied for help to us, his half-brothers. I remember my strange feeling of consternation when this brother of mine, bearing a greater resemblance to our father than any of us, begged help of us and was thankful for ten or fifteen roubles which were given him.

After the campaign, my father, disillusioned as to military service, resigned and came to Kazan, where my grandfather, already completely ruined, was governor, and where also resided my father's sister, who was married to Yushkof. My grandfather soon died in Kazan, and my father remained with an inheritance which was not equal to all the debts, and with an old mother accustomed to luxury, as well as a sister and a cousin, on his hands. At this time his marriage with

my mother was arranged for him, and he removed to Yasnaya Polyana, where, after living nine years with my mother, he became a widower, and within my memory lived with us.

My father was a lively man of sanguine temperament; he was of medium height, well built, with a pleasant face, and eyes of a constantly serious expression. His life was passed in attending to the estate, a business in which he, as it seems, was not very expert, but in which he exercised a virtue great for that time: he was not cruel, and during his time, I never heard of corporal punishment. It was only after my father's death that I learned for the first time that such punishments took place.

We children with our tutor were returning from a walk, when by the barn we met the fat steward, Andrey Flyin, followed by the coachman's assistant—"Squinting Koozma" he was called—with a sad face. Koozma was a married man, no longer young. One of us asked Andrey Flyin where he was going, and he quietly answered that it was to the barn, where Koozma had to be punished. I cannot describe the dreadful feeling which these words and the sight of the good-natured, crestfallen Koozma produced on me. In the evening I related this to my aunt, Tatiana Alexandrovna, who had educated us and hated corporal punishment, never having allowed it for us any more than for the serfs, wherever she had influence. She was greatly revolted at what I told her, and rebuking me said: "And why did you not stop him?" Her words grieved me still more. I never thought that we could interfere in such things, and yet it appeared that we could. But it was too late, and the dreadful deed had been committed.

My father was greatly involved in litigation, which was very frequent at that time, and I think particularly so with my father, who had to disentangle my grandfather's affairs. These lawsuits often compelled my father to leave home.

He used often to go out shooting with old friends. Two brothers, Petrusha and Matyusha, house serfs, both handsome, smart fellows, helped in the sport.

My father was greatly given to reading. He collected a library consisting, in accordance with the taste of the time, of French classics, historical works, and books on natural his-

tory by Buffon, Cuvier, etc. My aunt told me that my father had made a rule not to buy new books until he had read those previously purchased. But although he read much, it is difficult to believe that he mastered all these *Histoires des Croisades* and *des Papes* which he purchased for his library. As far as I can judge, he had no leanings toward science, but in this was on a level with the educated people of his time. Like most men of the first period of Alexander's reign, who served in the campaigns of the years '13, '14, and '15, he was not what is now called a Liberal, but, merely as a matter of self-respect, he regarded it as impossible to serve either during the latter part of Alexander's reign or during the reign of Nicholas. Not only did he never serve himself, but even all his friends were similarly people of independent character, who did not serve, and who were in some opposition to the government of Nicholas I. My father never humbled himself before any one, nor altered his brisk, merry, and often chaffing tone. And this feeling of self-respect which I witnessed in him increased my love, my admiration for him. I remember him in his study where he with a pipe in his mouth used to sit on a leather couch and caress us, and sometimes, to our immense delight, used to allow us to mount the couch behind his back, while he would continue reading, or talking to the steward standing by the door, or to S. I. Yazikof, my godfather, who often stayed with us. I remember how he used to come downstairs to us and draw pictures which appeared to us the height of perfection, as well as how he once made me declaim to him some verses of Pushkin, which had taken my fancy, and which I had learned by heart: "To the Sea," "Fare thee well, free element," and to Napoleon, "The wonderful fate is accomplished, the great man is extinguished," and so on. He was evidently impressed by the pathos with which I recited these verses, and, having listened to the end, he in a significant way exchanged glances with Yazikof. I understood that he saw something good in this recitation of mine, and at this I was very happy. I remember his merry jokes and stories at dinner and supper, and how my grandmother and aunt and we children laughed listening to him. I remember also his journeys to town, and the wonderfully fine appearance he had when he put on his

frock-coat and tight-fitting trousers. But I principally remember him in connection with hunting. It afterward always seemed to me that Pushkin took his description of the departure for the hunt in *Count Nulin* from my father. I remember how we used to go for walks with him, how the young greyhounds who had followed him gamboled on the unmown fields in which the high grass flicked them and tickled their bellies, how they flew round with their tails on one side, and how he admired them. I remember how, on the day of the hunting festival of the 1st September, we all drove out in a lineyka ⁴ to the cover, where a fox had been let loose, and how the foxhounds pursued him, and, somewhere out of our sight, the greyhounds caught him. I particularly well remember the baiting of a wolf. It was quite near the house. We all came out to look. A big gray wolf, muzzled, and with his legs tied, was brought out in a cart. He lay quietly, only looking through the corners of his eyes at those who approached him. At a place behind the garden the wolf was taken out, held to the ground with pitchforks, and his legs untied. He began to struggle and jerk about, fiercely biting the bit of wood tied into his mouth. At last this was untied at the back of his neck, and some one called out, "Off!" The forks were lifted, the wolf got up and stood still for about ten seconds, but there was a shout raised, and the dogs were let loose. The wolf, the dogs, and the horsemen all flew down the field; and the wolf escaped. I remember how my father, scolding and angrily gesticulating, returned home.

But the pleasantest recollections of him were those of his sitting with grandmother on the sofa and helping her to play Patience. Close to the sofa, in an arm-chair, sat Petrovna, a Tula tradeswoman who dealt in fire-arms, dressed in her military jacket, and spinning thread, and at intervals tapping her reel against the wall, in which she had already knocked a hole. My aunts are sitting in arm-chairs, and one of them is reading out loud. In one of the arm-chairs, having arranged a comfortable depression in it, lies black-and-tan Milka, my father's favorite fast greyhound, with beautiful black eyes. I remember once, in the middle of the game

⁴ A Russian country vehicle, somewhat resembling a low, four-wheeled jaunting-car.

of Patience and of the reading, my father interrupts my aunt, points to the looking-glass, and whispers something. We all look in the same direction. It was the footman Tikhon, who, knowing that my father was in the drawing-room, was going into his study to take some tobacco from a big, leather, folding tobacco-pouch. My father sees him in the looking-glass, and examines his figure, carefully stepping on tiptoe. My aunts are laughing. Grandmother for a long time does not understand, and when she does she cheerfully smiles. I am enchanted by my father's kindness, and taking leave of him with special tenderness, kiss his white muscular hand. I loved my father very much, but did not know how strong this love of mine for him was until he died.

A girl of my age, Dunechka Temeshof,⁵ grew up with us, and I must tell who she was and how she came to be in our house. The visitors whom I remember in childhood were my aunt Pelageya's husband Yushkof, of an appearance strange to children, with black mustaches and whiskers and wearing spectacles, and my godfather, S. Yazikof, a remarkably ugly man, saturated with the smell of tobacco, his big face possessing a superfluity of skin which he kept twisting incessantly into the strangest grimaces. Besides these we were also visited by a distant relative through the Gorchakofs, a wealthy bachelor Temeshof, who addressed my father as brother, and had a peculiarly enthusiastic love for him. He lived forty versts from Yasnaya Polyana, in the village Pirogovo, and once brought from there some sucking pigs, with tails twisted into rings, which were placed on a tray on the table in the servants' hall. Temeshof, Pirogovo, and sucking pigs are blended into one in my imagination.

Besides this, Temeshof retained a place in the memory of us children by his playing on the piano in the hall some dancing tune—it was all he could play—and making us dance to this music, and when we used to ask him what dance we were to dance, he would say that all dances could be danced to that music. And we liked to take advantage of this.

It was a winter evening. We were soon going to be taken to bed, and my eyes were already blinking. Only two can-

⁵ The original of the girl Katenka in Tolstoy's novel *Childhood*.

dles were burning, and it was half dark. There came suddenly through the big open door a man in soft boots who, having reached the middle of the room, fell down on his knees. The lighted pipe with its long stem, which he held in his hand, struck against the floor, and the sparks flew out lighting the face of the kneeling man—it was Temeshof. What Temeshof told my father I did not hear, but only afterward I learned that he had brought with him his illegitimate daughter, Dunechka, for my father to bring up with his own children. Thenceforth a broad-faced girl appeared among us, of the same age as myself, Dunechka, with her nurse Eupraxia, a tall, wrinkled old woman with a hanging chin, like a turkey, in which there was a ball which she used to let us feel.

Dunechka was a nice, simple, quiet, but not clever girl, and much disposed to weep. I remember how, when I had already learned French, I was made to teach her the alphabet. At first it went well (we were each five years old), but later she probably became tired, and ceased to name correctly the letter I pointed out. I insisted. She began to cry. I also. And when the elders came we could not pronounce anything owing to our hopeless tears. I remember another incident about her. When a plum was found to be missing from a plate and the culprit could not be discovered, Feodor Ivanovich, with a serious face and not looking at us, said that its being eaten did not much matter, but that any one who swallowed the stone might die. Dunechka could not restrain her terror, and said that she had spat out the stone.

Praskovya Issayevna⁶ was the housekeeper, a venerable personage. I remember one of the pleasantest impressions was that of sitting in her room after or during a lesson and talking with and listening to her. "Praskovya Issayevna, how did grandfather fight? On horseback?" one would ask her.

"He fought on horseback and on foot, and in consequence he was General-in-Chief," she would answer, opening a cupboard and getting out a burning tablet which she called the "Ochakovsky smoke," since grandfather had brought it from Ochakof. She would ignite a taper at the little lamp in

⁶ Also a character in *Childhood*.

front of the icons, and with it would light the tablet, which smoldered with a pleasant scent.

Besides her devotion and honesty, I especially loved her because, with Anna Ivanovna, she was connected in my eyes with that mysterious side of my grandfather's life—with the "Ochakovsky smoke."

Anna Ivanovna lived in retirement, but once or twice she visited the house. It was said that she was a hundred years old, and that she remembered Pougacheff.⁷ She had very black eyes and one tooth. She was in that stage of old age which inspires children with fear.

Nurse Tatiana Philipovna was small, dusky, and with plump little hands. She was one of those pathetic beings from among the people who so identify themselves with the families of their nurslings that they transfer all their interests to those families, and so that their own relatives see in them only an opportunity for extortion or await the inheritance of the money they earned. Such have always spendthrift brothers, husbands, or sons. Such were Tatiana Philipovna's husband and son. Her brother, Nicolay Philipovich, was a coachman, whom we not only loved, but for whom, as gentlemen's children generally do, we felt a great reverence. He had peculiar thick boots; he always carried with him the pleasant smell of the stables, and his voice was tender and musical.

The butler, Vassili Trubetskoy, was a pleasant, kindly man, who loved us children, especially Seryozha, at whose house he afterward served, and where he died. I remember the kind, one-sided smile of his beaming face with its wrinkles, and his neck, which we saw close, and his peculiar smell when he took us in his arms and seated us on the tray (it was one of our great pleasures; "And me, now me!") and carried us about the pantry—a place mysterious in our eyes with its strange underground passage. One poignant reminiscence connected with him was his departure to Sherbachovka, a distant estate, inherited by my father from a relative. This happened during Yule-tide, at the time when all the children and some of the household servants were playing at "Rublik" in the hall.

⁷ The leader of a widespread and bloody rebellion in the reign of Catherine II.

I must say a word about those Yule-tide amusements. All the household servants—about thirty—used to dress up, come into the house, play various games, and dance to the accompaniment of the fiddle of old Gregory, who only appeared in the house on these occasions. Those masquerading usually represented a bear with its leader, a goat, Turks and Turkish women, Tyrolese, brigands, peasant men and women. I remember how beautiful some of the characters appeared to me, and especially so Masha, the Turkish woman. Sometimes Auntie dressed us up also. Especially desirable to us was a belt with stones and a muslin towel, embroidered with silver and gold; and I thought myself very grand with mustaches painted with burnt cork. I remember that looking in the mirror at my face, with black mustaches and eyebrows, I could not refrain from a smile of delight, though I had to assume the fierce expression of a Turk. All these characters walked about the rooms and were treated to various refreshments. Such entertainments took place not only during Christmas but at the New Year, and sometimes even later, up to the day of Baptism;⁸ but after New Year the amusements slackened. So it was on the day when Vassili was leaving for Scherbachovka.

We were sitting in a circle in the corner of the dimly lighted hall on home-made chairs of imitation mahogany with leather cushions and playing at "Rublik." One of us was walking about searching for the rouble, while we, passing it on from hand to hand, were singing, "Pass on Rublik, pass on Rublik." I remember one of the servant-girls kept singing these words with an especially pleasant and true voice. Suddenly the door of the pantry opened, and Vassili, buttoned up in an unusual way, without his tray and china, passed along the end of the hall into the study. Then only did I learn that Vassili was going as overseer to Scherbachovka. I understood it was a promotion, and was glad for Vassili, and at the same time I was not only sorry to part from him, to know that he would no longer be in the pantry and would no longer carry us on his tray, but I did not even understand, did not believe, that such an alteration could take place. I became dreadfully and mysteriously sad,

⁸Sixth of January.

and the chant of "Pass on Rublik" grew pathetically touching. And when Vassili left my aunt, and with his dear one-sided smile approached us, and kissed us on the shoulder, I experienced for the first time horror and fear in the presence of the inconstancy of life, and pity and love toward dear Vassili. When I afterward used to meet Vassili I saw in him merely a good or a bad overseer of my brother's, a man whom I respected, but there was no longer any trace of the former sacred, brotherly, human feeling.

Fanfaronof Hill is one of the earliest, pleasantest, and most important memories. My eldest brother, Nicolenka, was a wonderful boy, and later a wonderful man. Turgenev used very truly to say about him that but for the lack of certain faults he would have been a great writer. For instance he was deficient in vanity; he was not in the least interested in what people thought of him. Whereas the qualities of a writer which he did possess were, first of all, a fine artistic sense, an extremely developed sense of proportion, a good-natured, gay human, an extraordinary, inexhaustible imagination, and a truthful and highly moral view of life—and all this without the slightest conceit. His imagination was such that he could during whole hours narrate ghost stories or humorous tales in the spirit of Mrs. Radcliffe without pause or hesitation, and with such vivid realization of what he was narrating that one forgot it was all invention. When he was not narrating or relating (he read a great deal) he used to draw. He almost invariably drew devils with horns and pointed mustaches, intertwined in the most varied attitudes and occupied in the most various ways. These drawings were also full of imagination and humor.

Well, it was he who, at the age of eleven, when I and my brothers were, myself five years old, Mitenka six, Seryozha seven, announced to us that he possessed a secret by means of which, when it should be disclosed, all men would become happy: there would be no diseases, no troubles, no one would be angry with any one, all would love each other, all would become "Ant brothers." He probably meant "Moravian brothers," about whom he had heard and had been reading, but in our language they were "Ant brothers."⁹ The word

⁹ The word for Ant in Russian is "Mouravey," whence the similarity.

Ant especially pleased us, as reminding us of ants in an ant-hill. We even organized a game of ant brothers, which consisted in our sitting down under chairs, sheltering ourselves with boxes, screening ourselves with handkerchiefs, and, thus crouching in the dark, pressing ourselves against each other. I remember experiencing a special feeling of love and pathos and liking this game very much. The ant brotherhood was revealed to us, but the chief secret as to the way for all men to cease suffering any misfortune, to leave off quarreling and being angry, and to become continuously happy, this secret, as he told us, was written by him on a green stick, which stick he had buried by the road on the edge of a certain ravine, at which spot, since my corpse must be buried somewhere, I have asked to be buried in memory of Nicolenka. Besides this little stick, there was also a certain Fanfaronof Hill up which he said he could lead us, if only we would fulfill all the appointed conditions. These conditions were: first, to stand in a corner and not think of the white bear. I remember how I used to get into a corner and endeavor, but could not possibly manage, not to think of the white bear. The second condition was to walk without wavering along a crack between the boards of the floor; and the third, for a whole year not to see a hare either alive or dead or cooked; and it was necessary to swear not to reveal these secrets to any one. He who should fulfill these conditions and others more difficult which Nicolenka was going to communicate later, would have his desire fulfilled, whatever it might be. We had to express our desires. Seryozha desired to be able to model horses and hens out of wax. Mitenka desired to be able to draw all kinds of things like an artist on a large scale. I could not devise anything but to be able to draw small pictures. All this, as it happens with children, was very soon forgotten and no one ascended the Fanfaronof Hill, but I remember the profound importance with which Nicolenka initiated us into these mysteries, and our respect and awe in regard to the wonderful things which were revealed. But I have especially kept a strong impression of the "Ant Brotherhood" and the mysterious green stick connected with it destined to make all men happy.

As I now conjecture, Nicolenka had probably read or heard

of the Freemasons—about their aspiration toward the happiness of mankind, and about the mysterious initiatory rites on entering their order; he had probably also heard about the Moravian brothers, and linking all into one by his active imagination, his love to men, and his aptness to kindness, he invented all these tales, enjoyed them himself, and mystified us with them.

The ideals of ant brothers lovingly cleaving to each other, though not beneath two arm-chairs curtained with handkerchiefs, but of all mankind under the wide dome of the sky, has remained the same for me. As then I believed that there existed a little green stick whereon was written that which could destroy all the evil in men and give them great welfare, so do I now also believe that such truth exists, and that it will be revealed to men and will give them all that it promises.

In a mysterious way, incomprehensible to the human mind, the impressions of early childhood are preserved in one's memory, and not only are they preserved, but they grow in some unfathomed depth of the soul, like seed thrown on good ground, and after many years all of a sudden thrust their vernal shoots into God's world.

[Of his brothers Tolstoy remarks:]

Mitenka¹⁰ was a year older than I. Big, black, grave eyes. I hardly remember him as a boy. I know by hearsay that as a child he was very capricious; it was said that such moods used to seize him that he was angry and cried at his nurse's not looking at him, and next got into a rage and screamed because she was looking at him. Mother had much trouble with him. He was nearest to me by age, and I played with him oftenest. I do not recollect that we quarreled. Probably we did, and may even have fought; but, as it happens with children, these fights did not leave the slightest trace, and I loved him with a simple instinctive love, and therefore did not remark it and do not remember it. According to my experience, especially in childhood, love for human beings is a natural state of the soul, or rather a natural attitude toward all men, and, as it is such, one does not remark it. This changes only when one dislikes, when one does not love but is afraid of something, as I was afraid of beggars, and

¹⁰ Pet name for Dmitri.

was afraid of one of the Volkonskys who used to pinch me, and, I think, of no one else—and when one loves some one exceptionally, as I loved my aunt Tatiana, my brother Seryozha, Nicolenska, Vassili, my nurse, Issayevna, and Pashenka. As a child I remember nothing special about Mitenka, except his childish merriment.

Mitenka was for me a companion, Nicolenska I respected, but Seryozha I enthusiastically admired and imitated. I loved him and wished to be like him; I admired his handsome appearance, his singing—he was always singing—his drawing, his cheerful mirth, and especially, however strange it may be to say so, the spontaneity of his egotism. I always realized myself, was always conscious of myself; I always felt whether others' thoughts and feelings about me were just or not, and this spoiled my joy of life. This probably is why I especially liked in others the opposite feature, spontaneity of egotism. And for this I especially loved Seryozha. The word *loved* is not correct. I loved Nicolenska, but for Seryozha I was filled with admiration as for something quite apart and incomprehensible to me. It was a human life, a very fine one, but completely incomprehensible to me, mysterious, and therefore specially attractive.

A few days ago he died, and in his last illness and his death he was to me as unfathomable and as dear as in our bygone days of childhood. In more advanced age, his latter days, he loved me more, valued my attachment, was proud of me, wished to agree with me, but could not, and remained the same as he had been, entirely original, altogether himself, handsome, high-spirited, proud, and above all and to such an extent a truthful and sincere man that I have never seen his like. He was what he was; he concealed nothing, and did not desire to appear anything.

With Nicolenska I wished to associate, to talk, to think; Seryozha I wished only to imitate. This imitation began in our first childhood. He took to keeping his own hens and chickens, and I did the same. This was perhaps my first insight into animal life. I remember chickens of various breeds—gray, spotted, or tufted, how they used to run to us at our call, how we fed them and hated the big Dutch cock which maltreated them. Seryozha used to draw and paint on long

strips of paper (and as it appeared to me wonderfully well) rows of hens and cocks of various colors, and I did the same but not so well. (In this I hoped to perfect myself by the means of the Fanfaronof Hill.) Seryozha, when the double doors were removed in spring, had the idea of feeding the hens through the keyhole in the door by means of long thin sausages of black and white bread, and I did the same.

One childish memory of an insignificant event left a strong impression on me. It was in our nursery rooms upstairs. Temeshof was sitting talking to Feodor Ivanovich. The conversation turned upon keeping the fasts, and the good-natured Temeshof very quietly said: "My cook took it into his head to eat meat during fast time. I sent him to be a soldier."¹¹

Another memorable impression is the arrival of our kinsman, the famous traveler in America, Feodor Tolstoy. At this time my brother Sergey was suffering from a very bad toothache. Feodor said that he could cure the pain by magnetism. He entered the study and locked the door after him. In a few minutes he came out with two cambric pocket handkerchiefs—I remember they had a fancy violet edge—and he gave the handkerchiefs, saying: "When he puts on this one the pain will cease, and this one is for him to sleep with." The handkerchiefs were taken, put on Seryozha, and we carried away and kept the impression that everything took place as he had said.

I remember his fine, bronzed face, shaven, save for thick white whiskers down to the corners of the mouth and similarly white curly hair. I should like to relate much about this extraordinary, guilty, and attractive man!¹²

[We conclude this chapter on the childhood of Tolstoy with the poetic memory in his published story.]

Happy, happy, irrevocable period of childhood! How can one help loving and cherishing its memories? These memories

¹¹ In Russia, in the days of serfdom, the enlisting of a serf into the ranks for the fifteen years was regarded as the severest punishment short of flogging him to death.

¹² The following words in Griboyedof's comedy, called "Come to Grief through being too Clever," refer to him: "Exiled to Kamchatka, he returned an Aleoute."

refresh and elevate my soul and serve me as a source of my best enjoyments. . . .

After the prayer I rolled myself into my coverlet, and my heart felt light and cheerful. Then I stuck my favorite china toy—a hare or a dog—into the corner of the down pillow, and I was happy seeing how comfortable and snug the toy was there. I also prayed the Lord that He would give happiness to everybody, and that all should be satisfied, and that to-morrow should be good weather for the outing, and then I turned on my other side, my thoughts and dreams became mixed and disturbed, and I fell softly, quietly asleep, my face wet with tears.

Will that freshness, carelessness, need of love, and strength of faith, which one possesses in childhood, ever return? What time can be better than that when all the best virtues—innocent merriment and limitless need of love—are the only incitements in life?

Where are all those ardent prayers, where is the best gift—those tears of contrition? The consoling angel came on his pinions, with a smile wiped off those tears, and fanned sweet dreams to the uncorrupted imagination of the child.

Is it possible life has left such heavy traces in my heart that these tears and that ecstasy have forever gone from me? Is it possible, that nothing but memories are left?

CHAPTER II—BOYHOOD

[In 1836 the Tolstoy family moved to Moscow for the more serious education of the eldest sons, Nicolay and Sergey.]
It was at the beginning of our Moscow life that we had a pair of very spirited horses of our own breeding. My father's coachman was Mitka Kopilof. He was also a good horseman. He was invaluable since a boy cannot manage spirited horses and an elderly man is too heavy, and Mitka combined the rare qualities necessary for the purpose, which are: small stature, strength, and agility. After the reduction of our expenses freedom was given him on ransom. Rich merchants competed in endeavoring to engage his services, and would have given him a big salary, as he already flaunted silk shirts and velvet jackets. It so happened that the turn came for his brother to be enlisted as a soldier, and his

father, already aged, summoned Mitka home to do laborer's work for the master. And this small-sized, elegant Dmitri in a month's time became transformed into a modest peasant, in bast shoes, working for the landlord, and cultivating his own two allotments, mowing, plowing, and, in general, doing all the heavy peasant's task of that time. And all this was done without the slightest murmur, with the consciousness that this should be so, and could not be otherwise.

[In the tale, *The Old Horse*, Tolstoy probably refers to Mitka as the kind-hearted valet. The boys were allowed to ride only on a quiet old horse called Voronok. The three elder brothers, after riding to their hearts' content and exhausting the horse, handed it over to him.]

When my turn came, I wanted to surprise my brothers and to show them how well I could ride, so I began to drive Raven with all my might, but he did not want to get away from the stable. And no matter how much I beat him, he would not run, but only shied and turned back. I grew angry at the horse, and struck him as hard as I could with my feet and with the whip. I tried to strike him in places where it would hurt most; I broke the whip, and began to strike his head with what was left of the whip. But Raven would not run. Then I turned back, rode up to the valet, and asked him for a stout switch. But the valet said to me:

"Don't ride any more, sir! Get down! What use is there in torturing the horse?"

I felt offended, and said:

"But I have not had a ride yet. Just watch me gallop! Please, give me a good-sized switch! I will heat him up."

Then the valet shook his head and said:

"Oh, sir, you have no pity; why should you heat him up? He is twenty years old. The horse is worn out; he can barely breathe, and is old. He is so very old! Just like Pimen Timofeyich.¹ You might just as well sit down on Timofeyich's back and urge him on with a switch. Now, would you not pity him?"

I thought of Pimen, and listened to the valet's words. I climbed down from the horse and, when I saw how his sweaty

¹A man ninety years old.

sides hung down, how he breathed heavily through his nostrils, and how he switched his bald tail, I understood that it was hard for the horse. I felt so sorry for Raven that I began to kiss his sweaty neck and to beg his forgiveness for having beaten him.

[In the tale, *How I Was Taught to Ride Horseback*, Tolstoy relates an incident which reveals his courage as a boy. He recalls how together with his brothers he went to a riding-school.]

They brought a pony. It was a red horse, and his tail was cut off. He was called Ruddy.

I was both happy and afraid, and tried to act in such a manner as not to be noticed by anybody. For a long time I tried to get my foot into the stirrup, but could not do it because I was too small. Then the master raised me up in his hands and put me on the saddle. At first he held me by my hand, but I saw that my brothers were not held, and so I begged him to let go of me. He said:

“Are you afraid?”

I was very much afraid, but I said that I was not. I was afraid because Ruddy kept dropping his ears. I thought he was angry with me. The master let go of me. At first Ruddy went at a slow pace, and I sat up straight. But the saddle was smooth, and I was afraid I should slip off. The master asked me:

“Well, are you fast in the saddle?”

I said: “Yes, I am.”

“If so, go at a slow trot!” and the master clicked his tongue.

Ruddy started at a slow trot, and began to jog me. But I kept silent, and tried not to slip to one side. The master praised me:

“Oh, a fine young gentleman, indeed!”

I was very glad to hear it.

Just then the master's friend went up to him and began to talk with him, and the master stopped looking at me.

Suddenly I felt that I had slipped a little to one side on my saddle. I wanted to straighten myself up, but was unable to do so. I wanted to call out to the master to stop the horse, but I thought it would be a disgrace if I did it, and so

kept silence. Ruddy ran at a trot, and I slipped still more to one side. I looked at the master and thought that he would help me, but he was still talking with his friend, and, without looking at me, kept repeating:

“Well done, young gentleman!”

I thought I was lost, but I felt ashamed to cry. Ruddy shook me up once more, and I slipped off entirely and fell to the ground. Then Ruddy stopped, and the master looked at the horse and saw that I was not on him. He said:

“I declare, my young gentleman has dropped off!” and walked over to me.

Though I felt like crying, I asked him to put me again on the horse, and I was lifted on. After that I did not fall down any more.

[For other characteristics of Tolstoy during boyhood we must go to the reminiscences of his sister Marie.]

Lyovochka, simply to do something extraordinary and surprise the others, had conceived the idea of jumping from a second-story window, a height of several yards. And, in order not to have this achievement hindered, he remained in the room alone when everybody else went to dinner. He climbed up to the open window in the attic and jumped into the yard. In the basement was the kitchen, and the cook was standing by the window, when, before she realized what was happening, Lyovochka struck the ground with a thud. She then informed the steward, and, stepping outside, they found Lyovochka lying in the yard in a state of unconsciousness. Luckily no bones were broken, and the injury was limited to a slight concussion of the brain; unconsciousness changed into sleep; he slept eighteen hours at a stretch and woke up quite sound. You may imagine what fear and anxiety were caused by the queer little fellow's unpremeditated act.

Once the idea struck him that he would clip his eyebrows; and he carried it out, thus disfiguring a face which was never strikingly beautiful and causing himself a great deal of grief.

[Tolstoy says in *Childhood*.]

I had the oddest conceptions of beauty—I even regarded Carl Ivanovich as the first beau in the world; but I knew full well that I was not good-looking, and in this opinion was

not mistaken. Therefore, every reference to my looks was offensive to me. . . .

Moments of despair frequently came over me. I imagined that there was no happiness in the world for a man with such a broad nose, fat lips, and small gray eyes, as mine were. I asked God to do a miracle, and to change me into a handsome boy, and everything I then had, and everything I should ever have in the future, I would gladly have given for a pretty face.

[In the same novel we find this description of the love of the hero, Nicolenska Irtenef, for Seryozha Ivin.]

I felt unconquerably attracted by him. It was enough for my happiness to see him, and all the powers of my soul were concentrated upon this desire. When I passed three or four days without seeing him, I grew lonely, and felt sad enough to weep. All my dreams, waking and sleeping, were of him. When I lay down to sleep, I wished that I might dream of him; when I closed my eyes, I saw him before me, and I treasured this vision as my greatest pleasure. I did not dare intrust this feeling to any one in the world, I valued it so.

Perhaps he was tired of feeling my restless eyes continually directed toward him, or he did not feel any sympathy for me, but he visibly preferred to play and to talk with Volódya, rather than with me. I was, nevertheless, satisfied, wished for nothing, demanded nothing, and was ready to sacrifice everything for him.

[The author comments thus on this portion of the novel:]

Under the name of the Ivins, I have described the Count's Pushkin boys, one of whom, Alexander, has just died—the one whom I liked so much in childhood. Our favorite game was playing at soldiers.

[Sofya Andreyevna, Tolstoy's wife, writes:]

“Judging by tales of old aunts who have told me a few things about my husband's childhood, little Lyovochka was quite an odd little fellow. For instance, he once entered the saloon and made a bow to everybody backward, bending his head and courtesying.”

[S. A. Bers, Tolstoy's brother-in-law, relates the following in his reminiscences:]

“My mother related to me that, in describing his first love

in his work *Childhood*, he omitted to say that, being jealous, he pushed the object of his love off the balcony. This was my mother, nine years old, who had to limp for a long time afterward. He did this because she was not talking to him but to somebody else. Later on, she used to laugh and say to him: 'Evidently you pushed me off the terrace in my childhood that you might marry my daughter afterward.'

"Tolstoy used to relate in my presence that when he was a child of seven or eight years, he had an ardent desire to fly. He imagined that it was quite possible if you sat down on your heels and hugged your knees; and that the harder you hugged the higher you could fly."

[In 1837 Tolstoy's father went to Tula on business, and fell in the street and died of apoplexy. His body was taken to Yasnaya Polyana, where he was buried.]

The death of her son killed my grandmother [who was already afflicted with dropsy]; she wept perpetually, and every evening ordered the door into the next room to be opened, and said that she saw her son there and talked with him. She died at the end of nine months from a broken heart and grief.

I and the other children were admitted to take leave of her. Lying in her lofty white bed, all in white, she looked round with difficulty on her grandchildren, and without making a motion let them kiss her white hand which had swollen up like a pillow. But, as is usual with children, the sense of fear and pity in the presence of death was soon succeeded by thoughtlessness and love of mischief. On one holiday, little Vladimir Milutin, a lad of my age, came to stay in the house; it was he who afterwards made to us boys, when we were still in the gymnasium, the remarkable statement—though the information did not make a strong impression—that there was no God.

Just before dinner the wildest merrymaking was going on in the children's room. All of a sudden in the midst of the merrymaking, the light-haired, wiry, and energetic little tutor, St. Thomas, described in *Boyhood* as St. Jerome, came in with a quick step, and without paying any attention to our doings, said, with the lower jaw of his white face trembling: "*Votre grand'mère est morte!*"

I remember how at that time new jackets of black material, bound with white braid, were made for all of us. It was dreadful to see the undertaker's workmen hurrying about the house, and then the coffin brought with a lid covered with glazed brocade, and my grandmother's severe face with its crooked nose, in a white cap, with a white kerchief on her neck, lying high in the coffin on the table, and it was piteous to see the tears of our aunts and of Pashenka, but at the same time the new braided jackets and the soothing attitude taken toward us by those around gratified us.

[Tolstoy has mixed recollections of good and evil about Prosper St. Thomas, the French tutor.¹]

I do not now remember for what, but it was for something utterly undeserving of punishment that St. Thomas first locked me up in a room and secondly threatened to flog me. Hereupon I had a dreadful feeling of anger, indignation, and disgust, not only toward St. Thomas himself, but toward the violence which it was intended to inflict upon me. Very likely this incident was the cause of that dreadful horror and repulsion toward every kind of violence which I have experienced all my life.²

[Dmitri, Lyof, and Marie go to live with their aunt, Tatiana Yergolsky. Here the children's tutors were replaced by new German teachers and Russian students from theological seminaries. Nicolay and Sergey remained with the guardian of all the children, their aunt, Alexandra Ilyinishna Osten-Saken, in Moscow. In the summer the whole family met at Yasnaya Polyana. Thus passed the years 1838-9, and the year 1840 began a year of famine; the crops were so poor that the Tolstoys had to sell an estate to buy corn to feed their serfs. The food for the horses was cut short and the free supply of oats was stopped.]

I recollect how sorry the children were for their favorite horses, and how they secretly ran to the peasants' field of oats and, without being aware of the crime they were committing, plucked the oat stems, gathered the grain in their skirts, and treated their horses to it.

¹ St. Thomas used to say about Lyof: "*Ce petit a une tête, c'est un petit Molière,*"—"The boy has a head; he's a little Molière."

² From Countess S. A. Tolstoy's Reminiscences.

[In 1840, the whole family moved to Moscow where they spent the winter of 1840-41; for the summer they returned to Yasnaya again. In the autumn of 1841 their guardian, the Countess Osten-Saken, died. The younger children were then taken to Kazan to be placed under the care of their aunt Pelageya, the wife of V. T. Yushkof.]

At this time I was twelve years old. Masters and servants went with us. In numerous carriages and other vehicles we crept slowly from Tula to Kazan. Sometimes we stopped in the fields, sometimes in the woods, bathed, walked about and gathered mushrooms.

My reader, [says Tolstoy in *Boyhood*], have you ever happened to notice at a certain stage of your life how your view of things completely changed, as though all the things which you used to know heretofore, suddenly turned a different, unfamiliar side to you? Some such moral transformation took place in me for the first time, during our journey, and from this I count the beginning of my boyhood.

I obtained for the first time a clear idea of the fact that we, that is, our family, were not alone in the world, that not all interests centered about us, and there was another life for people who had nothing in common with us, who did not care for us, and who even did not have any idea of our existence. To be sure, I knew it before; but I did not know it in the same manner as now—I was not conscious of it, and did not feel it.

People will hardly believe what the favorite and most constant subjects of my thoughts were during the period of my boyhood—for they were inconsistent with my age and station. But, according to my opinion, the inconsistency between a man's position and his moral activity is the surest token of truth.

At one time it occurred to me that happiness did not depend on external causes, but on our relation to them; that a man who is accustomed to bear suffering could not be unhappy. To accustom myself to endurance, I would hold for five minutes at a time the dictionaries of Tatishchev in my outstretched hands, though it caused me unspeakable pain, or I would go into the lumber room and

strike my bare back so painfully with a rope that the tears would involuntarily appear in my eyes.

At another time, I happened to think that death awaited me at any hour and at any minute, and wondering how it was people had not seen this before me, I decided that man cannot be happy otherwise than by enjoying the present and not caring for the future. Under the influence of this thought, I abandoned my lessons for two or three days, and did nothing but lie on my bed and enjoy myself reading some novel and eating honey cakes which I bought with my last money.

At another time, as I was standing at the blackboard and drawing various figures upon it with a piece of chalk, I was suddenly struck by the idea, Why is symmetry pleasant to the eye? What is symmetry? It is an unplanted feeling, I answered myself. What is it based upon? Is symmetry to be found in everything in life? Not at all. Here is life—and I drew an oval figure on the board. After life the soul passes into eternity. Here is eternity—and I drew, on one side of the figure, a line to the very edge of the board. Why is there no such line on the other side of the figure? Really, what kind of eternity is that which is only on one side? We have no doubt existed before this life, although we have lost the recollection of it.

By none of these philosophic considerations was I so carried away as by skepticism, which at one time led me to a condition bordering on insanity. I imagined that nothing existed in the whole world outside of me, that objects were no objects, but only images which appeared whenever I turned my attention to them, and that these images would immediately disappear when I no longer thought of them. In short, I held the conviction with Schelling that objects do not exist, but only my relation to them. There were moments when, under the influence of this fixed idea, I reached such a degree of absurdity that I sometimes turned in the opposite direction, hoping to take nothingness by surprise, where I was not.

[The conclusion of *Boyhood* expresses that ideal of man which Tolstoy followed all his life.]

Of course, under the influence of Nekhludof I involuntarily

appropriated his point of view, the essence of which was an ecstatic worship of the ideal of virtue, and the conviction that a man's destiny is continually to perfect himself. At that time it seemed a practicable affair to correct humanity at large, to destroy all human vices and misfortunes—and therefore it looked easy and simple to correct oneself, to appropriate to oneself all virtues and be happy.

CHAPTER III—YOUTH

SAYS M. Birukoff: "References are to be found to the tumultuous inner life of his youthful period in two works of Tolstoy's—*Youth* and *My Confession*. In the first we meet with autobiographical traits in Nicolenka Irtenef's reflections. The thoughts taken from *Youth* are chiefly of an ideal character, and expressed in a beautiful poetic form."

Tolstoy, in speaking of his brother Dmitri, says:

Mitenka's peculiarities became manifest, and are memorable to me from the time of our life at Kazan, whither we removed in the year '40 when he was thirteen. Till then, in Moscow, I remember that he did not fall in love as did Seryozha and I did not particularly like dancing, nor military pageants, but studied well and strenuously. I remember that a student teacher named Poplonsky, who used to give us lessons, defined the attitude of us three brothers to our studies thus: Sergy both wishes and can, Dmitri wishes but cannot (this was not true), and Lyof neither wishes nor can. I think this was perfectly true.

At Kazan I, who had always imitated Seryozha, began to grow depraved. I used to take pains about my appearance. I tried to be elegant, *comme il faut*. There was no trace of anything of the kind in Mitenka. I think he never suffered from the usual vices of youth; he was always serious, thoughtful, pure, resolute, though hot-tempered, and whatever he did he did to the best of his ability.

He wrote verses with great facility. I remember how admirably he translated Schiller's *Der Jüngling aus Lorche*, but he did not devote himself to this occupation. I remember that once he merrily romped, and how the girls were delighted with it, and how I was envious, and reflected that this was because he was always so serious. And I desired to

imitate him in this. Our aunt and godmother had the silly idea of making each of us the gift of a boy, who was eventually to become our devoted servant. To Mitenka was given Vanyusha (he is still living). Mitenka often treated him badly, and I think even beat him, for I remember his repentance for something done to Vanyusha, and his humble prayers for forgiveness.

Thus he grew up, associating little with others, always, except in moments of anger, quiet and serious, with thoughtful, grave, large hazel eyes. He was tall, rather thin, and not very strong, with long big hands and round shoulders. He was a year younger than Sergey, but they entered the university together, in the mathematical faculty, solely because the elder brother, Nicolay, was a mathematician. I do not know how or by what he was so early attracted toward a religious life, but it began with the very first year of his university life. His religious aspirations naturally directed him to Church life, and he devoted himself to it as thoroughly as he did to everything. He began to fast, he attended all the Church services, and became especially strict in his conduct.

In Mitenka there must have existed that valuable characteristic which I believe my mother to have had, and which I knew in Nicolenka, and of which I was altogether devoid—the characteristic of complete indifference to other people's opinion about oneself. Until quite lately I have always been unable to divest myself of concern about people's opinion but Mitenka was quite free from this. I never remember on his face that restrained smile which involuntarily appears when one is praised. Only from the Kazan days did we begin to pay particular attention to him, and that merely because, while Seryozha and I attached great importance to what was *comme il faut*—to the external—he was careless and untidy, and for this we condemned him. His peculiarity first revealed itself in our first preparation for communion. He made his devotions, not in the fashionable university church, but in the church of the prison, which was opposite our house.

We others kept up acquaintance with our aristocratic comrades. Mitenka, on the contrary, selected a piteous-looking,

poor, shabbily dressed student, Poluboyarinof (whom a humorous comrade of ours used to call Polubezobedof,¹ and we contemptible lads thought this amusing, and laughed at Mitenka).

Seryozha and I were fond of small knick-knacks; Mitenka kept no ornaments at all. The only thing he had taken from our father's things was a collection of minerals: he classified them, ticketed them, and placed them in a case under glass. As we brothers, and even aunt, looked down upon Mitenka with a certain contempt for his low tastes and associations, the same attitude was assumed by our light-minded comrades. One of the latter, E., an engineer, once on passing through Mitenka's room, took notice of the box and jerked the minerals. Mitenka said, "Leave them alone." E. paid no attention, but made some joke and called him Noah. Mitenka flew in a rage, and with his big hands hit E. in the face. E. ran away and Mitenka after him. As they rushed into our quarters we locked the doors, but Mitenka declared that he would certainly thrash E. when he came out. E. requested us to get him out some other way, and we led him out, almost crawling, through the dusty garret.

Such was Mitenka in his moments of anger. But this is what he was when nothing put him out. To our family had attached herself (she was taken in from pity) a most strange and piteous being, Lyubof Sergejevna, a girl; I don't know what surname was given her. She was the fruit of an incestuous connection. She was taken by my aunt, so that I came to know her at Kazan. She had a little room of her own, and a girl attended her. She was a pitiful, meek, oppressed being. When I made her acquaintance she was not only pitiful but repulsive to look at. I don't know what her disease was, but her face was all swollen, as faces are when they have been stung by bees. Her eyes appeared in two narrow slits, between swollen shining cushions without brows; similarly swollen and gleaming were her cheeks, nose, lips, and mouth, and she spoke with difficulty, probably having the same swelling within her mouth. In summer flies settled on her face without her feeling it, and it was espe-

¹ An untranslatable play of words, the first name literally meaning "half a noble," and the second "half hungry."

cially unpleasant to see this. Her hair was still black but scanty, barely concealing the scalp. Vassili Yushkof, my aunt's husband, a sarcastic man, did not conceal his repugnance for her. She always had a bad smell about her, and in her room, where neither window nor ventilator was ever open, the atmosphere was oppressive. Well, it was this Lyubof Sergejevna who became Mitenka's friend. He used to go to her room, listen to her, talk to her, read to her. And strange to say, we were morally so dense that we only laughed at this, whereas Mitenka was morally so high, so independent of concern about people's opinion, that he never either by word or by hint showed that he regarded what he was doing as something good.

How clear it is to me that Mitenka's death did not destroy him, that he existed before I came to know him, before he was born, and that, having died, he still is!

I have said that my friendship with Dmitri had opened up to me a new view of life, its aims and relations. The essence of this view consisted in the conviction that it was man's destiny to strive after moral perfection, and that this perfection was easy, possible, and eternal.

But a time came when these ideas burst upon my reason with such a fresh power of moral discovery that I became frightened at the thought of how much time I had spent in vain, and I wished immediately, that very second, to apply all those ideas to life, with the firm intention of never being false to them.

This time I regard as the beginning of my youth.

I was then finishing my sixteenth year. Teachers still came to the house, St. Jérôme looked after my studies, and I was preparing myself with an effort, and against my will, for the university.

At that date, which I regard as the extreme limit of boyhood and beginning of youth, the basis of my dreams consisted of four sentiments. The first was the love for *her*, an imaginary woman, of whom I dreamed ever in the same way, and whom I expected to meet somewhere at any minute; my second sentiment was the love of love. I wanted everybody to know and love me. I wanted to tell my name, and have every one struck by the information, and surround

me and thank me for something. The third sentiment was a hope for some unusual vain happiness—such a strong and firm hope that it passed into insanity. My fourth and chief sentiment was my self-disgust and repentance, but a repentance which was so closely welded with the hope of happiness, that there was nothing sad in it. I even found pleasure in my disgust with the past, and tried to see it blacker than it was. The blacker the circle of my memories of the past, the brighter and clearer stood out from it the bright and clear point of the present, and streamed the rainbow colors of the future. This voice of repentance and passionate desire for perfection was the main new sensation of my soul at that epoch of my development, and it was this which laid a new foundation for my views of myself, of people, and of the whole world.

Beneficent, consoling voice, which since then has so often been heard suddenly and boldly against all lies, in those sad moments when the soul in silence submitted to the power of deceit and debauchery in life, which has angrily accused the past, has indicated the bright point of the present, causing one to love it, and has promised happiness and well-being in the future—beneficent, consoling voice! will you ever cease to be heard?

[Tolstoy was admitted to Kazan university in 1844 as an extern student in the section of Turco-Arabic literature. He spent there only the hours taken up with lectures. For the rest of his time he moved in the social circle of his aunt, Mme. Yushkof. In Zagoskin's reminiscences of Tolstoy's life as a student it is stated that Kazan society was demoralizing. Tolstoy, having seen the manuscript, remarked that this was not the case.]

I did not feel any repulsion, but very much liked to enjoy myself in the Kazan society, which was at that time very good. I am very thankful to fate for having passed my first youth in an environment wherein a young man could be young without touching upon problems beyond his grasp, and for living, although an idle and luxurious life, yet not an evil one.

[He failed in his first half-yearly examination in the University.]

The first year Ivanof, Professor of Russian History, prevented me from being passed to the second course, notwithstanding the fact that I had not missed a single lecture and knew Russian history quite well, because he had a quarrel with my family. Besides, the same professor gave me the lowest mark for German, though I knew the language incomparably better than any student in our division.

[Tolstoy secured permission to take another faculty, that of Jurisprudence. He then gave up studying altogether, and plunged into the distractions of Kazan society.]

At the end of this year (1845) I began for the first time to study seriously, and even found a certain pleasure in so doing. Among the university subjects the Encyclopædia of Law and Criminal Law were of interest to me; moreover, the German Professor Vogel arranged discussions at the lectures, and I remember that I was interested by one on capital punishment; but besides the university or faculty subjects, Meyer, Professor of Civil Law, set me a task, viz., a comparison between Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois* and Catherine's *Code*, and this work greatly absorbed me.

[He quit the university in April, 1847. Tolstoy's German biographer, Loewenfeld, asked him why, considering his inherent thirst for knowledge, he left the university prematurely. The Count's answer was:]

I was little interested in what our Professors read at Kazan. I first worked a year at Oriental languages, but with little success, though I threw myself enthusiastically into what I did. I read innumerable books, but all in one and the same direction. When any subject interested me, I did not deviate from it either to the right or the left, and I endeavored to become acquainted with everything which might throw a light on this particular subject.

There were two special reasons for my leaving the university: first, that my brother had finished his course and was leaving; and secondly, that the work on the *Nakaz* and the *Esprit des Lois* (I have still got it) opened out to me a new sphere of independent mental work, whereas the university with its demands far from aiding such work, only hindered it.

[To the social hindrance which he has already mentioned

under the name of *comme il faut* Tolstoy devotes a whole chapter in *Youth*. In this he writes:]

My chief and favorite classification at the time of which I am writing was into people *comme il faut* and *comme il ne faut pas*. The second division was subdivided into people more particularly not *comme il faut*, and into the common people. I respected people *comme il faut*, and considered them worthy of being on an equality with me; I pretended a contempt for the second, but in reality hated them, cherishing against them a feeling of being personally offended; the third for me did not exist—I disregarded them entirely. My *comme il faut* consisted, first and foremost, in the use of excellent French, more especially in pronunciation. A man who pronounced French badly immediately provoked a feeling of hatred in me. “Why do you attempt to speak as we do, if you do not know how?” I asked him mentally, with a venomous smile. The second condition for *comme il faut* consisted in long, manicured, and clean nails. The third was the ability to courtesy, dance, and converse. The fourth—and this was very important—was an indifference to everything, and a constant expression of a certain elegant, supercilious ennui.

It is terrible to think how much invaluable time of my seventeenth year I wasted on the acquisition of this temper of mind.

But it was not the loss of the golden time, which was employed on the assiduous task of preserving all the difficult conditions of the *comme il faut*, to the exclusion of every serious application, nor the hatred and contempt for nine-tenths of the human race, nor the absence of any interest in all the beauty that existed outside that circle of *comme il faut*, that was the greatest evil which this conception caused me. The greatest evil consisted in the conviction that *comme il faut* was an independent position in society, that a man need not have to try to be an official, or a carriage-maker, or a soldier, or a learned man, if he was *comme il faut*; that, having reached that position, he had already fulfilled his purpose, and even stood higher than most people.

At a certain period of his youth, every man, after many blunders and transports, generally faces the necessity of

taking an active part in social life, chooses some department of labor, and devotes himself to it; but this seldom happens with the man who is *comme il faut*. I know many, very many, old, proud, self-confident people, sharp in their judgments, who to the question which may be asked them in the next world, "Who are you? And what have you been doing there?" would not be able to answer otherwise than "*Je fus un homme très comme il faut.*"

[In March, 1847, says Birukoff, Tolstoy was laid up in the Kazan hospital. During his illness, being alone in the hospital, he found time to think of the significance of Reason. Society is but part of the world. Reason must be in harmony with the world, with the whole, so by studying its laws one may become independent of the past, of the world. We see from this remark that this youth of eighteen years had already in him the germ of the future idea of anarchy.]

[He made the following entry in his diary (March, 1847):]

I have greatly changed, but still have not attained that degree of perfection (in my occupations) which I would like to attain. I do not fulfill that which I set myself to do, and what I do fulfill I do not fulfill well, I do not exercise my memory. For this purpose I here put down some rules, which, as it seems to me, would greatly help if I followed them.

(1) To fulfill despite everything that which I set myself.

(2) To fulfill well what I do fulfill.

(3) Never to refer to a book for what I have forgotten, but to endeavor to recall it to mind myself.

(4) Continually to compel my mind to work with the utmost power it is capable of.

(5) To read and think always aloud.

(6) Not to be ashamed of telling those who interrupt me that they hinder me; at first let them only feel it, hit if they do not understand (that they are hindering me), then apologize and tell them so.

[He wrote this in his diary of April 17, 1847:]

A change must take place in my way of life, but it is necessary that this change should be the result of the soul, and not of external circumstances. The object of life is the conscious

aspiration toward the many-sided development of all that exists.

The object of life in the country during two years:

(1) To study the whole course of law necessary for the final university examination. (2) To study practical medicine and a part of the theory. (3) To study these languages: French, Russian, German, English, Italian, and Latin. (4) To study agriculture, both theoretically and practically. (5) To study history, geography, and statistics. (6) To study mathematics, gymnasium course. (7) To write my university essay. (8) To attain the highest possible perfection in music and painting. (9) To write down the rules of conduct. (10) To acquire some knowledge of the natural sciences. And (11) to compose essays on all the subjects I shall study.

[On the subject of his relation with women he writes:]

Look upon the society of women as upon a necessary unpleasantness of social life, and as much as possible keep away from them.

Indeed, from whom do we get sensuality, effeminacy, frivolity in everything, and many other vices, if not from women? Who is to blame that we lose our innate qualities of boldness, resolution, reasonableness, justice, and others, if not women? Women are more receptive than men, therefore in virtuous ages women were better than we, but in the present depraved and vicious age they are worse than we.

[In an original article, "On the Aim of Philosophy," written in 1846-47, when he was eighteen years old, philosophy is thus defined:]

Man aspires—*i. e.*, man is active. To what is his activity directed, how is his activity to be set free? In this consists philosophy in its true sense. In other words, *philosophy is the science of life.*

[His *Confession* reveals to us his inner world of that period from another point of view—the religious one.]

I remember, that when my elder brother, Dmitri, then at the university, gave himself up to a passionate faith, and, with the impulsiveness natural to his character, began to attend the Church services regularly, to fast, and to lead a pure and moral life, we all of us, as well as some older than

ourselves, never ceased to hold him up to ridicule, and for some incomprehensible reason gave him the nickname of Noah. I remember that Mussin-Pushkin, then curator of the University of Kazan, having invited us to a ball, tried to persuade my brother, who had refused the invitation, by the jeering argument that even David danced before the ark.

I sympathized then with these jokes of my elders, and drew from them this conclusion—that I was bound to learn my catechism, and go to church, but that it was not necessary to think of my religious duties more seriously. I also remember that I read Voltaire when I was very young, and that his tone of mockery amused without disgusting me. The gradual estrangement from all belief went on in me, as it does, and always has done, in those of the same social position and culture as myself. This falling off as it seems to me, for the most part takes place as follows: People live as others do, and their lives are guided, not by the principles of the faith which is taught them, but by their very opposite; belief has no influence on life, nor on the relations between men—it is relegated to some other sphere, where life is not; if the two ever come into contact at all, belief is only one of the outward phenomena, and not one of the constituent parts of life.

By a man's life, by his acts, it was then, as it is now, impossible to know whether he was a believer or not. If there be a difference between one who openly professes the doctrines of the Orthodox Church and one who denies them, the difference is not to the advantage of the former. An open profession of the orthodox doctrines is mostly found among persons of dull intellects, of stern character, who are much impressed with their own importance. Intelligence, honesty, frankness, a good heart, and moral conduct are oftener met with among those who are disbelievers. A schoolboy of the people is taught his catechism and sent to church; from the grown man is required a certificate of his having taken the Holy Communion. But a man belonging to our class neither goes to school nor is bound by the regulations affecting those in the public service, and may now live through long years—still more was this the case formerly—without being once reminded of the fact that he lives among

Christians, and calls himself a member of the Orthodox Church.

Thus it happens that now, as formerly, the influence of early religious teaching, accepted merely on trust and upheld by authority, gradually fades away under the knowledge and practical experience of later life, which is opposed to all its principles, and a man often believes for years that his early faith is still intact, while all the time not a particle of it remains in him.

The belief instilled in childhood gradually disappeared in me, as in so many others, but with this difference, that I was conscious of my own disbelief. At fifteen years of age I had begun to read philosophical works. From the age of sixteen I ceased to pray, and ceased also to attend the services of the Church with conviction, or to fast. I no longer accepted the faith of my childhood, but I had a vague belief in *something*, though I did not think I could exactly explain what. I believed in a God, or rather I did not deny the existence of God, but anything relating to the nature of the Deity I could not have described; I denied neither Christ nor His teaching, but wherein that teaching consisted I could not have said.

Now, when I think over that time, I see clearly that all the faith I had, the only belief which, apart from mere animal instinct, swayed my life, was a belief in a possibility of perfection, though what it was in itself, or what would be its results, I was unable to say. I endeavored to reach perfection in intellectual attainments; my studies were extended in every direction of which my life afforded me a chance; I strove to strengthen my will, forming for myself rules which I forced myself to follow; I did my best to develop my physical powers by every exercise calculated to give strength and agility, and, by way of accustoming myself to patient endurance, subjected myself to many voluntary hardships and trials of privations. All this I looked upon as necessary to obtain the perfection at which I aimed. At first, of course, moral perfection seemed to me the main end, but I soon found myself contemplating instead of it an ideal of conventional perfectibility; in other words, I wished to be better, not in my own eyes, nor in those of God, but in the sight of

other men. This feeling again soon led to another—the desire to have more power than others, to secure for myself a greater share of fame, of social distinction, and of wealth.

At some future time I may relate the story of my life, and dwell in detail on the pathetic and instructive incidents of my youth. Many others must have passed through the same experiences. I honestly desired to make myself a good and virtuous man; but I was young, I had passions, and I stood alone, altogether alone, in my search after virtue. Every time I tried to express the longings of my heart for a truly virtuous life, I was met with contempt and derisive laughter; but directly I gave way to the lowest of my passions, I was praised and encouraged. I found ambition, love of power, love of gain, lechery, pride, anger, vengeance, held in high esteem. I gave way to these passions, and, becoming like my elders, felt that the place which I filled in the world satisfied those around me. My kind-hearted aunt, a really good woman, used to say to me, that there was one thing above all others which she wished for me—an intrigue with a married woman: “*Rien ne forme un jeune homme comme une liaison avec une femme comme il faut.*”² Another of her wishes for my happiness was, that I should become an adjutant, and, if possible, to the Emperor. The greatest happiness of all for me she thought would be that I should find a wealthy bride who would bring me as her dowry an enormous number of serfs.

I cannot now recall those years without a painful feeling of horror and loathing.

I put men to death in war, I fought duels to slay others. I lost at cards, wasted the substance wrung from the sweat of peasants, punished the latter cruelly, rioted with loose women, and deceived men. Lying, robbery, adultery of all kinds, drunkenness, violence, and murder, all were committed by me, not one crime omitted, and yet I was none the less considered by my equals to be a comparatively moral man. Such was my life for ten years.

During that time I began to write, out of vanity, love of gain, and pride. I followed as a writer the same path which

²“Nothing so forms a young man as an affair with a woman of fashion.”

I had chosen as a man. In order to obtain the fame and the money for which I wrote, I was obliged to hide what was good and bow down before what was evil. How often while writing have I cudged my brains to conceal under the mask of indifference or pleasantry those yearnings for something better which formed the real problem of my life! I succeeded in my object, and was praised. At twenty-six years of age, on the close of the war, I came to St. Petersburg and made the acquaintance of the authors of the day.

I met with a hearty reception and much flattery.

[Nevertheless Tolstoy at this period considered his life a failure. He ascribed this in his diary to the following causes:]

- (1) Irresolution, *i. e.*, want of energy.
- (2) Self-deception.
- (3) Haste.
- (4) *Fausse-honte*.¹
- (5) A bad frame of mind.
- (6) Instability.
- (7) The habit of imitation.
- (8) Fickleness.
- (9) Thoughtlessness.

¹ False shame, *i. e.*, being ashamed of that which is not shameful.

THE END



ARMINIUS VAMBERY

THE EXPLORER OF ASIA

1832-1915

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Arminius Vámbéry was born in Austria in 1832, and wrote his own autobiography some fifty years later in 1883. He was among the first Europeans to traverse Asia in the disguise of a dervish, or holy man. The son of poor peasants, Vámbéry was early forced to shift for himself, and endured the most rigorous privations in the pursuit of learning, for which he ardently yearned. Languages appealed to him most strongly, and at sixteen he was proficient in all the European tongues and many of the Asiatic. Always devoured by the desire to travel, "to see Far Lands," he spent his vacations from school wandering as a gypsy over his native Europe, and soon seized an opportunity of journeying to Constantinople, the key to the East. Here he imbibed that knowledge of the Oriental character and customs which enabled him later to travel through the East in the guise of a dervish. Thus he saw the people and studied their mode of life, he learned their ideals and ambitions as no earlier European had done. He lived to be very old, and was a noted critic and professor in the great Hungarian University at Budapest at the outbreak of the great World War.

The call of the wanderlust breathes from the pages of Vámbéry's memoirs. He possessed to a high degree that ambition to see strange sights, to travel in distant countries, which lives in the heart of every man and leaps up in longing at the sight of some old tramp steamer or quaint garbed foreigner, replete with the charm of the unknown and the lure of the mysterious. Tales of adventure find always an eager audience and Vámbéry's adventures, with danger, unique incidents and old legends, breathe an exotic scent, which entrances the imagination and sends it wandering among the mazes of a veritable Arabian Nights.

But there is another appeal in the memoirs of this European dervish. He was a philosopher, a kindly human philosopher; and his knowledge of the hearts of the strange races among whom he lived surpassed even his interest in their customs. His wide culture and extensive travel gave him unusual opportunities for studying and valuing the emotions

and thoughts of men, and his judgments and reflections on the Asiatic character and the eternal brotherhood of man are of lasting interest and value.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF VAMBERY

I

WHEN my father died in 1832 I was but a few months old. My mother was poor, very poor indeed. By marrying again, however, she fondly hoped she might be enabled to give her helpless and fatherless orphans a better bringing up. But in this expectation she was sadly mistaken. Our stepfather, although a very excellent man, did but very little towards relieving the pressing needs of our small household. In due time, too, our family circle got fresh additions; the number of the little ones who stood in need of food and clothing was increasing. The consequence was that our parents, in their solicitude for the welfare of the smaller children, turned the older ones adrift to seek the best way they could their own livelihood as soon as they were supposed to have attained an age ripe enough to take care of themselves.

My turn came when twelve years old. My mother then thought I had reached a period of my life when I ought to look after myself. Although I had been afflicted since my birth with a lameness from which I began to suffer when three years old, and which compelled me to carry a crutch under my left arm up to the time my mother declared me to be of mature age, I was yet, on the whole, a tolerably hearty and healthy boy. The simple fare, often barely sufficient to still the cravings of hunger, the exceedingly scanty clothing allowed to me, and my want of familiarity with even the meanest comforts of life had, already, at this early stage of my life, hardened my body, and inured it to the most adverse climatic conditions.

I had then been attending school for about three years; and as my teachers were lavish in their praises of my extraordinary memory, enabling me to learn by heart, with great ease, almost anything, even passages in Latin which I did not understand at all, I thought of going on with the pursuit of my studies, in order to become a physician or

lawyer,—the two professions which, at that time, were considered in the rural parts of Hungary as the goal of the most exalted ambition of an educated man.

My mother, too, had some such future in view for me, but inexorable poverty stood in the way of all such ambitious schemings. I had to stoop, lower, much lower indeed. I was apprenticed to a ladies' dressmaker. When I had got so far as to be able to stitch two pieces of muslin together, a feeling overcame me that Dame Fortune had something better in store for me than stitching away all my life long. I soon left the shop of the ladies' dress artist, and was engaged by the innkeeper of the village to be the private teacher of his only son. I was to initiate him into the mystery of reading, writing and arithmetic. But my duties did not end there; I had to perform, besides, such unusual offices as the cleaning of the boots of the family on Saturday evenings, and occasionally waiting on thirsty guests, and handing them a glass of wine or whisky.

There was, undoubtedly, some slight incongruity between my tender age and the position of a teacher, nor was it easy for one who stood in sore need of instruction himself to impart it to another,—and, indeed, the master of the house did not fail to remind me of this anomaly by a treatment anything but in keeping with the dignity of my position as the mentor of his son.

But I received even worse treatment at the hands of the young master—my pupil. The lad was two years my senior, and on one occasion, when carried away with my pedagogic zeal I had given him a severe reprimand for his rude doings, he, nothing loth, fell on me and would have given me a sound thrashing but for the timely appearance of his mother.

My tutorship proved thus a school of hardship for me; but I bravely persevered until I could carry away with me from the Island of Schütt, where I had spent the first years of my childhood, the large sum of eight florins, which represented my net earnings. With this sum I hastened to St. George, in the vicinity of Pressburg, in order to begin there my studies at the gymnasium.

The money I had brought with me was just sufficient to purchase me the necessary books, and kind and charitable

people helped me on in many other ways. Seven different families each gave me one day in the week a free meal, adding to it a big slice of bread for breakfast and another for luncheon. I also got the cast-off clothes of the wealthier schoolboys. By dint of application, and owing, perhaps, to the quick and easy comprehension which was natural to me, I succeeded in passing my examination at the first Latin class; as the second at the head of the class. My whole heart was in my studies; I was soon able to speak Latin with tolerable fluency; my professors remarked me and showed me some favor, which greatly assisted me in my struggles.

I passed, also, at St. George my examination in the second Latin class successfully. My fondness for roving gave me no rest. I began to long for a change and was particularly desirous of going to Pressburg, where there were schools of a higher grade. I therefore left St. George, although I had my livelihood almost assured there, and the year 1846 saw me, at the age of fourteen, within the walls of the ancient City of Coronation.

There began anew my struggling and striving and desperate exertions to support myself. It became clear to me from the very first that, as buildings became taller and crowds larger, the difficulty of making acquaintances was increasing and the interest of others in my fortunes was diminishing. I remained here, for three years, now in the capacity of a servant, and then teaching she-cooks, chambermaids, and other individuals thirsting for knowledge. Every stone of the pavement of that beautiful little town on the blue Danube, could it but speak, might tell some sad tale of misery which I endured there. But youth is able to bear anything and everything!

I continued my studies, undaunted by want and privations, and was steadily advancing towards the object I had proposed to myself; at the end of the first term of school I was reckoned amongst the best scholars. In recalling these sad days, I never cease to wonder at the never-failing cheerfulness and the high spirits which were my constant companions throughout and helped me through all the adversities of life. My sturdy health aided me in the good fight and did not allow my good-humor to desert me.

In spite of my frugal fare, consisting of bread and water only, I could boast of the healthiest of complexions, and was the life and soul of all fun and mischief in the schoolroom as well as at play. Every time our school-term drew to its end, I was sure to be among the first to seize my traveling-stick, and launch at random out into the world, limping but always on foot, without a penny in my pocket. In this manner I had already visited Vienna, Prague, and other cities and towns in the Austrian monarchy. Often, when tired as I was marching along the road, I would indulge in a good-humored parley with the driver of a wagon or carriage that happened to pass me, and get, in return for my pains, a lift in his vehicle for a short distance. At night I usually put up at the houses of the reverend clergy of the place, where my Latin conversation was sure to earn for me some regards and a few kreutzers for my traveling expenses; and by a few happy neatly turned compliments, bestowed upon their house-keepers, I generally succeeded in having my traveling-bag filled with provisions for the next day. Truly, politeness and a cheerful disposition are precious coins current in every country; they stand at a high premium with the young and the old, with men and women; and he who has them at his disposal may very well call himself rich, although his purse be empty.

These rambles were a preparatory school for my wanderings as a dervish in after years, and it was always with a heavy heart that I put my walking-stick into a corner at the end of the vacation. Whether or not it was because I suffered from want and had to struggle hard to eke out a livelihood in town, one thing is certain, I disliked living in cities from my earliest childhood. Upon entering the narrow street with its rows of tall houses, and watching the diminishing sky over my head, my youthful spirits sank within me, and only the hope of standing at the end of the school term again a free man under God's bright heaven communing freely with Nature rendered my stay in town bearable.

In 1847, besides continuing my regular studies at school, I began to devote myself to private studies; for it must be owned that the gymnasiums were rather badly managed in Hungary at that time. In addition to reading the greatest

variety of literary productions, on travels, which I all-eagerly devoured, I was learning French. Besides my native language, Hungarian, I had acquired German early in life. At about nearly the same time I had mastered Slavonian, and as my studies at school had rendered me familiar with Latin and Greek, I found myself, not quite sixteen years old, conversant with so many principal languages that acquiring the idioms kindred to them had become a comparatively easy task for me.

I always took special delight in memorizing. Children have very vague ideas about natural gifts, and when I was able to increase the number of words which I could master in one day from ten to sixty and even to a hundred, my exultation knew no bounds. I must frankly own, however, that I had not at that time the faintest conception as to what the result of these successful exertions, which so flattered my vanity, might be.

Vanity injures the character of a man in most cases, but it proves at times a very wholesome incentive to exertion. In this instance the conceit which was the result of my undisciplined imagination made me abandon the path of public studies I had entered upon, and induced me to continue my studies by myself. The friendly reader will ask what was the object of this self-education. Indeed I myself did not then know. "*Nulla dies sine linea*" was the maxim ever present in my mind, and even when I was engaged as a private teacher in the country, and was devoting from eight to ten hours daily to teaching, I contrived to make such good use of the remaining time as considerably to improve in my own studies.

The pleasures of general literature had now taken the place of the dry and monotonous memorizing of different languages of former years. I drew to my heart's content from the rich and varied fountain of the mental products of nearly all the European nations. The bards of Albion, the troubadours of Servia, the minstrels of Spain and the inspired poets of Italy; Lomonosoff, Pushkin, Tegnér, Andersen, Ochleschlaeger, nearly all the muses of the present age and of the past ages beguiled my hours of leisure. I always read out loud, and frequently noted down in writing on the

margin of the pages I read my feelings whenever any passage happened to strike my imagination.

Owing to this habit of loud reading and the violent gestures with which I would often accompany it, the plain people who were about me often thought me wrong in the mind; and upon one occasion this conviction had so grown upon them that I actually lost my position as a teacher, on that account. But what cared I for the small criticisms of these people, so long as my mind was peopled with Tasso's struggle before Jerusalem, Cid's valiant deeds, and Byron's heroes and heroines? Yet, I must confess, no scenes had such a charm for me as those acting in the land of the rising sun, Asia—which then seemed to me so very far away—with her gorgeously brilliant robe, richly covered with pearls and gems, constantly floating before my eyes. How could it be otherwise with one who, in his youth, had read "The Arabian Nights," and who, as in my case, was by birth and education half an Asiatic himself.

I knew Asia as the land of the most fantastic adventures, as the home of the most fabulous successes; and, having led an adventurous life at an age when I was a child still, and being already in pursuit of some great good fortune, my first yearnings after distant lands pointed already to Asia.

I had now reached my twentieth year, and I was richly rewarded for all the pains I had taken when I was able for the first time to read and understand, without the aid of a dictionary, a short Turkish poem. It was not, indeed, the contents of the Oriental muse, quite inaccessible as yet for me, which kindled my enthusiasm, but rather the fruits, the sweet fruits of my labors, which afforded me such abundant satisfaction, and acted as an incentive spurring me to press forward into the field of Oriental science. All my musings, endeavors, thoughts and feelings tended towards the Land of the East, which was beckoning to me in its halo of splendor. My spirit had been haunting ever so long its fairy fields, and, sooner or later, my body was sure to follow it. For one who had still to struggle for his daily bread, in his European home, it required considerable boldness to think of a journey to the East, a land many hundred miles away. I will not deny that even the boldest flights of youthful enthusiasm, and the all-powerful desire of getting to know strange coun-

tries and customs, had to halt at the stumbling-block raised by poverty, and that luring fancy kept dazzling my eyes for many a day before I seriously set to work to carry out my cherished scheme. But a firm resolve with me is almost always like the avalanche which is being precipitated from the lofty summits of the Alps,—beginning with but an insignificant ball of snow set in motion by a favorable breeze, but soon swelling into a tremendous mass which carries before it every impediment, crushing and driving before it with irresistible force everything standing in its way. Such was the impulse which I received through the patronage of Baron Joseph Eötvös, known in Europe as a writer of high merit. This generous countryman of mine was not a man of wealth, but his influence procured me a free passage to the Black Sea. He gave me also a modest obolus and some old clothes. My knapsack, bursting with books, was soon buckled on, and I embarked in a steamer for Galacz, from which place I was to go to Constantinople, the immediate object of my journey.

II

WHO can describe the feelings of a young man, barely twenty-two years old, who up to this day had been buffeted about by fortune, finding himself all of a sudden hastening towards the goal of his most cherished wishes, with (say) fifteen Austrian florins in his pocket, and about to enter upon a life full of uncertainty, in a distant region, amongst a strange people, who were rude and savage, and were beginning only then to seek a closer acquaintanceship with the nations of the West? My soul was agitated alternately by feelings of fear and hope, of curiosity and pain. Nobody accompanied me to the landing-place to see me off, nobody was there waiting for me, no warm presence of a friendly hand nor a mother's loving kiss cheered me on in the journey on which I was to start.

I had, thus, reason enough to feel somewhat depressed; nor could I entirely shake off this feeling; but I had no sooner come on deck, and begun to mix with the people, forming the national kaleidoscope one is always sure to meet on a voyage along the Lower Danube, and got an opportunity of conversing in Servian, Italian, Turkish and other lan-

guages of which I had had hitherto only a theoretical knowledge, than every vestige of my former downheartedness gradually vanished. I was now in my element. Add to this that I soon became the object of general admiration owing to the fluency of my conversation in different languages; the crowd being always sure to stand in a sort of awe of every polyglot. They formed a ring around me, trying to guess at my nationality, and received rather skeptically my statement that I had never been abroad.

I was, of course, very much amused at the gaping crowd, but I managed to derive some more solid advantages from the manifestation of the good opinion which my fellow travelers entertained for me; for, when the dinner-bell was rung, and I preferred to remain behind on the deck with a perturbed expression of countenance, some enthusiastic disciple of Mercury was sure to get hold of the so-called youthful prodigy and pay him his meal.

In the absence of such well-disposed stomachic patrons, I would lounge about in the neighborhood of the kitchen of the ship, the masters of which are for the most part Italians. A few stanzas from Petrarca or Tasso sufficed to attract the attention of the *cuoco* (cook). A conversation in pure Tuscan soon followed, and the upshot was a well-filled plate of macaroni or risotto, capped by a piece of boiled or roasted meat. "Mille grazie, signore" (a thousand thanks, sir), meant that I would come in the evening, to claim a continuation of the favor shown me. The good Italian would shove his barret of linen on one side, give a short laugh, and proved by his answer, "Come whenever you like," that the seed of my linguistic experiments had not fallen on a barren soil.

My constant good humor and happy disposition were of great help to me in all my straits, and, assisted by my tongue, were the means of procuring for me many a thing upon occasions when the attempts of others would have proved fruitless. In this manner I reached Galacz, a dirty, miserable place at this day even, but at that time much more so. During my voyage on the Lower Danube, the shore on the right hand side, with its Turkish towns and Turkish population, entirely absorbed my attention. To me every turbaned traveler, adorned with a long beard, upon entering the ship

became a novel and interesting page meant for my particular study, and at the same time, a never failing object of pleasurable excitement.

When the sun was setting, and the truly faithful sat, or rather knelt down for prayer in the abject attitude peculiar to them on those occasions, I followed with my eyes every one of their movements with the most feverish and breathless attention; watching intensely the very motion of their lips, as they were uttering Arabic words, unintelligible even to them; and not until after they were done did I again breathe freely.

The interest which I so plainly showed could not escape the notice of the fanatic Moslem. We then lived in the era of the Hungarian refugees. Some hundreds of my countrymen made believe that they had been converted to Islam. A popular belief had got abroad that the whole Magyar people would acknowledge Mohammed as their prophet, and whenever a Mohammedan came across a Madjarli, the fire of the missionary was blazing fiercely in his heart.

Such an interest, or a kindred one, must have entered into the friendship shown to me during my voyage to Galacz by some Turks from Widdin, Rustchuk and Silistria. In this supposition of mine I may possibly be mistaken, and it is quite as likely that their sympathies were excited by the deep national feeling, which then manifested itself everywhere in the Ottoman empire, in favor of the Magyars, who had been defeated by the Russians. This state of affairs, at all events, was of excellent service to me, not only during this passage, but during my entire stay in Turkey.

Father Poseidon had done no manner of harm to my health. I had rather reason to complain of an unusually keen appetite; the excessive chillness of the evenings, too—we were then in the month of April—cooled my blood more than I thought it desirable. I began to shake with the cold, in spite of a surplus carpet, placed at my disposal for a covering by the kind care of a Turk; and after having feasted my eyes on the bright, star-covered sky for a considerable time, I fell, at length, asleep.

I was suddenly and rudely roused from my dreams towards midnight by peals of thunder and flashes of lightning, ac-

accompanied by a violent shower. I had been all day long wishing for a storm; I own my wish was gratified at night in such a thorough manner as fully to satisfy my romantic disposition.

How my heart throbbed upon seeing the ship dance up and down the towering, mountain-like waves, like a nimble gazelle! The creaking of beams, the howling of the wind, with which the shouts of despair from the passengers were mingling, the everlasting appeals to Allah, which resounded everywhere, could not destroy the halo of poetry with which I surrounded a scene, otherwise commonplace enough. Only after getting soaking wet with the chilly rain did I shift my place.

Of the fifteen florins I had brought with me from Pesth, I had left just enough to pay my fare on the boat which took me to the shore. I now set my foot on Turkish ground, if not with a light heart, certainly with a very light purse, and sauntered pretty recklessly up the narrow street leading to the heights of Pera.

With a spirit less adventurous and at a more sensible age than mine, I should have asked myself: "Where will you sleep to-night, what will you eat—and, altogether, what will you begin to do?" But I never put these questions to myself—I was blind in my enthusiasm. I was quietly stopping to look at some signs, covered with Turkish inscriptions, and was busy deciphering them, when a stranger, a Hungarian, whose curiosity had been roused by the long ribbon which floated from my Hungarian hat, stepped up to me. He inquired in Italian about my nationality and my place of destination, and upon learning that I was a Hungarian he, as a countryman and a political refugee, of course, immediately addressed me in Hungarian, much to the delight of both of us.

He was occupying a small, poverty-stricken room, on the ground floor, in the dirty quarter of the town which lies in the rear of the walls of the palace of the English Embassy; its modest furniture consisting solely of a mattress, running along the wall, which he shared with me, like a brother.

I shall never forget my first night on this couch. My hospitable countryman had been fast asleep for some time, whilst I, unable to close my eyes, was still pondering over the strange

beginning of life in Turkey. I became, all of a sudden, aware that now one, and again the other, of my boots were moving about, by themselves.

“Friend,” I said, first in a whisper, and gradually raising my voice, “I think they are carrying away my boots.”

He only muttered something unintelligible in reply. I repeated my remark, and the good man finally exclaimed with some ill-humor:

“Do sleep! It is nothing but rats playing.”

A very amusing game, indeed, I thought, provided they do not chew up my boots; and I turned to sleep again.

I spent about three days in that miserable hole. I soon extended my acquaintance with my countrymen, and obtained, through them, permission to live in one of the rooms occupied by the “Magyar Club,” which was at that time already nearly deserted. At this place I met with fewer frolicsome animals, but the skipping animals were all the more numerous; and one evening, when, suffering from the chilliness of the night, I ventured to ask the secretary of the club to give me something to cover myself with, that worthy gentleman took the tricolor off the flagstaff, and handed it to me, apostrophizing me in the following touching manner:

“Friend! this flag has fired the hearts of many in their heroic flights, it was itself once full of fire; wrap yourself up in it, dream of glorious battlefields, and maybe it will keep you warm too.”

And, oddly enough, I wrapped the old rag around me, shivered yet for a little while, and then fell into a sound sleep.

My permanent stay amongst the Turks dates, however, from the time when, at the recommendation of a countryman of mine, I was invited by Hussein Daim Pasha, general of a division, to enter his house as the teacher of his son, Hassan Bey.

Hussein Daim Pasha was a Circassian by birth, and had, like so many of his countrymen, brought with him from his mountain home, which was then still free, to the City of the Seven Hills, a strong dose of love of liberty. He had passed his youthful years at the court of Sultan Mahmud, during the turbulent days of the suppression of the Jani-

zaries and the Turco-Egyptian conflict; and he being, as were most of his contemporaries, familiar with the idea of a politic and yet radical change, the thought entered his mind to cure by a miracle the deeply rooted political ills of Turkey.

His close intimacy with the refugees, who were living at that time in Turkey, may have considerably contributed towards making a political enthusiast of him. His imagination was inflamed by what he heard them tell during the long and anxious nights of tent life whilst the siege of Kars was going on. I very well remember, even now, how the eyes of the tall and slenderly built man glistened, how every muscle of his manly face winced, at hearing me relate some of the episodes of the year 1848.

I was an inmate of his house at the time when this notorious conspiracy was being hatched and the plans for its consummation formed. A mollah from Bagdad, by the name of Ahmed Effendi, a man of rare mental gifts, immense reading, ascetic life, and boundless fanaticism was the life and soul of the whole conspiracy. He had taken part in the whole of the Crimean war as a Gazi (a warrior for religion), bareheaded and barefooted, and clad in a garb whose austere simplicity recalled the primitive ages of Islam. His sword never left his lean loins, nor his lance the firm grasp of his clenched fist, either by night or by day, except when he said his prayers, five times a day. Through the snow, in the storm, in the thickest of the fight on the battlefield, during toilsome marches, everywhere could be discovered the ghost-like form of this zealot, his fiery eyes scattering flames, and always at the head of the division, under the command of my chief.

It was quite natural that such a man should please Hussein Daim Pasha. The acquaintance begun in the camp, had here grown into a sort of relationship by consanguinity; for the lean mollah, who was walking about barefoot in Constantinople, had the privilege of crossing even the threshold of the harem, where, under the protection of the sacredness of Turkish family life, unwelcome listeners could be most conveniently got rid of. There was something in the appearance of Ahmed Effendi which terrified me at first, and only, later,

upon my allowing myself to be called by my pasha, for the sake of intimacy, Reshid (the brave, the discreet), came this terrible man near me, with some show of friendliness; he probably concluding, from my having adopted this name, that I was very near being converted to Islam. A very false inference! But I did not destroy the hopes of this zealot, gaining thereby his good will, and getting him to give me instruction in Persian.

Ahmed Effendi allowed me even to visit him in his cell in the yard of the mosque. And oh! how interesting were those hours which I spent, sitting at his feet, with other youths who were eager to learn. It seemed as if I had got hold of a fairy key unlocking, to my dazzled eyes in one moment, the whole of Mohammedan Asia.

Ahmed Effendi had an astonishing, almost supernatural memory; he was a thorough Arabic and Persian scholar, and knew a whole series of classics by heart. I had only to begin with a line from Khakani Nizami or Djami, in Spiegel's Persian chrestomathy, and he would at once continue to recite the whole piece to the end. Indeed he would have been able to go on with his declamation for hours.

To this Ahmed Effendi I was indebted, more than to anybody else, for my transformation from a European into an Asiatic. In speaking of my transformation, I trust the friendly reader will not suppose, for one moment, that a more intimate acquaintance with Asiatic modes of thought had led my mind away from the spirit of the West. A thousand times, no! Rather the reverse was the case. The more I studied the civilization of Islam and the views of the nations professing it, the higher rose, in my estimation, the value of western civilization.

III

STAMBUL life with its attractions and interesting phenomena produced a feeling of weariness in me after a while. My frequent visits to Pera, my passing, in less than half an hour, from the innermost recesses of Asiatic life to the turmoil of European stir and bustle, might have continued attractive to me, as giving me an opportunity for the comparative study of the two civilizations. But amongst the very

men whom I happened to meet, in this Babel of European nationalities, there were some who fanned the fire within me, and who incited me, that had remained a thorough European in spite of an Orientalizing of several years, to the execution of the boldest feats. And did I require these urgings on—I, who, at the bare mention of the names of Bokhara, Samarkand, and the Oxus, was in a fever of excitement? Certainly not; their encouragement seemed to me only a proof of the practicability of my designs. Indeed, I was quite familiar with the literature of travel of that day, and the only misgivings I felt were on the score of the perils of the undertaking.

I had just been revolving in my mind the plan of a journey through Asia, when I was nominated, quite unexpectedly, corresponding member of the Hungarian Academy. This nomination was to be a reward for my translation of Turkish historical authorities, but it proved an all-powerful incentive, urging me on to the consummation of my plans for the future. Considerable changes had by this time taken place in the political life of Hungary; and when, upon returning in the spring of 1861, after an absence of several years, I went to Pesth, in order to deliver my Academic address, it required but a gentle intimation on the part of the then President of the Academy, Count D., to procure me a traveling stipend of a thousand florins in bank notes, amounting to six hundred florins in silver. At home, of course, there were many skeptics who expressed their doubts as to the success of my undertaking. I was asked how I could accomplish such a long journey, with scanty means and a frail body. These gentlemen were not aware that traveling in Asia required neither legs nor money, but a clever tongue. I paid, however, but slight attention to such comments.

The "Academy" gave me a letter of introduction and recommendation, addressed to all the Sultans, Khans and Beks of Tartary, and drawn up, for the surer enlightenment of the Tartars, in the Latin tongue! A ready gallows or executioner's sword, forsooth, this document meant, if I had produced it anywhere in the desert or along the Oxus. The then government, too, that is, the viceroyalty, were generous enough to furnish me with a passport for my journey to

Bokhara. I did not thwart those manifestations of good intentions, and left Pesth, after a stay of three months, for Constantinople, from which place I was to start, in the following spring, on my wanderings through the extensive regions of Central Asia.

Very remarkable and, at times, very amusing was the manner in which my worthy Stambul friend looked upon my preparations for far-off Turkestan. A journey prompted merely by a thirst for knowledge is characterized by the modern Mohammedans, as, to say the least, eccentric; for the days of Masudi, Yakut, Ibn, Fozlan and Batutah have passed away, ever so long ago. But if any one purposes to undertake a journey through inhospitable, barbarous and dangerous countries, they declare such an enterprise a piece of sheer madness. I can very well recall how these effeminate Effendis shuddered, and the look of unspeakable pity they bestowed upon me, when I was expatiating, with the most intense satisfaction, upon my passage through the deserts. "Allah Akillar" (God lend him reason), was the pious wish they were all muttering. A person who will voluntarily leave the delightful Bosphorus, give up the comfortable life at the house of a Turkish grandee, and resign the charms of sweet repose, must be, to their thinking, a madman.

And, yet, these good people were deeply concerned to smooth my rough path, and to retard the certain destruction before me, as much as lay in their power. Persia was to be the first country on my route, and as a Turkish ambassador, together with his suite, had been residing, for years, at Teheran, and the then plenipotentiary of the Sultan, Haidar Effendi, happened to be a friend of the family of my patron, I received, in addition to the official recommendation of Aali Pasha, a collective letter from all the relations and acquaintances of K—— Bey, commending unhappy me, in the warmest terms, to his protection. I obtained also firmans, addressed to the authorities on my route through Turkish territory, in all of which I was mentioned as the traveler Reshid Effendi. Of my European descent, of the aims and purposes of my journeyings, not the slightest mention was made in these documents, and all I had to do was to act up to the letter and spirit of their contents; indeed I

could do little else if I wished to pass myself off as a genuine Turk and Effendi from Constantinople.

So much for the practical portion of my preparations. As to the mental condition I was in, I need not say that the nearer the moment of my departure approached the stronger became my longing, the more agitated became my mind. What I had dreamt of as a child, mused upon as a youth, and what had haunted my eyes, Fata-Morgana-like, during my wanderings through the literatures of the Occident and Orient, I was to attain at last, and feast upon it my own bodily eyes. When passion thus, like a mighty wave, is rolling in upon us, we turn a deaf ear to the voice of reason and prudence. All I could dread, after all, was bodily want, the fight with the elements and injury to my health; for, at that time, the thought of failure, that is of death, never entered my mind. And now I ask my friendly reader, what vicissitudes, what privations could I undergo, which I had not already been subjected to by the hard fate of my youth? I had been starving up to my eighteenth year, and want of necessary clothing had been the order of the day with me, since my earliest youth. I had learned to know the whims and foibles of mankind, and found that man in the rude Asiatic garb was nearly the same as man in the civilized European dress; yea, I had met at the hands of the former so much more pity and kindness, that the frightful picture of these barbarians, as drawn by our literature, was far from disheartening me. Only one thing might be taken into consideration, with reference to the undertaking I had on hand, that, after having already tasted the sweets of affluence and repose, I was about to venture anew upon a life of misery and struggles. For I had done well, quite well in Constantinople, during these years. I had comfortable quarters and a luxurious fare, and there was even a saddle horse at my disposal, and thus the only thing that may be said in my praise, is that I exchanged all these, of my own free will, for the beggar's staff. But good Heavens! where could we not be led, if spurred on by ambition? And what is our life worth if ambition is not known, does not exist or has been blunted? Wealth, distinction and dignities are gaudy toys which cannot amuse us very long, and of which sound

common sense must tire sooner or later. The consciousness, however, of having rendered to mankind in general a service ever so slight, is a truly noble and exalting one; for what is there more glorious than the hope of being able to enrich even by a single letter the book of intellectual life lying open before us? Thus I felt and thus I thought, and in these feelings and thoughts I found the strength to submit to trials and hardships a thousandfold greater than those I had been subjected to hitherto.

Such were the conditions of my life, under which I left the peaceful harbor of Constantinople for my voyage to the Black Sea. Unaccompanied by any friends or parents, I bade farewell to the Golden Horn and to the Bosphorus as to the place where I enjoyed so many agreeable days of useful preparation for my future career. As our good ship turned towards the Asiatic shore, I ventured only to look with a furtive glance towards the West, uncertain whether I should see it again in my life!

IV

THE boom of cannon, sounds of music and shouts of joyous welcome greeted us, as our ship was approaching the harbor of Trebizond. This solemn reception was not intended for me, the future dervish, who was setting out, beggar's staff in hand, to roam through an extensive portion of classic Asia. The ovation was meant for Emir Muhlis Pasha, the newly appointed Governor of Trebizond, who had been our fellow traveler from Constantinople to this place. The people, very likely, indulged in the hope that he would bring in his train a happier state of things than they experienced and relief from past misery, but they were, in all probability, doomed to be disappointed in him, as they had been disappointed in his numerous predecessors before.

Trebizond, the ancient capital of Mithridates, presents a rather fine appearance, when looked at from the sea. Upon closer inspection, the city proves finer, by far, than most of the Turkish sea-towns. Muhlis Pasha, whose acquaintance I had made at Constantinople, proffered me his hospitality, during the whole of my stay in that town. I mounted one of the horses held in readiness on the shore, joined the

pasha's retinue, and proceeded with the festive procession towards the governor's palace, lying to the south. Our troops passed, highly pleased, through the thronging crowds. The pasha caused some silver change to be scattered amongst the populace. There was a great rush and eager scrambling for the coins, and the lucky ones were loud and voluble in the expression of their gratitude. I remained only three days in Trebizond. I employed this short time in the purchase of the necessary traveling requisites, in the hiring of a horse—in short, in supplying myself with everything needful for those adventurous wanderings through Turkey and Persia which I was about to undertake. I resolved to keep up the part of an Effendi as far as Teheran, but thereafter I wished to pass myself off only as a Kiatib, an humble scribe who might appeal to the hospitality of the authorities. My entire luggage consisted of a *khurdjin* (carpet-bag), containing a couple of shirts, a few books, some trifles, two carpets, one to be used as a mattress, the other for a covering, a small kettle, tea service and cup. The pasha repeatedly pressed upon me the offer of an escort by two *kavasses* (policemen), not so much as a matter of safety as from considerations of display, customary in these parts. I declined his kind offer with thanks, and in the company of an Armenian *surudji* (an owner and driver of horses), left the Turkish sea-town on the 21st day of May, 1862, wending my way towards the mountains stretching to the east.

The sun had already risen pretty high. I advanced at a slow pace, along the highway, extending to about an hour's walking distance from the city, and then losing itself in the deep gorge of a valley. My Armenian companion, Hadjator, reminded me that in getting near the valley we should soon lose sight of the sea. I stopped on the height, for a few moments, to give a farewell look to it. However stormy and rough at times, it was just then lying as calm and peaceful before my eyes as the water of a lake. I felt at this moment but faint forebodings of the trials and dangers lying in wait for me; but, faint as they were, they sufficed, as I gazed upon the dark, endlessly-stretching waves of the Euxine, to affect me most deeply. There, at my feet, was Trebizond; I could clearly discern the whole harbor, and

as I caught sight of the Austrian ship in which I had come, the flag on the masthead beckoning a farewell to me, a feeling of deep melancholy took possession of my whole being. For six mortal hours on that day I continued, without interruption, my march on horseback. They were a miserable six hours. Although nature was very charming and beautiful all around me, it did not prevent me from feeling extreme weariness in all my limbs. To travel on horseback is in the beginning a rather painful thing, but it is infinitely more so if one is obliged to hire the horse one rides from a *surudji*. These men employ their animals, chiefly, in the transportation of luggage, and the horses have, in consequence, such a jostling gait that their riders must ache all over upon descending, and they are so indolent, besides, that one must make good use of one's hands and feet to make them move on. Near Köpri I put up at a *khan* (an inn). I had to sleep, nomad fashion, on the ground, but, owing to my excessive fatigue, sleep would not come to my eyes. The place was swarming with horses and mule-drivers, of whom some would scrub their animals, or cook, others sing, and others again chat. It seemed to me as if all this din had been especially got up to disturb my slumbers. I rose into a sitting posture, where I had been lying, and sadly reflected upon the fatigues to come.

After a short nap, I was called by my Armenian. "Bey Effendi," he said, "I think you must feel rested from the fatigues of yesterday's march. Our road to-day will be harder; you will not be able to sit comfortably in the saddle in the mountains of Trebizond, and you will therefore do better to walk up, leisurely, to the top, before it gets warmer." I left my couch at once and followed the steep mountain path. I could not help wondering at the mules' toiling up the steep height and reaching the top, with their heavy loads, whilst, to me, on foot, without any incumbrance, the ascent was most painful. On our way we met a long line of overloaded mules, descending amidst the wild screams of their Persian drivers. It is a rare sight to watch them advancing, with the utmost care, without any accident, upon the slippery path cut into the rock, scarcely two spans wide, flanked by the bottomless abyss. And yet it is a very unusual thing

for a mule to be precipitated into the abyss yawning along the path. If ever it happens it is in winter. The danger is greatest when two caravans happen to meet face to face. In order to avoid such an encounter, big bells, heard at a great distance, are used by them, warning the caravans to keep out of each other's way.

The continuously steep ascent lasted over four hours. There is hardly a worse road in all Asia; yet this is the only commercial road which connects Armenia with Persia, nay Central Asia with the West. During the summer hundreds of thousands of these animals are traversing this route, going and coming, loaded with the products of Asia and the manufactures of Europe.

I was indebted to my title of Effendi for quieter sleeping quarters at the tolerably crowded Khan at our next station. Before retiring to rest I took the advice of Hadjator, and bathed in salt water those parts of my body which were sore with my riding exertions; the sensation was at first a stinging one, but sitting in the saddle next day was not quite so uncomfortable as before.

Upon reaching the third station, on the 23rd of May, two Armenians joined me. One of them began to speak first French, and then English with me. He was a merchant from Tebriz, who had spent several years in England on matters of business, and was now returning to his native town. We became quite intimate after a while, and his society was all the more agreeable to me as he knew very well the route on which we were to travel together for a considerable time. Three days after that, upon leaving the Khoshab Bunar mountains and descending, we met a Shiraz caravan on our way. I was struck by the shape of the tall hats of the men running into a point. They were gayly stepping alongside of their mules, loaded with the produce of their native country, and I was delighted to hear the songs of Hafiz sung by the leader of the caravan, the youths who were following him joining in chorus every now and then. These were the first Iranian (Persian) words which I heard from the natives themselves. I wished to enter into a conversation with them, but they did not deign to reply. Singing they toiled uphill on the rough road, because, as I was afterwards told by

my guide, the animals march more cheerfully at the sound of singing.

I arrived in Erzerum on the 28th of May. In entering this town I was, at once, aware that I was now in the interior of Asia. The houses are here already built in the Eastern fashion; the walls, built of stone or mud, are clumsy and running irregularly in a zigzag line, with windows looking out into the yard rather than the street; secret entrances, and other like things characteristic of Eastern houses.

At Erzerum I was staying at the house of the Circassian, Hussein Daim Pasha, the commanding officer of the place, with whom I had been already acquainted at Constantinople. I had instructed his son in French, and in European sciences. When I told him of my Bokhara plan he was very much surprised, and at first tried to dissuade me from it, but promised me, afterwards, to furnish me with letters of recommendation to some of the prominent Sheikhs of the Turkestan capital. I met amongst the other governmental officers, at Erzerum, some whom I had known in Stambul, and I called upon them at their offices. I shall never forget the appearance of the offices of the Turkish government. The entrance was nearly barricaded by a promiscuous heap of shoes, sticks, weapons and a troop of dogs lying everywhere about. The interior corresponded with the outside. On a couple of dirty, ragged divans were seated several officials; in one part of the room a group of women were quarreling, in another a humorous individual was entertaining the officers, and in another, again, some one gave vent to his complaints, interspersed with oaths.

Evidences of the poverty of the inhabitants of Erzerum meet the eye in whatever direction one may look. The dirt, the squalor and the underground dwellings are unbearable. The smell of their food, which they cook by the fire made of a fuel called *tezek* (cattle dung), is especially loathsome.

I was almost glad when I left this place on the 29th of May, about dusk, in company of my Armenian fellow-traveler. It might have been about midnight when we heard the loud barking of dogs, an indication of the propinquity of human habitations. I rode ahead, over ditches and bushes, towards the lights twinkling from the scattered houses. Ev-

erybody in the place was sunk in sleep, and it was only owing to my Effendi way of talking that I succeeded in procuring, for myself and my companion, quarters for the night. The name of the village was Kurudjuk, and the house where we happened to obtain accommodation belonged to the Kizil or chieftain of the place. The dwellings hereabouts consist, usually, of only one room, in which both men and domestic animals live promiscuously together. The cattle are tied on to the crib running along two sides of the spacious room, and the human beings occupy the *saku*, a species of elevated platform. It may be justly said that people, here, are living in stables. One may imagine what an agreeable thing it is to pass the night in the society of from forty to fifty buffaloes, and a couple of calves and a horse. Add to it that there is not a solitary window to this barn. More squalid and miserable dwellings there cannot perhaps be met with in the whole of Asia, than those in the environs of Erzerum. One may then appreciate the feeling of pleasure with which the traveler exchanges the foul air of his night quarters for the sweet morning air of the spring.

After a ride of nearly four hours we reached *Hassankale*, a place situated on a promontory. It is fortified against the attacks of the marauding Kurds living in the country. They hardly dare, it is true, to make a raid upon the villages nowadays, but smaller caravans and the solitary traveler are still exposed to the fury of their marauding propensities. For the sake of safety we had with us two *kavasses* (mounted policemen). I myself had, indeed, nothing to fear from attack, but, out of regard for my Armenian companions, who had about them valuable trinkets which they had brought with them from Europe, I made use, on their behalf, of the firman given to me, as an Effendi, by the governor of Erzerum.

Upon crossing the Araxes river, we arrived ere long at the frontier of Kurdistan proper, whose inhabitants had already enjoyed, in the age of Herodotus, the unenviable reputation of being thieves and robbers of the worst kind. We noticed on our march a lofty rock—and one of our guides told us that the renowned Korouglu had lived on the top of it. He is the most celebrated hero-adventurer of Moham-

medan popular poetry; his miraculous feats are told in song, at feasts and on the battlefield, alike by the Turks on the Oxus, the Anatolians near the Mediterranean, and the Roumelians by the waves of the Danube.

As we were passing through a narrow mountain-defile my Armenian companions set to loading their guns and pistols, saying: "We shall meet henceforth no more Osmanlis; only Kurds and Armenians are living here." Letters of recommendation and polite requests have no effect upon the Kurds; if you wish to keep them in awe you must meet them well armed.

At a Kurdistan village, called *Eshék-Eliasz*, we hired two men to accompany us, and we started on our way at the dawn of morning. It was a murky gloomy morning, the tops of the distant mountains were clouded by the fog. We sent the loaded animals ahead, and sat down at the foot of the mountain to make our tea. In the damp and chilly hours of the early dawn tea is a most refreshing beverage, and after having taken a cup or two we remounted our horses in order to overtake our beasts of burden. We overtook them after half an hour's trot, and saw them peaceably advancing along the ridge of the mountain. The rays of the sun had now scattered the fog, and looking about me, admiring the beautiful mountain scenery, I happened to observe that one of our Kurdistan followers was glancing now at the luggage-carriers, now at his companion, betraying great uneasiness. "What is it, what is it?" I asked. Instead of any reply he merely pointed in the direction where the servants of my Armenian companions and a couple of mule drivers were marching on. We looked and saw armed Kurds, on horseback and on foot, rushing in upon us from the right and the left, making straight for the animals laden with precious and valuable goods. "Robbers! Robbers!" shouted the Armenian Karabegoff, who had been in Europe. Quickly seizing his revolver, he rushed forward, followed by his friend and myself, but, although I urged on my horse in every conceivable manner, I was the third and last to arrive upon the scene of action. I still wore, at that time, a brass plate on my fez, in token of my dignity, as an Effendi. The Kurds had scarcely caught sight of me, when they suddenly stopped within a

few steps from the badly frightened group of people. "What do you want here?" I asked them in a voice of thunder. An old, one-eyed man, armed with a shield, lance, rifle and sword, now stepped forward, and said: "Bey Effendi our oxen have strayed from us and we have been looking for them all night. Hast thou not met with them somewhere on thy way?"

"And is it customary to look for oxen, armed as thou art?" said I, "Shame on thee! Has thy beard turned gray to be soiled by thieving and robbery? If I did not regard thy old age I should take thee at once before the Kaimakam of Bayazid, thou insolent waylayer!"

My words and the explanations of my Kurd followers caused the band of marauders, consisting of eight men, very soon to understand with whom they had to deal. They are not much afraid of Armenians and Persians as a usual thing, but they do not deem it advisable to attack an officer of the Sultan. I still added a few threats to my former severe reprimands, and we had soon the satisfaction of seeing the robbers disband and quit us. We too continued our march, during which the Armenians never tired of expressing their gratitude to me. If it had not been for me, they said, all the valuables brought with them from London would have fallen into the hands of the Kurds. I especially remarked during the affray, the dismay and pallor of several Persian merchants who had joined us the day before. These men brought me, as we were about to retire to rest, various sweetmeats, as an acknowledgment of my services. I could not help admitting that, in the eyes of the Kurds, the dignity of an Effendi carried considerable weight.

We came in the evening to a village called *Mollah Suleiman*, inhabited, chiefly, by Armenians. At the sight of my Kurdistan followers, our landlord took me aside and said to me in a whisper: "Effendi, thou mayest well deem thyself fortunate for having escaped unhurt. Thy followers are known, far and wide, as the most desperate robbers; they have never before escorted any one across the Dagar mountain but some ill befell him." In an instant the whole adventure became clear to me. These two Kurd fellows were in league with the robbers, and but for my friend's revolver

and my Effendi headgear the day might have proved fatal to all of us. Such occurrences are by no means rare in this region. The people and the authorities are well aware of the frequent cases of brigandage; they know who the brigands are; but, nevertheless, everybody is left to his own bravery to defend himself.

Our Armenian host, who had received his fellows in faith and myself with great cordiality, had a sumptuous supper prepared for us; the priest, clergyman and the judge of the village too, came to pay their respects, and there was no end to tales of robbery. In the autumn before, we were told, a caravan, consisting of forty beasts of burden and fifteen men, amongst whom there was an Englishman, was attacked by a robber chief and twelve men. No sooner had the Kurds, with their customary cry of "Lululu!" come upon them, than the Persians and Turks took to their heels, and allowed the brigands to freely rummage in the luggage, without molesting them. They had already driven away a couple of animals, when the Englishman, who had hitherto coolly stood by and watched the doings of the miscreants, raised his revolver without being observed, took deliberate aim at the chief and leveled him to the ground. The Kurds stood for a moment dumbfounded with fright, but they soon recovered and made a simultaneous rush upon the Englishman. The latter, who did not for an instant lose his presence of mind, shot dead another and then again another man, crying out to them fiercely: "Do not come near me or I will kill every one of you." This had its effect, one by one the remaining Kurds slunk away. The family of the dead chief instituted a suit for damages against the Englishman, claiming that the chief had been out hunting, and not robbing, when he was killed. The Turks treated the claim quite seriously, and, in all probability, would have mulcted the brave Englishman in damages but for the intercession of the British Consul.

The rain was pouring down violently when we left our hospitable host next day, and at night we had to put up at an Armenian village, containing about ten houses; for it was too late for us to reach on that day *Diadin*, the next place on our journey. The inhabitants of that village are leading

a strange life. Man and beast, food and fuel are all stowed away under one roof, and whilst one part of the inhabitants are sleeping the others mount guard, on the roofs, with their arms in readiness. I asked several of them why they did not ask assistance of the governor of Erzerum, and was told, in reply: "That the governor was himself at the head of the thieves. God alone, and his representative on earth, the Russian Tzar, can help us." And the poor people were certainly right in this.

We forded through the Euphrates river and reached, before long, a monastery, the inmates of which were Armenian friars who were held in high respect by all the inhabitants of the surrounding country, both Christian and Mohammedan. It is a strikingly characteristic feature of all Eastern nations, that with them friars, monks, wizards, and fortune-tellers are indiscriminately, without regard to their religion, the objects of deep veneration. The supernatural, the mysterious excite the humility of the Eastern man, and the Kurds go far away, to distant countries, in pursuit of their predatory ventures, leaving this solitary and unprotected settlement unmolested.

v

KIZIL-DIZE is the name of the first village on Persian soil. Leaving it we came to the base of *Ararat*. Mount Ararat, whose tapering head is covered with snow even in summer, was at that season clad in its wintry garb to more than half its height. The inhabitants of the surrounding country all insist that the remains of Noah's Ark may still be seen on its top, and many a *vartabet* (priest), rich in grace, boasts of having seen with his own eyes, the precious relics of the holy Ark in the waters, clear as crystal, of a lake on the top of the mountain. Others, again, produce chips from the remains of the Ark and recommend it highly against pain in the stomach, sore eyes and other maladies; and woe to him who would dare to cast the slightest doubt upon the existence, to this day, of at least two planks and a couple of masts of Noah's Ark on mount Ararat. During my travels in Asia I came across four other places, of which sacred tradition tells that Noah's Ark had rested there, and at least four other

places, again, where people have discovered the unmistakable traces of the scriptural Paradise.

Tebriz is a town of remote antiquity, and is said to have been built by the wife of Harun el Rashid. But of the ancient greatness and splendor in which Tebriz was said to have once vied with the city of Raghés, very little is now to be seen. Its commerce, however, is quite as flourishing to-day as it was reputed to have been in ancient times. The grand life of the bazaar had surprised me already at Khoy, but compared to that of Tebriz, it was only a picture in miniature. Here the din and noise, the stir and bustle, the pushing and elbowing, the stifling crowds are magnified a hundredfold. At the recommendation of several persons I put up at the Emir Caravansary, which, however, it took me over an hour to find. Not being used to this deafening noise, and to pushing through such dense crowds of people and mules without number, which seemed perilous to both life and limb, I was apprehensive lest I might at any moment ride over somebody with my horse. In recalling how the dervishes were dancing onward ahead of me through this dire confusion, uttering their unearthly screams, brandishing high, and casting up, into the air their sharp axes, seizing them again by their handles upon coming down, I wonder, to this day, how I ever got safely to the Emir Caravansary.

In mentioning their fanaticism I cannot omit citing a remarkable instance of it in the person of one of their wonderful dervishes. This man happened to pass just then through Tebriz, and was an object of general admiration at the bazaar. He was thoroughly convinced that the divinity of the Caliphate, after the death of Mohammed, ought, by right, to have devolved upon Ali, Mohammed's son-in-law, and not upon Abubekr, the prophet's brother-in-law. Acting upon this conviction, he had solemnly vowed, more than thirty years before, that he would never employ his organs of speech otherwise, but in uttering, everlastingly, the name of his favorite, *Ali! Ali!* He thus wished to signify to the world that he was the most devoted partisan of that Ali who had been defunct more than a thousand years. In his own home, speaking with his wife, children and friends, no other word but "Ali!" ever passed his lips. If he wanted

food or drink, or anything else, he expressed his wants still by repeating "Ali!" Begging or buying at the bazaar it was always "Ali!" Treated ill or generously, he would still harp on his monotonous "Ali!" Latterly his zeal assumed such tremendous proportions that, like a madman, he would race, the whole day, up and down the streets of the town, throwing his stick high up into the air, and shriek out, all the while, at the top of his voice, "Ali!" This dervish was venerated by everybody as a saint, and received everywhere with great distinction. The wealthiest man of a town presented him once with a magnificent steed, saddle, bridle and all. He immediately vaulted into the saddle and sped along the streets uttering his customary fierce cry. The color of his dress was either white or green, and the staff he carried corresponded in color with the dress he wore. When he came to the front of the Emir Caravansary, he stopped and lifted his voice, midst the frightful din of the bazaar, with such tremendous power, shouting "Ali! Ali!" that the veins on his head and neck started out like strings.

It was here, in the Emir Caravansary, that I met with a rather curious adventure, which I must relate. One afternoon, whilst the heat was rather unbearably strong, I sat at the door of my cell, and engaged myself, as is usual with dervishes, in delivering my linen of certain animals which intrude upon the poor traveler in the East in spite of all his efforts after cleanliness. Two Englishmen, whom I recognized by their Indian hats, and who were strolling in the caravansary, stopped suddenly before me, and after admiring for a while my patient and untasteful occupation, the younger one said to the older, "Look at the hunting zeal of this fellow!" I raised my eyes and said in English, "Will you join, sir?" Amazed, nay bewildered, one of them immediately asked me, "How did you learn English, and what countryman are you?" From reasons formerly explained, I abstained from a further conversation, and notwithstanding all the exertions, I did not utter another English word, nay, withdrew altogether to the interior of my cell.

Years passed, and after returning to Europe I happened to be at an evening party in the house of an English nobleman at Whitehall. Whilst at dinner I recognized in one of

the guests present my interlocutor of Tebriz, but unsure of my discovery I did not address him. After dinner, however, the lady of the house asked me to relate something of my perilous adventures, and seeking courage, I asked her to introduce me to the man whom I supposed a former acquaintance. "Oh, that is Lord R——," said the lady. "Well, I don't know his name, but I have seen him," was my answer. Lord R—— received me politely, but denied the fact of a former acquaintance. Upon my saying, "My lord, you have been to Tebriz, and you do not remember the dervish who addressed you in English?" The extraordinary surprise of Lord R—— was indescribable, he recognized me at once, and related the whole adventure to the highly amused company.

VI

THE wall upon which Teheran and its inhabitants rely for their protection is built of mud, but it is nevertheless talked about by the Persians, with their usual exaggeration, as an impregnable wall of solid rock. I rode into the capital of Iran through a narrow gate in this wall, and had to push my way through the throng of pedestrians, horsemen and laden mules that were crossing the narrow, irregular and crooked streets. After protracted inquiry I succeeded in finding the palace of the Turkish Embassy, but it was empty; its occupants were gone. The soldiers mounting guard informed me that the entire *personnel* of the Embassy, following the fashion of the upper classes here, were living in the country, in a village called *Djizer*, at the foot of the neighboring mountains, where the air was cooler and more bearable than that of the capital.

The first thing the stranger is struck with is the utter want of cleanliness in the streets, as well as in the interior of the houses. The Persian covers the large unfurnished halls—what we should term drawing-rooms—of his house with costly carpets, and decorates its walls with rich ornaments, but the kitchen, the room he lives in and the pantry are most shamefully neglected by him. It is the same with his dress. A person who will spend from fifty to a hundred gold pieces for his outer garments is rarely the owner of more than two or three shirts. Soap is looked upon as an article of luxury,

being hardly ever used, and I have met with Khans of high social standing and refinement who made use of their servants' pocket-handkerchiefs. The henna-painting, however, is that which renders every Persian grandee particularly loathsome, in spite of his outward splendor and rich dress. Henna is a yellow powder obtained from a plant called *Lawsonia inermis*, which, by being dissolved in water, furnishes a red dye of brick-color. With this henna they dye their fine black beards and their very eyes red, the color of bricks. Persons of standing also dye with henna their finger-nails and hands. The coat of paint hides the dirt; and a gentleman or lady, having made use of it, can afford to do without washing for several days.

Knives, forks and spoons are things unknown in Persia. It is utterly repulsive to the European to see the master of the house pulling to pieces, with his fingers, a boiled chicken, and giving each guest a piece of it, or having a cup of sherbet passed round, in which a dozen men have already steeped their henna-dyed mustaches.

Persian refinement is confined only to gestures, speech and conversational manner. But in these they excel all the Eastern nations—perhaps the nations of the West, too—and these elegant manners are, of course, to be found in their highest perfection at the capital. Volumes could be filled with the strict laws laid down for visits and return visits, and the proprieties of correspondence and conversation. Each Persian wishes to surpass the other in expressions of politeness and delicacy, which seem the more absurd the more we happen to know of the private lives of the Persians.

At every turn in the street the eye meets shocking contrasts of splendor and misery. At one end of the street may be seen a swarm of half-naked dervishes and beggars loitering about, whilst a Khan on horseback, followed by a numerous retinue, appears at the other end. Forty to sixty servants, armed with long staves, are ranged on each side of the Khan, who, on his richly caparisoned horse, looks very pompous indeed, and keeps his head continually wagging with an air of great importance. You might suppose their lord to be at least a high officer of state, judging by the noisy conduct and impudent behavior of his followers towards every one

they meet. Far from it! Often he is but a poor Khan, weighted down with debts, who has been in the capital antechambering and begging for some office for months past. His very men are not paid by him; they are a set of starvelings who follow him in the hope of his obtaining some office, and meanwhile try to add to the splendor of his appearance in public. Nothing but deception and delusion!

The Persians exhibit in the presence of their sovereign the most abject humility; but I have often heard expressions, and witnessed acts of disrespect towards him as soon as they were out of his sight. As an instance of their cringing manner may be cited the reply given by a courtier who was asked by the Shah to draw nearer to him. "Sire," he answered, covering up his eyes with his hand, "spare me, I dare not approach nearer to thy person; the glory of thy magnificent splendor dazzles my eyes." They do not, on the other hand, pay the slightest attention to their sovereign's commands, requests or threats, and the more distant the place or province is from the capital the more surely are commands and threats ignored. The courtiers highest in his confidence, the servants and officers standing nearest to his person, those whom his generosity has enriched, are the very men to spread the vilest rumors about him. These slanders find their way amongst the people; poets compose lampoons about them, and these are declaimed in all the alleys and byways of the kingdom.

VII

I LEFT Teheran on the 2nd of September, 1862, by the gate of *Shah Abdul-Azim*, dressed in the costume of a Sunnite dervish from Bagdad, my *entari* (nether garment) reaching down to my heels, a red girdle round my waist, a striped black *mashlak* (a waterproof coat) on my back, and on my head a neat *keffie*,¹ both useful and ornamental. As it was usual to close the gates of Teheran after sunset, our little caravan had fixed upon a caravansary outside the town for our place of meeting. The travelers composing the caravan, became, for the most part, first acquainted with each other there. The

¹ An Arab headgear, consisting of a large handkerchief of silk with yellow stripes.

caravan consisted of about thirty laden mules, a couple of horsemen, mollahs, pilgrims returning from Meshed, merchants, mechanics and my insignificant self. It was two hours after midnight when we started and proceeded along the wide path leading to Shah Abdul-Azim, a place which is held in high esteem by the Teheran people as a resort for pilgrims. I walked there frequently during my stay in Teheran. The place is full of life and noise during the day, especially in the afternoon hours. There can be seen at all times a troop of gaudily dressed women of the better classes, sitting on horseback man fashion, prominent mirzahs and khans with numerous followers, and now and then a European coach, used generally by the court only. Of course at the time of night that we passed through it a dead silence was brooding over it. The moon shed an almost day-like light upon the mountain range stretching to the left and upon the gilded cupola beneath which the earthly remains of Shah Abdul-Azim reposed. After we had been riding in silence for two hours, some of the members of our caravan began to thaw into a social mood, and interrupted the monotony of our march by conversation and lively sallies.

We had to cross the desert in its entire length to get to our next station. The silence of the night becomes, in this wilderness, doubly oppressive, and as far as the eye of the traveler can reach he will find no spot to repose it upon. Only here and there may be seen piled up columns of sand, driven about by the wind, and gliding from place to place like so many dark specters. I did not wonder that these shifting shadows were taken by timid and credulous souls for evil spirits pursued by furies. My companion seemed to belong to the superstitious class, for wrapping his cloak tightly round him, he kept close to the densest part of the caravan, and would not, for the world, so much as glance at the wilderness stretching to the east.

It was about midnight when we heard the sound of bells, and upon my inquiry as to the meaning of this, I was told that a larger caravan, which had left an hour earlier than we did, was in front of us. We accelerated our march in order to overtake it, but had hardly come within a hundred paces from it when an intolerable stench, as if of dead bodies,

filled the air. The Persians were aware of the cause of this poisonous stench and hurried silently on; but it went on increasing the further we advanced. I could not restrain my curiosity any longer, but turning to my nearest neighbor, I asked again what this meant, but he curtly replied, betraying, however, great anxiety: "Hurry up, hurry up! this is the caravan of the dead." This information was sufficient to make me urge my wearied beast forward to greater speed, and after a while I reached, together with my companions, the caravan. It consisted of about forty animals, horses and mules, under the leadership of three Arabs. The backs of the animals were laden with coffins, and we made every effort to avoid the dread procession. In passing near one of the horsemen who had charge of the caravan I caught sight of a face, which was frightful to look at; the eyes and nose were concealed by some wraps, and the rest of his lividly pale face looked ghastly by the light of the moon. Undaunted by the sickening atmosphere, I rode up to his side and inquired about the particulars of his errand. The Arab informed me that he had been now ten days on the way, and that twenty more would pass in taking the dead bodies to Kerbela, the place where, out of devotion for Hussein, the pious wish to sleep their eternal sleep. This custom prevails all over Persia; and every person who can afford it, even if he live in distant Khorassan, makes arrangements to have his remains carried to Kerbela, in order that they may be interred in the soil wherein the beloved Imam Hussein is reposing. It takes sometimes two months before the dead body can reach its place of destination. One mule is frequently laden with four coffins, and whilst their conveyance during the winter is comparatively harmless, it is of deadly effect, to beast and man alike, in the heat of July in Persia.

At some distance from the caravan of the dead, I glanced back at the strange funeral procession. The animals with their sad burden of coffins hung their heads, seemingly trying to bury their nostrils in their breasts, whilst the horsemen keeping at a good distance from them, were urging them on with loud cries to greater speed. It was a spectacle which seen anywhere could not fail to produce a profound impression of terror, but seen in the very center of the desert,

at the dead hour of the night, in the ghastly illumination of the moon, it could not fail to strike the most intrepid soul with awe and terror.

The members of the little caravan had now been traveling together for three days, and this short time was amply sufficient to establish the friendliest feelings of good fellowship amongst them. Of course, no one entertained the faintest suspicion of my being one of those Europeans, the barest touch of whom renders a Shi-ite unclean, and with whom to eat out of the same plate is a capital sin. In their eyes I was the Effendi from Constantinople, the guest of the Turkish Embassy, who instigated by a desire to travel was about to visit imperial Isfahan and Shiraz, the paradise-like. I rapidly made friends with most of the company, although some of the most obdurate Shi-ites could not refrain, at times, from casting in my teeth, the manifold wrong-doings of the Sunnites. One man in particular, a shoemaker, whose tall green turban denoted his descent from Ali, annoyed me with his everlasting reiterations of the sinful usurpations of the three Caliphs. The quieter members of the company would try to soothe his ruffled spirits on such occasions, and turn the conversation into calmer channels; but my man very soon came back to the charge, and waxing warm with his favorite topic, he would take hold of the horse's bridle and talk with as much animation about the case of succession mooted a trifle of twelve hundred years ago, as though the whole affair had happened but yesterday.

Kum, with its green cupolas, loomed up before our eyes on the fourth day of our march. It is the sacred city of the Persian female world, for here, in the company of 444 saints, repose in eternal sleep the remains of Fatima, a sister to Imam (Saint) Riza, who, longing to see her brother, undertook for that purpose a journey from Bagdad to Meshed, but, on her way, was attacked by sickness in Kum, and died there. Kum, like Kerbela, is a favorite place of burial for Persian women, who cause their remains to be brought to this place from all parts of the country. But the town of Kum enjoys the less enviable distinction of being known as the abode of numerous evil-doers, owing to its having the privilege of sanctuary; and he who is lucky enough to escape

the hands of the executioner, and to find a refuge within its sacred walls, is safe from all molestation.

Every member of our caravan was eager to visit Kum, some wanting to take part in the penitential processions as pilgrims, others to make purchases and to attend to their affairs. At a considerable distance from Kum, the environs, like those of all places of resort for pilgrims, are dotted by small heaps of stones, which are raised by the hands of pious pilgrims, amidst the chanting of sacred psalms. Here and there a bush can be seen, too, decorated with the gaudiest kind of rags which are hanging on it. Every one is anxious to leave some mark of his devotion in the neighborhood; according to their inclinations, some resort to stones, others to rags in the accomplishment of their devotional duties. It is said that in former times another custom prevailed by which travelers might pay their tribute of respect—every passer-by would drive a nail into some tree on the road. I, too, dismounted and hung upon a bush a red silk tassel from my keffie. What a wonderful collection of fabrics from all parts of the world! On these bushes are represented the costly handiwork of India and Cashmere, the manufactures of England and America, and the humble frieze and coarse linen of the nomadic Turkoman, Arab and Kurdistan tribes. Now and then the eye is caught by a magnificent shawl suspended on the branches of a bush, exciting no doubt the cupidity of more than one pious pilgrim passing by; but it is perfectly safe, as no one would dare to touch it, it being considered the blackest act of sacrilege to remove any of these tokens of piety.

Before reaching the town we had to pass a cemetery of extraordinary dimensions, almost two English miles in length. My fellow-travelers, however, perceiving my astonishment at the extent of the burial ground, assured me that in point of size it could not be compared to that of Kerbek. We were in Kum at last; our caravan put up at the caravansary in the center of the bazaar, and I learned with pleasure that we were to take a two days' rest here.

As pious pilgrims we allowed ourselves but little time for rest, and shortly after our arrival, having washed and brushed our clothes, we repaired to the holy tomb. No Euro-

pean before me ever saw the interior of this sanctuary, for there is no power on earth to procure admission to it for a Frengi.

Innumerable Seids, entrusted with the custody of the tomb of their "first ancestress," are camping in the outer courtyard, planted with trees. A chapel with a richly gilded cupola rises in the center of the inner court. Twelve marble steps lead up to the door. The pilgrims remove their shoes at the first of these steps; their arms or sticks are taken away from them, and not until they have kissed the marble threshold are they permitted to enter. The beholder is struck with the extraordinary splendor of the interior of the chapel. The coffin, enclosed by a strong trellised bar of solid silver, remains always covered with a costly carpet. From the enclosure are suspended tablets containing prayers, which the faithful either read themselves, or have read to them by one of the numerous Seids, who are loitering about. Any amount of shouting, singing, weeping, and moaning, and vociferous begging of the Seids is going on in the chapel; but this infernal din does not interfere with the devotions of a great number of pious pilgrims, who, leaning their foreheads against the cold bars of the enclosure, gaze with fixed eyes upon the coffin, and mutter their silent prayers. I particularly admired the many valuable and precious objects, ornaments of pearls and diamonds, arms inlaid with gold, which were laid down upon the tomb of St. Fatima as sacrificial gift-offerings. My Bagdad costume offended the eye of many a person in the fanatic Shi-ite crowd, but, thanks to the kindness of my fellow-travelers, I experienced no annoyance whatever. From the tomb of Fatima the pilgrims frequently go to the tombs of some of the great ones of the earth; and I followed my companions to the tomb of Feth Ali Shah and his two sons, who for some reason or other stood in particularly high favor with the devout. The tomb was of the purest alabaster, and the portraits of the departed ones were very cleverly carved into it on the outside. After having thus accomplished our pious devotions, we felt at liberty to wander back to the town and look at its remarkable sights.

Here, as elsewhere, the first thing to look at was the bazaar. We were just then in the season of ripe fruit, and the

whole bazaar was filled with the water-melons, which are so celebrated throughout all Persia. The water-melon is, during the autumnal months, the almost exclusive food of one portion of the people of Iran, and its juice is frequently used in case of sickness for its medicinal properties. The Kum bazaar is remarkable not only for the abundance and delicacy of its water-melons, but also for its earthenware, one variety of which in particular, a long-necked pitcher, manufactured from potter's clay taken from the soil of the sacred city, is highly valued in trade. As I was making my rounds in the bazaar, examining everything, I happened to stop before a muslin dyer's shop. The Persian tradesman was industriously engaged in stamping and printing the rude stuff spread out before him, by means of stencils, which had been previously dipped in a blue dye, pressing them down with all his strength; and as he observed me looking at his doings, he turned upon me angrily, and evidently taking me for a Frengi, exclaimed: "We shall get rid of your expensive cotton fabrics, and will by and by know all your tricks of trade; and when the Persians will be able to do without Fren-gistan manufacture, I know you will all come begging to us."

We left Kum on the third day after our arrival there, and passing through several smaller places, where nothing worthy of note could be seen, we came to *Kashan*, after a fatiguing march of two days. My Persian fellow-travelers, long before we arrived at *Kashan*, were praising up, in the most extravagant style, as usual, the beauty and attractions of that town. For my part, the only thing of note I saw there was the bazaar of the braziers, where the celebrated kettles of *Kashan* are being manufactured. About eighty braziers' shops are standing close to each other in a line, and in each of them muscular arms are hammering away the whole blessed day. The brass wares manufactured here are considered to be without rivals in point of solid workmanship and elegance. Those highly polished bricks, which retain the brilliancy of their shining colors for centuries, are said to have been invented in this town. Formerly they were called bricks of *Kashan*, but now they are known only by the name of *Kashi*, and serve as the chief ornaments in all architectural monuments throughout Central Asia. The inhabitants had also

a great deal to tell about a dangerous species of scorpion, which made Kashan their home, but from motives of hospitality never hurt a stranger. I never came across any of these scorpions, but I had a great deal to suffer from a no less annoying tribe of animals, the *lutis* (strolling comedians), who attack every stranger coming to Kashan, and from whose clutches nothing can save you except a ransom in the shape of some gift. About ten of them stood there looking out for me as I was entering the caravansary, and immediately made a rush upon me, some producing hideous ear-splitting music with their fifes, drums and trumpets, others showing off a dancing bear; and one of them, seating himself opposite to me, engaged in a declamation, at the top of his voice, of a panegyric poem, in my honor, in which, to my utter astonishment, I heard my name mentioned. Of course, he had managed to ferret out my name from my companions. I bore the infliction for a little while patiently enough, listening to this charivari of sounds, but finally retired. But it was not an easy thing, by any means, to effect my retreat, for I was followed, on the spot, by one of the artists, evidently the chief of the strolling company, insisting upon some remuneration; and although I argued with him that I was but a beggar myself, he would not listen to reason, but bravely stood his place until I had given him something.

The road from *Kuhrud* goes uphill for a time and then inclines with a rather abrupt slope towards the plain lying on the other side of the mountain, where our next station was to be. The mornings had grown rather chilly and the travelers used to dismount on the way and pick up stray sticks of *buta*, a species of gumwood growing in bushes, which burns very well in its green state, but blazes with a loud crackling sound when dry. It is usual to raise a large pile of these sticks and then kindle it; the travelers range themselves round the blazing fire and afterwards resume their journey. We were standing for the second time, on the same morning, around this sort of fire when we were suddenly startled by the sound of voices, in the rear, mingling with savage exclamations, as if people were quarreling, and upon listening attentively we heard two reports from firearms, and the loud yelling of some person badly hurt. The whole caravan was

thoroughly alarmed, and, running in the direction whence the report of the firearm had proceeded, found there lying on the ground one of our companions, with a shattered arm. The affray had happened in this way. Several horsemen who were conveying the annual taxes from Shiraz to Teheran had come up with a couple of Jewish shopkeepers, whom they first insulted, and afterwards, passing from insult to injury, were about to lay violent hands upon. One of our company, a Persian, happening to be present, had pity on the poor Jews, stood up in their defense and took the impudent fellows from Shiraz rather roughly to task for their unbecoming conduct. One of the horsemen, a hotheaded young fellow, became so enraged at this interference, that he lifted his rifle and shot at the Jews. He afterwards pretended that the whole thing had been a joke, that he intended only to frighten one of the Jews by sending a bullet through his tall fur cap, but that unluckily he missed his aim and hit, instead, the Persian's arm. The incident so exasperated the whole caravan that our men at once started in pursuit of the culprit, who had meanwhile turned his horse's head and galloped away for his life, at a break-neck speed, but he was finally overtaken, dreadfully beaten, spit at amid loud curses, securely tied and brought back to the caravansary. Both the Shiraz man, who was bruised all over, and our wounded companion being unable to proceed either on foot or on horseback, they were placed side by side each in a basket, upon the back of a mule, and in the course of half an hour they were chatting away in the friendliest manner. They tied up each other's wounds, consoled one another, and went so far in their newborn friendship as to kiss each other; for according to the Eastern way of thinking neither of them was to be held responsible for what had happened. Fate had willed it so, and in its decrees every one must acquiesce.

In a village, called *Murtchekhar*, the judge of that place, evidently desirous of currying favor with the governor of Shiraz, attempted to liberate him, but the caravan stoutly refused to give him up, and only delivered him over, later, into the hands of justice, at Isfahan.

On the 13th of September I saw Isfahan, the former capital of Shah Abbas, through a thin mist of the morning.

Whenever a Persian, and, especially a native of Isfahan, sets his eyes, after an absence of some time, upon his native town, he is sure to exclaim: "Isfahan is half the world, but for Lahore," meaning thereby that Isfahan is, after Lahore, the largest city in the world. The citizens determine the extent of their city, by stating, with Oriental exaggeration, that it would take the boldest horseman two full days to make the circuit of its walls. And indeed the appearance of the city, with its extensive gardens, avenues of trees, and cupolas is really an imposing one. But in the East things look beautiful only on the surface, and shine only at a distance, and I was therefore but little disappointed when upon entering the town I met with the same labyrinth of crooked, narrow streets, the same miserable huts, dirt and extensive mud puddles in the roads, that I had before occasion to observe in Teheran and other towns of Persia.

I found the middle classes of Isfahan to be remarkably cultivated. There were shoemakers, tailors and shopkeepers who knew hundreds of verses of their best poets by heart, and were quite familiar with the masterpieces in the literature of their country. They are, as a rule, very intelligent, poetic, and quick at a telling retort. Malcolm, the excellent English writer on Persia, relates the story how, at the time when most of the high offices in the Persian towns were filled by relatives of the Vezir Hadji Ibrahim, a merchant who was unable to pay his taxes was summoned to the presence of a brother of Hadji Ibrahim, the governor of Isfahan, and upon entering was addressed by the latter, in an angry tone of voice, as follows:

"If thou art not able to pay like the others, begone, get thee gone!"

"Where shall I go?" asked the merchant.

"Go to Shiraz or Kashan."

"Oh, sir, then it would be going from the frying-pan into the fire, for thy cousin is governing in one place, and thy uncle in the other."

"Then go to the king and make complaint."

"This would not help me much, either, for there again thy brother is prime minister."

"Then go to h——," thundered at him the irate governor.

"Oh, sir, it is not so very long that thy sainted father, the pious Hadji, is dead," retorted the witty Persian.

The governor thereupon burst out laughing, and said: "Since thou findest it so hard to be reconciled to my relatives, I will pay thy debts for thee."

VIII

THE sight of Shiraz, standing in the midst of groves of thickly planted cypress trees, is quite a relief for the eye, wearied with the monotonous look-out upon the barren desert and bare rocks. The natives say that looking at the enchanting capital of southern Persia from the spot whence I first saw it, the stranger in his admiration involuntarily bursts out into the customary "Allah Ekber" (God is greatest), and that the place owes its appellation to this exclamation.

As I had now reached the end of my immediate journey, and intended to make a protracted stay, I took lodgings at the large court of the mosque.

One day, I happened to learn that a European, a native of Sweden, was living in the city and practicing as a physician. My love of adventure immediately suggested to me the propriety of paying him a visit; but I determined, as a matter of precaution, to keep up my incognito and to appear before him as a dervish. When I entered his room with the dervish's salutation of "Ya hu! Ya hakk!" the good doctor immediately put his hand in his pocket, in order to get rid of me by a gift of a few coins, the usual way of dismissing a dervish.

"What, dost thou give me money?" I exclaimed. "I come to seek thy confidence, not thy money. I come from a far-off country. I am sent to thee by my chief, to convert thee from the false religion that thou followest and to lead thee to the path of the true faith. I am charged by the Sheikh of Bagdad to make a Mussulman of thee."

The doctor to whom such attempts at proselytizing were by no means new, replied with a suppressed smile:

"This is all very fine, very fine, my dervish, yet it is not usual to try conversion in such a commanding way, but by convincing, affecting and eloquent speech. How canst thou

prove to me that thy chief has sent thee to me, and that he can work miracles?"

"Hast thou any doubts about it? One syllable from my master is enough to bestow the knowledge of all the sciences and languages of the world. Thou art a Frengi, and speakest probably many tongues. Put me to trial in any language."

The doctor stared at me, and I had some difficulty in maintaining my reserve. Finally he addressed me in Swedish, his native language.

"Swedish," I said, "I know that language as well as thou dost." As a proof I recited to him a few verses from Tegnér's "Frithiofs Saga," which, having been my favorite reading in my youth, came vividly back to my memory. The doctor's surprise knew no bounds. He began to try me in German, and to his astonishment I readily answered him in German, too. He did not fare any better with his attempt to upset me with French and English; and after having exchanged with him a few words in various languages, I returned to Persian and recited very impressively a verse from the Koran for the good of his soul. The poor man was utterly stupefied, but when he began to take to guessing at my real nationality, I abruptly rose and made the following farewell speech: "I will give thee time to reflect until eight o'clock to-morrow morning; either thou wilt turn Mussulman, or thou shalt feel the power of my master."

I returned to my quarters, but I had scarcely got out of bed next morning when I found the good doctor waiting for me. His curiosity did not allow him to wait until I came. I continued the old game with him at first, but finally I dropped the mask, and told him who I was. The delight of the doctor was great, and we embraced as if we had been two brothers. "I immediately thought you were a European," he said, "but your Persian talk made me doubt of it." He inquired about Teheran and his acquaintances there, and insisted, after we had been talking for some time, upon my gathering up my things and following him to his dwelling, in order to remain his guest as long as I desired it. To my Persian friends I pretended that I made my stay with the doctor in order to receive instructions in alchemy from him, a science which he was known to have cultivated before,

and, besides, my living with him seemed less strange to them from the fact of Europeans in Shiraz living entirely in Persian fashion. I chiefly employed my time in studying the customs, manners and modes of life of the interesting inhabitants of Shiraz. The most striking feature about them is their extreme excitability and irritability. Everybody, without exception, carries a two-edged curved poniard in his girdle, and is ready to make use of it on the slightest provocation or difference of opinion. Nor is there another city in Persia where so many lives are taken in such a careless manner. Once I was witnessing a richly dressed Persian walking superciliously along the narrow side walk of the bazaar whilst another Persian came from the opposite direction. The latter, in his hurry, did not know exactly which side to take in order to pass the former, and, as is usually the case on such an occasion, danced before the irate Persian from right to left. The latter, who evidently belonged to the better classes, drew his poniard without another word, and mortally stabbed the innocent man. This happened in broad daylight, in the presence of thousands of people; it may thus be easily imagined what frightful things are occurring in the darkness and seclusion of night. The dreadful cases one daily hears of make one's blood curdle; but the punishment dealt out by the Government is not a whit behind these atrocities in their extreme ferocity. To have the belly split open, the limbs maimed, and to be torn to pieces by horses are, by no means, unusual punishments, and once it happened that the governor caused four culprits to be buried together in a pit and had burning lime poured over them afterwards.

On the day of my departure I went to take leave of my generous friend, Dr. Fagergreen. I found him still in his bedroom in the upper story of his house. Our conversation frequently turned upon the probability of our ever meeting again, and whenever I happened to touch upon my Turkestan journey the tears would start to his eyes. I was deeply moved by this heartfelt, genuine sympathy. I had to leave; I embraced him for the last time; I seized his hand to give it a last hearty shake; but at the very moment I received a shock as if the whole house were falling. I glanced at my

friend's face—it was as pale as death. “Quick, for the love of God,” he cried; “let us call my wife and children, there will be an earthquake. The earthquakes in Shiraz are awful, especially if the shocks begin early in the morning.”

We quickly collected his wife and children, and as we came down the narrow staircase into the small yard, we heard an underground noise approaching us with a hollow roar, as if the bowels of the earth were about to open at our feet. The second shock was much more violent than the first had been. The high walls and the surrounding edifices began to totter from side to side with a loud creaking sound, and whilst I was looking up to the sky, the cry of “Yah Allah! Yah Allah!” piercing to the very marrow, was heard from every part of the town. The inhabitants of Shiraz know but too well the frightful consequences of this elemental catastrophe, and the stoutest heart may well quail at the deep roar in the womb of the earth, at the cries of distress above, the very birds fluttering about scared and helpless. For a few moments we stood still, completely paralyzed with fright. My host was the first to regain his composure; he turned to me and said: “We are here in a very narrow place. If this wall happens to come down we shall be all buried beneath it. Take my wife and children to the nearest larger place. I shall remain here, for the mob is apt to take advantage of the general fright to rob and plunder the house.” I wished to reply, but the doctor silenced me with a beseeching look, and taking hold of his trembling wife and children, I left without saying another word. We passed through a narrow alley crowded with pale and frightened people. The open space which we reached in a few moments presented a harrowing picture of distress and misery. Women and children were lying on the ground, fainting, screaming and tearing their hair. Others were running to and fro half clad or without any clothing on, as if they had just come out of their baths. A few minutes had sufficed to deprive the whole city of its senses. Amidst all this crying and screaming a couple of mollahs (priests) went about continually repeating that the Frangis sojourning in the city had brought on it this calamity. I began to entertain fears for the safety of my friend, and retraced my steps as fast as I could. As I reached

the yard I observed the birds flying about and flapping their wings in a restless and wild manner, which was a sure forerunner of another shock. And indeed very soon we heard the deep roar which usually precedes a violent thunderstorm. The earth shook beneath our feet, and as the shocks came nearer and nearer to the place where we were standing, the shock became so powerful that in spite of all our efforts we lost our equilibrium, and, trying to steady one another, sank together to the ground. I heard a frightful crash, and in another second I had the sensation of water rolling over me, and thought my last moment had come. This was the worst shock; a portion of the wall had given way, and the water which had passed over our bodies came from a neighboring water-tank. Trembling and frightened, I looked round to see if the building did not threaten to come down on our heads. In this moment of despair the shout of the infuriated mob, "The Frengis are unclean," reached our ears, followed by savage curses, and it seemed as if the mob intended to take the house by storm. "To arms!" cried my friend, but who would have had the courage to enter a house which threatened to come down at any moment? We paused and looked at each other, and then with one accord rushed into the house, returning immediately armed with rifles and pistols. We had now to defend ourselves both against the rage of the elements and the wickedness of man.

These moments will remain forever engraved in my memory. Suddenly we heard a loud report, and soon after saw dense clouds of dust rising in the air. Fortunately for us a building in the neighborhood had fallen down and scattered the savage mob. Before long the whole neighborhood became quiet. We did not feel another shock, but the whole city was wrapped in a dense cloud of dust. The very mountains, lying to the south, had been cleft in twain by these shocks which hurled down their precipitous sides huge blocks of stone and rocks, with a noise like thunder. Seeing that half an hour had passed without a renewal of the shocks, I picked up courage enough to leave the house.

The destruction in the city had been much too cruel for any pen to be able to present a picture of its terrible details. I met Count Rochechouart in the street; with an anxious face

he urged our immediate departure. The leave-taking from my friend was short but affectionate. Along the streets the huge cracks and fissures in the walls were yawning at us, as we went on; to the right and to the left—everywhere—nothing but desolation and misery were to be seen, whilst an expression of indescribable discouragement and mute resignation was brooding over the countenances of the people whom we met on our way. Our hearts yearned towards these unfortunates in their present sad plight, but it was, nevertheless, a feeling of relief to find ourselves, after passing through the gates of the city, in the open air again, where our fellow-travelers were awaiting our arrival. Outside there was an immense crowd; those who had run to the open country for safety were watching, with sinking hearts, for those members of their families who had been left behind in the city, and in their unreasoning distress inquired of us, who were perfect strangers to them, if we knew anything about their whereabouts. Words cannot tell with what profound satisfaction I descried at last Tenghi Allah Ekber, the spot from which I had on my arrival admired the romantic situation of Shiraz. Ten years before Shiraz had been visited by an earthquake far more calamitous than the last. There is a legend amongst the people that years and years ago the present site of Shiraz was covered by the waters of a lake, called Deryai Nemek, *i.e.*, the Salt Lake, lying to the east of it, and that the city is doomed to final destruction by this very lake, which will overwhelm it with its tide on the Day of Resurrection. We returned, in forced marches, by the same way on which, three months ago, I had wearily plodded on at the slow pace of caravan traveling. The journey was enlivened by the fascinating conversation of the noble Count and, now and then, by the chase of a herd of gazelles. The Persian horsemen, riding in front, descried them with lynx-eyed quickness, and the fast-running hounds were not long in overtaking them. At times, on our coming to a city, solemn receptions were prepared for us, and, on such occasions, there was no end of complimenting, sweet-meats, and feasting. I came back to Teheran at last, in the middle of January, 1863.

IX

I MADE it, of course, my first duty in Teheran to revisit the hospitable circle of my patrons. Here I learned that the war in Herat was at an end, and that, therefore, another obstacle to the carrying out of my program was cleared away. It has always been customary for the Turkish Embassy to give some assistance to the hadjis (persons who have visited the holy tomb of Mahommed) and to dervishes going every year from Bokhara, Khiva and Khokand, through Persia, to the Turkish Empire. This is a great boon to the poor Sunnite mendicants, who have no chance of ever getting a farthing from the Persian Shi-ites. As a consequence the palace of the Embassy had annually to entertain guests from far-off Turkestan, and upon these occasions I took particular pleasure in having the wild and ragged Tartars come to my room, where I contrived to learn of them a good deal about their country that was interesting. They were quite overwhelmed by my courtesy, and it soon became a familiar saying at the caravansary where these people used to put up, that Haidar Effendi, the Ambassador of the Sultan, was a man possessing a generous heart, but that Reshid Effendi (your humble servant's assumed name) was something more than that, for he treated the dervishes like brothers, and most likely was, in secret, a dervish himself.

It was nothing to be wondered at, therefore, since I enjoyed such a reputation, that the dervishes should have called first upon me before asking to be admitted to the presence of the Ambassador in chief who frequently would not receive them. Many a time it was through my intercession alone that they were able to obtain assistance in money, or to have some other requests granted. In this way it happened that four hadjis came to see me on the 20th of March, and asked me to introduce them to the Turkish Embassy before whom they desired to lay their complaints against the Persians for levying upon them, on their return from Mecca, the Sunnite tax, the collection of which had been prohibited long ago by the Sultan, a prohibition since ratified by the Shah of Persia. "We do not come to ask money of the Sultan's great ambassador," said they, "we only wish to insure that henceforth our

Sunnite countrymen shall not be compelled to pay a tax on visiting the holy places.' These unselfish words from the lips of an Oriental rather puzzled me; I subjected my guests to a closer scrutiny and discovered in them, in spite of the savage expression of their faces, their neglected exterior and the shabbiness of their dress, a certain natural nobility which did not fail to enlist my sympathies. Their spokesman, as a rule, was a hadji from Chinese Tartary, or Eastern Turkestan, as it is actually called; he wore over his tattered garments a new green *djubbe* (an upper garment of cloth) and on his head a white turban of gigantic size. His eyes sparkled with vivacity, and his superiority over the rest of his companions became more and more apparent in the course of the interview. He introduced himself as the Imam (court priest) of the governor of Aksu, one of the provinces of Chinese Tartary, and as a double hadji, having visited twice the holy tomb, and declared that he and his three companions present were the avowed chiefs of a hadji-caravan consisting of twenty-four men. "Our company," he added, "is composed of the young and the old, of the rich and the poor, of the lettered and the unlettered, yet we live in the utmost harmony with each other, for we are all natives of Khokand and Kashgar (the names frequently used to designate the whole of Chinese Tartary), and have no Bokhariotes vipers of humanity amongst us."

The interview had lasted for about an hour, and the frank and open manner of the men deepened the favorable impression they had made upon me at the outset. Although the characteristic features of their race, their careless and shabby attire and the effects of the miseries of a long and fatiguing journey, all combined to give them a wild, almost repulsive appearance; yet throughout the whole interview my mind was busy with the question of the feasibility of undertaking my travels in Central Asia in the company of these very pilgrims. I was thinking that being natives they would be the best guides I could possibly obtain, and it was something to be known to them as Reshid Effendi, and to have been seen by them as such at the Turkish Embassy. I did not hesitate long and told them of my intention to join their caravan. Of course, I was prepared for their putting questions to me

about the purposes of my journey, and I was equally clear in my mind that it would be both idle and injurious to tell these men of the scientific researches I had in view. They would have thought it ridiculous for an Effendi, a gentleman, to expose himself to untold dangers for the sake of some ideal object, and indeed might have entertained all sorts of suspicions against me had I told them the truth. I had to resort to a subterfuge which both flattered my guests and advanced my interests. I told them that my soul had been harboring for a long time the secret but most ardent wish to visit Turkestan (the only country abounding in genuine Islamite virtues) and the saints of Khiva, Samarkand and Bokhara. "This longing desire," I continued, "had brought me from Roum (Turkey), and now after having waited for a year in Persia for a favorable opportunity to gratify it, I had reason to thank God for having sent me, at length, such men as they were, in whose company I could continue my journey and attain the most cherished object of my life."

It was an extraordinary struggle I had to overcome in inventing this pretext, but I sought in vain for another means. My long experience with Orientals of many countries and of various ranks had fully convinced me of the utter uselessness of a straightforward confession of my purposes. I knew that with these simple and ignorant men science and curiosity must be discredited as the chief motives of my errand, and that all my oratorical power would fail to convince them of the possibility that a man living under the patronage of a high official of the Sultan was ready to undergo all the hardships and perils of a distant journey, for the sake of philological inquiries and for ethnographical discoveries. Hard and reluctant as it was, I had to resort to subterfuge, and to assume in their eyes a moral as well as a physical incognito.

The good Tartars looked at me and at each other, in amazement, after I had done speaking. Finally they confessed that they had long ago thought me to be a secret dervish, but that now they were convinced of the truth of their surmises. They declared that they were highly pleased with the distinction I was about to confer upon them by deeming them worthy of my company. Their spokesman Hadji Bilal said: "We are

all of us ready to be not only thy friends, but thy servants, but I must call to thy mind that the roads of Turkestan are not so safe as those of Persia and Turkey. Often along our roads we do not see a house for weeks, nor can we get a piece of bread, or even a drop of water. Besides this, we are kept in constant fear of being killed, made prisoners and sold into slavery, or buried by the sands in a hurricane. Therefore ponder this matter well, O Effendi! Thou mightest repent the step later, and we should not like thee to look upon us as the causers of thy misfortune. And, besides, remember that our countrymen are far behind us in matters of experience and knowledge of the world, and with all their hospitality are apt to regard with suspicious eyes every comer from foreign lands. And how wilt thou return, alone, without us?"

The effect of these words upon me may be easily imagined, but my purpose was not to be shaken. I made them easy on the score of their anxiety about me, I told them of the fatigues I had already borne, and my contempt of earthly comforts, particularly of my dislike to the French dress which I was compelled to wear, *ex officio*. I continued that I well knew this world to be nothing but a five days' inn, as our sages say, and that we are moving rapidly from it to give way to others. I laughed to scorn those Mussulmans who instead of caring for the present moment only, turn their thoughts to things which are going to happen years hence. "Oh! take me with you, my friends," I exclaimed; "I must leave this nest of errors, of which I am tired unto loathing."

My request touched them. The chiefs of the dervish-caravan accepted me at once for their fellow-traveler; we embraced and kissed all around, performances by no means pleasant considering the intolerable stench coming from their bodies and clothing. But I scarcely looked at such trifles, the main object of my discourse having been secured. My next step was to hasten to Haidar Effendi, my benefactor, to tell him of my intentions, and to request him to warmly recommend me to the hadjis I was about to introduce to him. He objected at first to the whole plan, and called me mad to wish to go to a country from which none of my predecessors ever returned, and in the society of fellows who were capable

of murdering any one for the sake of a few pence. But when my Turkish friends saw that all their arguments were of no avail, they set to work to give me every possible assistance. Haidar Effendi received the hadjis, settled their own matters to their satisfaction, then spoke of me, representing my motives in the way I had put them before the hadjis, commended me to their hospitality and protection, remarking that, they, in turn, could count upon his friendly service; "for," he added, "he whom I give in your charge, Reshid Effendi, is the Sultan's civil officer." I was afterwards told that the hadjis, at the audience where I was not present, had solemnly vowed to fulfill their promises. And, indeed, they honorably kept the word they had pledged. When the audience was over the Ambassador asked for a list of the names of the members of the dervish-caravan and distributed about fifteen gold pieces amongst them. This was a munificent gift to people accustomed to live on bread and water and utterly unused to comforts of any kind. The day of our departure was fixed for that day week. Hadji Bilal's visits were very frequent during this time, he bringing with him and introducing to me all his companions, in turn; and I own that their exterior was not apt to inspire confidence. These visits made me suspect that the pious hadji looked on me as a rich prey and was anxious not to lose me. But I conquered my suspicions, and showed the hadji, as a mark of confidence in him, the small sum of money I intended to take with me, requesting him, at the same time, to inform me precisely how I was to dress and what mode of life I should follow in order to be as like to my companions as possible, and not attract any undue attention. He was highly pleased with my request and readily gave me his advice in the matter. In the first place, he said, I was to shave my head and exchange my Turkish costume for that of Bokhara, and in the next place I must leave behind me my bedding, linen and similar articles of luxury. Of course I followed directions, which could be easily complied with, to the smallest point, and was ready to embark in my perilous enterprise three days before the appointed time. I made use of this interval to pay a return visit to the caravansary where my future fellow-travelers were staying. They were living in two small cells, fourteen

of them in one, and ten in the other. I never saw in my life so much of raggedness and dirt crowded into such a small space, and the impression this misery then made upon my mind still lives fresh in my memory. Only a few of them were able to perform the journey out of their own means; the rest of them had to resort to begging. When I entered they were busy with a mode of cleansing themselves, the loathsome description of which I will spare my reader, but which, alas! I too had to adopt in course of time.

I was very cordially received by them, and, according to their custom, they immediately prepared some green tea for me, of which it took all my heroism to swallow a Bokhara cup, the green liquid without sugar being the worst thing mortal ever tasted. As a mark of their kind feelings for me they offered me another cup of tea—but I politely declined, my stomach admonishing me that it would refuse to take in any more of the vile stuff. Then there ensued a scene of general embracing; I was looked upon by all of them as their brother, and had this affectionate title bestowed upon me; and, finally, after I had broken bread with every one of them separately, we sat down to settle the definite details of our route. We had two roads to choose from, both equally perilous from the fact of their passing through the desert where the Turkomans are at home. One of the roads by way of Meshed, Merv and Bokhara was less fatiguing, it is true, but it would have taken us through territory inhabited by the Tekke Turkomans, who have the well-deserved reputation of sparing nobody and who would sell the Prophet himself into slavery if he ever fell into their hands. The other road runs through a country inhabited by the Yomut Turkomans, an honest hospitable people; but this road included a desert, where for twenty stations not a drop of drinking water could be obtained. After exchanging our views on the subject we decided in favor of the latter road. "It is better," said the chief of the caravan, "to brave the rudeness of the elements than to expose ourselves to the wickedness of man. God is merciful; we are walking in His ways, and surely He will not desert us." Our decision was now ratified by an oath recited by Hadji Bilal. Whilst he spoke we held up our hands towards Heaven, and when he had finished speaking

every one took hold of his beard and said a loud "Amen" to it. Then we rose from our seats, and I was told to join them on the morning of the day after next in order to start on our journey. When I returned to the Embassy a last attempt was made by my friends to turn me from my purpose. They recalled the tragic fate of Conolly, Stoddart, and Moorcroft, and the case of Blocqueville who had fallen into the hands of the Turkomans and was rescued from slavery only by a ransom of ten thousand ducats. But the sad fate of others had no terrors for me and I remained firm in my determination to go.

I took leave of my friends at the Turkish Embassy on the eve of my departure. Only two persons knew of the real destination of my journey; the rest of the European colony thought I was going to Meshed.

X

ACCORDING to appointment, I made my appearance at the caravansary on the 28th day of March, 1863. Those of my friends who could afford to hire a mule or ass to take them to the Persian border were ready, booted and spurred; the poorer, with pilgrim's staffs in their hands, were waiting, too, for the signal of departure. I observed with astonishment that the shabby garments worn by the party in town had been exchanged for other far more ragged ones, hanging down in a thousand tatters and fastened by means of a rope across the back, and learned, to my great surprise, that the miserable dress worn by them in town was their best holiday attire, which was now laid aside in order to save it. But yesterday I fancied myself a beggar in my new costume—to-day I looked fit to be a purple-clad king amidst my companions. Hadji Bilal at last raised his hands for a blessing on our journey, and we had not fairly seized our beards and said our customary Amens, when those of our party who were to walk on foot made a rush towards the gate, in order to get ahead of us who were seated on mules or asses.

The sun had risen to the height of a lance, as the Orientals say, when I turned to give a last farewell look at Teheran, gilded by the early sun, whilst my companions, like pious pilgrims that they were, raised their voices and sang sacred

songs. They did not take amiss my not joining them, for they knew that the people of Roum (the inhabitants of European Turkey) were not brought up in such a strict religious way as those of Turkestan, but they hoped that in their society I should soon learn to be more enthusiastic in religious observance.

The caravan numbered twenty-three besides myself; they were all from Khokand and Eastern Turkestan, and mostly natives of Kashgar, Tashkend and Aksu. Their chiefs were Hadji Bilal, of whom I have already spoken, Hadji Sheikh Sultan Mahmud, a fanatic young Tartar, who traced his lineage from a renowned saint, and Hadji Sali Khalifa, who was endeavoring to obtain the rank of an Ishan (the title of Sheikh), and belonged to the half-priestly class. They honored me with their friendship, and we four were looked upon as the chiefs of the caravan. My name henceforth ceased to be Reshid Effendi and became Hadji Reshid.

We proceeded without any misadventure along the continually rising heights of the mountain chain of Elburz. *Kemerd* was our first station. It offered nothing but a half-ruined hut of mud, in the middle of a desert, its weather-beaten walls threatening to give way at any moment. The rain poured in through the chinks of the roof, and it was difficult to find a hand-breadth of dry ground. It was dusk when we arrived, and everybody hurried to get a dry place in the caravansary, myself amongst the pushing crowd. My friend Hadji Bilal set to preparing the *pilar*, and for want of fat, he poured on it grease obtained by melting down some tallow candles. I was of course invited to take my part of this luscious meal, but declined with thanks. Leaving the side of my kind friend, I went amongst the beggars and Persian mule-drivers, and drawing myself up into a corner, I thought, listening to the howling wind and beating rain outdoors in the dark night, of my present miserable condition, compared with that of last night at the palace of the Turkish Embassy, where I was sitting at a sumptuous farewell banquet, given in my honor, the wine glass freely circulating amongst my friends. And now I should have deemed myself happy if I had but room enough to stretch my limbs. To right and left of me fellows, ragged, dirty, ill-smelling

and abounding in a variety of little rovers, were affectionately leaning on me; and, to cap the climax of my misery, a Persian mule-driver, afflicted with the gout, sat down near me, now moaning, now screaming with pain, whilst stentorian snoring was going on all around me. My clothes were soaking wet with the rain, and I myself was wet to the skin and shivering as if with a fit of ague. No wonder I could not close my eyes all night, and felt so weak next morning that I could hardly keep my seat decently in the saddle.

We passed the following night much more comfortably in a village called *Ghilar*. We divided into smaller troops, and I joined Hadji Bilal and his intimates. We found quarters in a small room belonging to a peasant, my friend inviting me again to take supper with him. This time I bravely got over my squeamishness; my ravenous appetite made me indulgent towards the nasty smell of the dish and the dirty hands of my companions, who were using them vigorously in helping themselves out of our common plate. The following morning I rose with renewed strength, after a refreshing sleep, and began, with less anxiety, to look the future in the face.

I was considerably amused by the remarks made regarding myself by some Persian villagers, who, with clownish sharp-sightedness, were quick to discover that I was neither a Tartar, nor even an Osmanli, but a Frengi body and soul, availing myself of the society of dervishes in order to visit Central Asia, a land almost inaccessible to Europeans. But of these their surmises they never betrayed a single word to my companions; the Persian Shi-ites' hatred of the Sunnite Central-Asians being such that nothing affords them greater pleasure than to see their mortal enemies imposed upon.

The Persian travelers who had come with us as far as *Surkh-Abad*, *i.e.*, Red Abode, there took leave of us. The abundant wood and excellent water we found caused immense delight to my Tartars. Whilst at other times six and eight of them would cook by one fire, now each of them kindled a separate fire whereby to prepare his tea. They made use of the very embers, by divesting themselves of their clothes, and two of them holding and drawing tight a piece of clothing at a time over the fire, whilst a third would gently beat it with a small stick. The whole proceeding seemed to

me rather mysterious at first, but a peculiar sound, now crackling, now hissing, soon showed that this was a mode of putting to death by fire victims innumerable. The practice, when I first saw it, filled me with disgust; the time arrived, nevertheless, when, for cleanliness' sake, I indulged in it as zealously as any of those present. We were nearly exhausted by our long march on bad roads, and as soon as the dusk of evening approached we were all of us looking for some place to rest in. We should have stopped at many a place in the woods if some Persians had not warned us that the forest was full, particularly at this season, of wild animals who, driven by their predatory instincts, will at night attack strongly built houses, not to speak of human beings camping in the open air. We were especially warned against tigers. In spite of fatigue we were compelled to march on in the woods until late in the night, when we came near several groups of houses, standing apart and called *Heftten*; we settled down near them on the margin of the forest. We decided to keep up a large fire during the whole night, and that each of us should in turn keep watch near the fire. Our nightly fire soon lit up the entire landscape; but the thicket close to us still resounded with the stealthy tread and deep roar of our ferocious enemies. A herd of hungry wild boars were looking out for their prey, and the only way to keep them off was by discharging at intervals our firearms at them. The jackals showed most remarkable impudence; they would come quite near us and gambol around us like so many domestic animals, not even minding our sticks. These animals will watch you when you are too absorbed in conversation to keep your eyes on your food or clothing, and catlike pounce upon either, in an unguarded moment, and run away with it. The night passed, however, without any mishap. On the following day I bought for a *penabad* (about two pence and a half) ten large fine and savory pheasants. My Tartar companions, too, bought a good many, there being a drug of them in the place; owing to their inability to rise in the air in the dense woods, they are killed with sticks by the thousands. For days the excellent roast, furnished by their succulent and finely flavored flesh, supplied the place of bread, which is very expensive.

We entered *Sari*, which rises in the middle of a marshy country, covered with mud from head to foot, owing to the miserable roads on which we had to pass. The inhabitants, Persian Shi-ites, laughed at our sad appearance, and a troop of urchins pursued us with insults and cries, until we reached the gate of the caravansary. On entering the bazaar, several men, in red-striped costumes and with peculiar head-gears, stood still at our approach, raising their hands and looking at us with great respect. They were Turkomans, residing here, who wished to receive from us, their Sunnite brethren, just come from the Holy Land, a *fatiha*¹ (blessing) while it was still fresh. We had passed scarcely an hour at the caravansary when a number of others made their appearance, bringing with them gifts of food for ourselves and our animals. One of them paid his respects to me, and, following the example of my companions, I gave him a blessing, which he rewarded by a gift of tobacco worth a couple of shillings. I afterwards told Hadji Bilal of it, and he took occasion to remark at this with brightening eyes: "Yes, Effendi, we shall be free before long; we are coming to the land of the Turkomans, our brethren in faith, and as much distinction is awaiting us there as we have to suffer shame, contumely and contempt at the hands of the Persians." I had become such a Sunnite, by this time, that his words caused me real pleasure; forgetting, as all the while I did, the frightful stories I had heard about the savageness and cruelty of the inhabitants of the desert.

We passed two days in *Sari*. My companions were busy trying to sell their asses, for we were to embark at the next station and wished to avoid the trouble of shipping and taking the animals with us. In *Sari* we became acquainted with several distinguished members of the Afghan colony, and immediately on our arrival were invited by them to supper. There happened to be other guests, merchants from *Karatape*, whilst we were there, and our Afghan brethren warmly recommended them to the whole caravan. These men served us, with the greatest alacrity, as guides to their native place.

Karatape owes its name to the black hill standing in the

¹ *Fatiha* means the opening chapter of the Koran, and is recited as a blessing.

center of the village, one side of it being inhabited by Persians and the other by Afghans. The first thing I did was to climb this hill in order to take a passing glance at the Caspian Sea. From this spot the open sea cannot be seen, it being concealed by a long and narrow strip of land, running far into the sea, and looking, at a distance, like a line wooded with tall trees. All I could descry was the sheet of water between this line and the shore. I then hurried back to our lodgings to see how the preparations for our passage to the Turkoman desert were progressing. After a good deal of inquiry we heard on the following evening that a Turkoman was about to sail directly for Gomushtepe, and was willing, from feelings of kindness, to take all the hadjis with him. He wished us to be ready on the shore early in the morning so as to be able to take advantage of a favorable breeze. Hadji Bilal, Hadji Salih, and myself, the acknowledged triumvirate of the beggar-caravan, immediately went in search of the Turkoman whose name was Yakub. We found him to be a young man still, with an air of boldness about him. He immediately embraced every one of us, and declared himself willing to wait another day in order that we might procure the necessary articles of food. We had here to provide ourselves with flour, rice and other sustenance to last as far as Khiva; the Turkomans themselves coming to this place to make their purchases. Before all, Yakub asked a blessing of Hadji Bilal and Hadji Salih, and as we were turning to leave he called me aside and asked me to remain a few minutes longer. Of course I remained. He confided to me, with some embarrassment, a case of unhappy and unrequited love, of which he was the victim, and that a very clever sorcerer, a Jew who happened to be just then in Karatape, had promised to prepare for him a very powerful *nuskha* (talisman) if he would take to him thirty drops of oil of roses fresh from Mecca, which were absolutely necessary for the writing of the magic formula. "I know," continued Yakub, "that the hadjis bring with them oil of roses and other fragrant articles, and, thou being the youngest of the chiefs of the caravan, I apply to thee and hope thou wilt comply with my request." Our companions had, in truth, brought with them oil of roses, and they at once gave

him what he had asked for, to the great delight of the good youth.

Early in the morning of the following day we were all assembled on the shore. We now had each of us, besides our beggars' bags, a sack of flour, and, owing to the shallowness of the shore and the consequent distance of the vessel, which lay about a mile off the land, it took considerable time before we were all of us safely carried by boat to the vessel. The craft was a so-called *keseboy*, carrying a mast and one sail, and engaged in carrying freight; she had brought oil of naphtha, pitch and salt from the island of *Tchereken*, and was now sailing back freighted with a small cargo of produce. We had to sit in two rows, close to each other, in order to allow Yakub and his two men space enough easily to move about. Our situation was not of the pleasantest; it was tolerable during the day, but when at night we were oppressed by sleep, we were often compelled to support the burden of a snoring hadji for hours. Two sleepers together would sometimes lean on me, one from the right and another from the left, yet I dared not wake them, for it is considered a great sin to disturb the slumbers of the Faithful.

A favorable westerly wind swelled our sail on the tenth of April, and I enjoyed the sail in the magnificent spring weather as well as I could in my cramped position. A calm set in towards evening; we anchored near the shore, and each of us in turn prepared his tea at the fireplace of the vessel. We arrived on the following day below *Ashurada*, which forms the southernmost point of Russia's possessions in Asia. The place makes a favorable impression upon the traveler coming from Persia. One small and two large Russian men-of-war are permanently in the harbor, for the defense of the Russians in *Ashurada* and the sailing vessels bound for the place. It happened more than once that, in spite of the strenuous exertions of the military Russian governor, a great number of unfortunate Persians, and not unfrequently Russian sailors, too, were dragged in chains into slavery to *Gomushtepe*. The Russian vessels are cruising day and night in the Turkoman waters, and every Turkoman vessel, coming from the eastern shore and bound for the shores of southern Persia, must provide itself with a passport, which must be

produced in passing Ashurada. At such times the vessel is carefully searched for slaves, arms and other articles forbidden to be carried.

Our Yakub, too, had his papers, which he produced on the evening we arrived at Ashurada, in order that we might go on without further delay. But it being rather late in the evening, the Russian officer put off his visit to the vessels till next morning. We cast anchor not far from the shore. I was uneasy all night at the thought of these Russian officers coming to-morrow to make their visit on board, and possibly being struck by my European features and complexion. I was not afraid of any inhuman treatment, but I feared they might wish me to give up my journey and discover my identity to my companions. The pleasant sound of church bells roused me next morning. My companions told me that this was the Sunday of the infidels and their holiday. One of the men-of-war in our neighborhood was beflagged all over. I observed, after a while, that a boat, manned by sailors in full uniform, was sent from her to the shore, and returned to the ship immediately with an officer in full uniform. In about ten minutes we were called upon to draw nearer to the Russian vessel, and I perceived that several fair-haired officers were standing near the gangway. The nearer I approached the faster beat my heart, and I tried, as well as I could, to place myself in such a way as not to have to meet their eyes. The day being a holiday the search was made very superficially, their interpreter exchanging a few words with Yakub, whilst the officers were making fun of our party of beggars. I heard one of them say: "Just look, how white this hadji's complexion is," referring in all probability to me whose face was less weatherbeaten and tanned than my companions. Yakub was soon allowed to leave; and, weighing anchor, our vessel, favored by a fair breeze, bravely plowed the waters. In a few hours the Turkoman seashore, looking like a long, moderately undulating line, rose before our eyes.

XI

THE Tadjiks maintain to this day that *Samarkand*, this ancient city of Central Asia, is the center of the world. And

it does, in truth, excel all the other cities of Central Asia, in its ancient monuments as well as in the splendor of its mosques, its grand tombs and new structures. We put up at a large caravansary where hadjis are provided with free quarters, but having been invited on the day of our arrival to establish my quarters as a guest in a private house near the tomb of Timur, I readily accepted the invitation and left the caravansary. I was agreeably surprised to find in my host an officer of the Emir who was charged with the superintendence of the Emir's palace at Samarkand. The return of the Emir, who was about to terminate a successful campaign at Kokhand, having been announced to take place in a few days, my fellow-travelers determined to oblige me by putting off their departure from Samarkand until I had an opportunity to see the Emir and find suitable companions for my return journey. I employed my time, in the meanwhile, in looking at the remarkable sights in the city, of which a greater variety is offered here than in any city in Central Asia. Being now a hadji I had, of course, to begin with the saints. There are here about a hundred holy places to be visited, and the pilgrims do their visiting by a certain established rote, according to the superior claims of persons and places to sanctity. I would not deviate from the observance of this routine, and looked at everything, in its proper turn, down to the smallest object, with the zeal and devotion becoming the character I was acting. Amongst the many, I will mention in passing only the mosque of Timur; that castle in one of the halls of which the celebrated *Kök-Tach* (*i.e.*, green stone) is still to be seen upon which the great Emir had his throne erected, when its hall was crowded with vassals who hied from all the quarters of the world to do him homage; at that time when three messengers on horseback were always standing ready in the precincts of the amphitheatrically constructed hall to blazon forth the edicts of the conqueror of the world to the remotest corner of it. The tomb of Timur and its many brilliant medresses are worth mentioning, too. Only a portion of the latter are used as dwelling-places, and many of them are threatened with decay. The medresse of Hanim, once so grand, is in ruins now, and in vain did I search within moldering walls for even a trace

of the renowned Armenian and Greek library which Timur is alleged to have brought to Samarkand to form one of the ornaments of his capital.

Whilst I was in Samarkand crowds were always thronging in the bazaars as well as in the public places and streets, to which the soldiers returning from the war contributed, to a great extent. The number of its regular population hardly exceeds fifteen to twenty thousand inhabitants, two-thirds of whom are Uzbeks, and one-third Tadjiks. The Emir, whose seat of government is properly speaking in Bokhara, used to spend two or three months during the summer in Samarkand, owing to its more elevated position and more genial climate.

I had now passed eight days in Samarkand, and I finally came to the conclusion to return to the West by way of Herat, taking the route I have mentioned before.

My preparations for the journey had advanced considerably when the Emir made his triumphal entry into Samarkand. Its taking place had been announced for some days past, and a great multitude had collected on the *righistan* (principal public place), to witness the show, but I cannot say that any special pomp was displayed in the pageant. The procession was headed by two hundred sherbazes, wearing over the uncouth Bokhara costume some sort of overall of skin, to which piece of additional dress they were indebted for their being called regular troops. They were followed by horsemen with banners and kettledrums, and behind these, at some distance, came Emir Mozaffar ed-din, surrounded by his higher officers and chief men. The Emir was forty-two years old, of middle size, rather stout, but very pleasant in appearance, with fine black eyes and a thin beard. After the Emir came Kiptchaks—rude, martial warriors with features nearly Mongolian, armed with bows and arrows and shields.

The Emir caused a feast to be arranged for the people on the day of his arrival, several gigantic caldrons being erected, on that occasion, on the *righistan*, in which the princely pillar was being cooked. Into each of these caldrons was thrown a sack of rice, three sheep chopped up, a large pan of mutton fat, enough to make five pounds of tallow candles, and a small sack of carrots. Then ensued a scene of eating and drinking beggaring all description.

An *arz*, that is a day for public audiences, was proclaimed for the following day. I took advantage of this occasion to present myself in the company of my friends to the Emir. As we were entering the interior of the city, we were startled to find ourselves stopped by a Mehrem, who gave us to understand that his Badevlet (majesty) wished to see me alone, without my companions. My friends were this time of my opinion, that this message boded ill to me. But what was to be done but to follow the Mehrem to the palace. After being made to wait for about an hour I was conducted into a room where I found the Emir reclining on a mattress of red cloth, amidst books and papers lying about. I recited a short Sura, accompanying it with the usual prayer for the welfare of the governing prince, and after saying amen, to which the Emir responded, I sat down in close vicinity to him without having first received his invitation to do so. The Emir was struck by my bold behavior, which was in fact in perfect keeping with the character of a dervish. He fixed his eyes severely on mine as if wishing to embarrass me, and said:

“Hadji! I hear thou hast come from Roum to visit the graves of Baha-ed-din and the other holy men of Turkestan?”

“Yes, takhsir (sir)! and, besides, to be edified by thy blessed beauty.”

“Strange; and hast thou no other object in coming here from such distant lands?”

“No, takhsir! It has ever been the warmest wish of my heart to visit noble Bokhara and enchanting Samarkand, upon whose sacred ground, as is justly observed by Sheikh Djelal, men should walk with their heads rather than their feet. Besides, this is my only vocation, and I having been roaming now through the world for many a day as a *djihangheste*” (a wanderer through the world).

“How is this, a *djihangheste* with thy lame foot? This is very strange indeed.”

“Let me be thy victim, takhsir! (This phrase answers our “I beg your pardon, sir.”) Thy glorious ancestor Timur—may he rest in peace—was afflicted in the same way, and yet he became a *djihanghir*” (a conqueror of the world).

Having bantered me in this preliminary conversation, the Emir inquired what sort of impression Bokhara and Samar-

kand had made upon me. My answers, which I took occasion to interlard with copious citations of Persian poetry, seemed to make a favorable impression upon the Emir, who was a mollah himself and spoke Arabic pretty well; but I was not altogether sure yet of my success with him. After the audience had lasted for a quarter of an hour he summoned a servant, and telling him something in a cautious undertone he bade me follow the servant.

I quickly rose from my sitting posture and followed as I had been bid. The servant led me through a number of yards and halls, whilst my mind was at the time cruelly agitated by fears and misgivings as to my fate; my perplexed imagination conjuring up pictures of horror and seeing myself already traveling on the road to the rack and that dreadful death which was ever present to my mind. My guide showed me, after a good deal of wandering about, into a dark room, conveying to me by a sign that I should expect him here. I stood still, in what state of mind any one can guess. I counted the moments with feverish excitement—when the door opened again. A few seconds yet of suspense and the servant approached at last, and by the light of the opening door I saw him holding in his hand, instead of the frightful instruments of the executioner, a parcel carefully folded up. In it I found a highly ornamental suit of clothing, and an amount of money destined for my onward journey, sent to me as a present by the Emir.

As soon as I obtained possession of the parcel I hastened away to my companions, wild with joy at my escape. They were quite as glad of my success as I myself had been. I subsequently learned that Rahmet-Bi had sent the Emir an equivocating report about me, in consequence of which I was received with diffidence at first by the Emir, but succeeded in dissipating his mistrust, thanks to the glibness of my tongue.

My fellow-hadjis now advised me to leave Samarkand at once, and not even to sojourn at *Karshi*, but to cross over as quickly as possible to the other side of the Oxus, and await there in the midst of the hospitable *Ersari-Turkomans* the arrival of the caravan bound for Herat. I took their advice. The hour of parting was at hand. I feel my pen is too feeble to give an adequate picture of the parting scene. For

six months we had been sharing in all the dangers connected with traveling in the desert; we had in common defied robbers, borne the raging elements, and braved hunger and thirst. No wonder then that the barriers of position, age and nationality were all broken down, and that we had come to look on ourselves as one family. It may be easily imagined with what heavy hearts we looked forward to the sad moment when we should have to separate. There is hardly anything more painful to the heart of a true man than to see those ties severed which common hardships, the exchange of mutual acts of friendship and devotion, have firmly knit together. And mine, especially, I own it, nearly broke at the thought of the double-dealing I had to practice upon these friends of mine—the best I had in the world, who had preserved my life—even in these last moments leaving them in the dark as to my identity. But those who know the fanaticism of the Moslems, and the danger I should have exposed myself to by divulging the truth even at the moment of farewell, will surely find no fault with my reserve.

After recommending me most warmly to a couple of pilgrims with whom I was to go to Mecca, in terms such as one uses in committing to the charge of another that which is dearest, a brother or a son, they remained with me until I had passed through the gates of the city, outside of which my new fellow-travelers were already waiting for me with their hired wagons. The sun was setting when, tearing myself away from the last embrace, I stepped into the vehicle. We were all crying like very children. My friends remained standing and looking after me for a long while, holding up their hands towards heaven and beseeching the blessing of Allah on my head. Often and often I turned back to get a last look at my faithful friends, but they soon disappeared from view, and I saw nothing but the cupolas of Samarkand bathed in the pale light of the rising moon.

I did not remain long with my new fellow-travelers from the Khanate of Kokhand. But I attached myself all the more closely to a young mollah from Kungrat by the name of Ishak, who wished to go with me to Mecca. He was a kind-hearted youth, as poor as myself, and looking upon me as his master, he was always ready to serve and oblige me.

The road from Samarkand follows the direction of the road to Bokhara up to the hill whence we saw the city for the first time. The next day found us already in the desert. In truth, however, compared to the other deserts through which I had passed, it might have been more fitly denominated an extensive grassy plain or a prairie. One meets here everywhere with herdsmen, owing to the numerous wells around which nomadic Uzbegs have their tents erected. The wells are for the most part very deep, and near them are tanks forming reservoirs for water, of stone or wood, at which the cattle are watered.

As we had an abundance of leisure, my faithful mollah and I, we visited the Lebab-Turkomans (viz., Turkomans on the bank). We were given quarters in the yard of an abandoned mosque. In the evening hours the Turkomans would bring with them one of their poetical tales, or a poem out of their collections of songs, and I was in the habit of reading it out aloud to them. It was delightful to have them sitting around me in the stilly night within view of the Oxus rolling onward, they listening to me with rapt attention while I read about the brave feats of one of their heroes.

One evening the reading had lasted as late as midnight. I was quite fagged out, and, forgetting to heed the advice I had been frequently given not to lie down near a building in ruins, I stretched my weary limbs close to a wall and very soon fell asleep. I might have slept for an hour when I was suddenly roused by a painful sensation. I jumped up screaming; I thought a hundred poisoned needles had run into my leg. The spot from which the pain proceeded was a small point near the big toe of my right foot. My cries roused an old Turkoman, lying nearest to me, who, without asking any questions, immediately broke out in the following comforting apostrophe: "Unhappy hadji! thou wast bitten by a scorpion, and that at the unlucky season of the *saratan* (canicular or dog days). God have mercy on thee!" Saying these words he seized my foot, and tightly swathing my foot so as almost to sever it from the heel, he immediately applied his mouth to the wounded spot, and began to suck at it with such a violence that I felt it passing through my whole body. Another soon took his place, and re-swathing my foot twice

they left me to my fate, with the sorry comfort that it would be decided before next morning's prayers whether it would please Allah to free me from my pain or from the vanities of this world. Although I was quite stupefied with being thrown about, and the burning and stinging pain which kept on increasing in intensity, my memory still reverted in a dull, mechanical way to a recollection of the fact that the scorpions of Belkh were known in ancient times for their venomous nature. My distress was rendered more intolerable by my fears, and that I had given up every hope during the many hours of suffering was proved by the circumstance that, totally unmindful of my incognito, I had broken out into such moans and plaintive exclamations as seemed to be quite outlandish to the Tartars, who, as I subsequently learned, were in the habit of bursting out into shouts of joy on an occasion of this kind. In a few seconds the pain had darted from the tips of my toes to the top of my head, rushing up and down like a stream of fire, but being confined nevertheless to my right side only. The tortures I was suffering beggar all description, and losing all further interest in life I dashed my head against the ground reckless of all consequences, and seeking relief in death. This action of suicidal violence was speedily remarked by the others, and they, taking no heed of my remonstrance, tied me securely to a tree. Thus I continued to be in a prostrate, half-fainting condition for several hours, staring fixedly at the starry vault above me, whilst the cold sweat of agony was gathering in heavy drops on my forehead. The Pleiades were slowly moving towards the west, the beloved West, which I despaired of ever seeing again. Being perfectly conscious I looked forward to the hour of prayer with its sounds of devotion, or rather to the dawn of day. Meanwhile gentle sleep stole over me, sealing my burning eyelids, but I was soon roused from my beneficent slumbers by the monotonous: "La Illah, il Allah!"

When I awoke and began to arrange my ideas I thought I felt a slight cessation of the pain. The burning and stinging sensation grew less and less violent, and about the time that the sun had risen to the height of a lance, I could attempt to stand on my foot, although very feebly and clumsily

yet. My companions assured me that the morning prayer had the effect of exorcising the devil which had crept into my body by means of the bite of the scorpion. Of course I dared not suggest any doubts as to this pious version of my cure, but was too well pleased under any circumstances to have got over this dreadful night, the horrors of which will be ever present in my memory.

The large, flourishing valley, intersected by canals, in the center of which the city of Herat is situated, is called *Djolghei-Herat* (the Plain of Herat). I saw with surprise how rapidly the wounds inflicted by war had healed. But two months ago savage Afghan hordes had been camping in the neighborhood, trampling down and laying waste everything, and behold! to-day the fields and vineyards are boasting of their intensest verdure, and the meadows are covered with a luxuriant sward dotted all over with field-flowers, making them look like embroidered work.

We entered by the gate of *Dervaze-Irak* (viz., the Gate of Irak). The gate itself and the houses surrounding it were one mass of ruins. Not far from the gate, in the interior of the city, was a lofty fortification, which, owing to its phenomena, was more particularly exposed to the hostile missiles, and now there was nothing left of it but a heap of stones. The wooden framework from door and window was gone, it having been used up as fuel, of which there was great scarcity in the city during the siege. In the deserted openings of the houses were seen naked Afghans and Hindoos squatting, worthy keepers of a city in ruins. At every step I advanced the desolation became more appalling; entire quarters of the town were empty and deserted. The bazaar alone, or rather that part of it covered with the cupola, which has withstood many a siege, presented an interesting picture of life characteristic of the confluence of Persia, India, and Central Asia at this place. It was a wonderful sight to see the astonishing variety of types, complexions, and costumes amongst Afghans, Hindoos, Turkomans, Persians, and Jews. The Afghan, whose national costume consists of a shirt, drawers, and a dirty blanket, assumes sometimes the English red coat, but on his head he wears the never failing picturesque Hindoo-Afghan turban. The more civilized affect

in part the Persian dress. Arms are the universal fashion; private citizens as well as soldiers seldom come to the bazaar without sword and shield, and persons wishing to look distinguished carry with them a whole arsenal. The Afghan is both in appearance and demeanor the rudest and most savage, every one passing him with a great show of humility, but never did people hate a conqueror more intensely than those of Herat the Afghan. The surging, variegated crowd before me was pleasant to look at. There were moments when, seeing Afghan soldiers in English uniforms and with shakos on their heads, I thought that after all I was now in a country where I had nothing to fear from Islamite fanaticism, and that I might drop the mask which had become intolerable to me. But only for a moment, for upon reflection I could not help remembering that I was in the East, where appearances are most deceptive.

I might mention that my purse was quite empty, and as soon as I arrived in Herat I was compelled to sell my ass.

I tried everything in my power to procure myself the necessary traveling expenses. I waited upon the reigning prince, Serdar Mehemmed Yakub Khan, a youth sixteen years old, and the son of the then king of Afghanistan. The king had entrusted this youth with the government of the conquered province, he having had to hasten to Kabul where his own brothers were plotting to deprive him of his throne. The young prince was residing in a palace very much battered by the siege. He was dressed in a uniform with a high-standing collar, and would sit, most of the time, in an arm-chair at the window; and when wearied with the great number of petitioners which it was his official duty to receive, he would order military drills and maneuvers to be executed on the place below his window and inspect them from there.

As I was stepping into the courtyard of the palace in the company of Mollah Ishak, the military drill was just at its height. Near the door of the reception hall a crowd of servants, military men and petitioners were lounging. Thanks to my huge turban and pilgrim-like appearance every one made way for me, and I could reach the hall without interference from anybody. When I stepped into the hall I found

the prince seated as usual in his arm-chair, with the Vizier on his right side, whilst ranged along the wall were standing other officers, mollahs, and people from Herat. In front of the prince were the keeper of the seal and four or five servants. As became my position as a dervish I entered with the customary salutation, and exciting no sort of comment by it, I went up straight to the prince, seating myself between him and the Vizier, after having pushed aside the latter, a stout Afghan, to make room for me. There was a general laugh at this intermezzo, but I kept my countenance and immediately raised my hand to recite the customary prayer. The prince looked at me fixedly during the prayer. I observed an expression of surprise and hesitation stealing over his face, and after I had said "Amen," and the whole company smoothing their beards responded to it, he jumped up from his chair, and pointing at me with his finger, he exclaimed, laughing and yet half astonished, "I swear by God, thou art an Englishman!"

A loud burst of laughter followed the original remark of the young prince, but he, in no wise disconcerted, approached, stood up in front of me, and then clapping his hands like a child who had guessed right at something he added, "Let me be thy victim! confess thou art an Ingiliz in disguise." But I now pretended to act as if the joke had been carried too far for my forbearance, and said: "*Sahib mekum* (stop this); dost thou know the proverb—'he who even in fun takes a true believer to be an unbeliever, becomes one himself?' Give me rather something for my *fatihā* that I may continue my journey." My grave looks and the citation made by me somewhat perplexed the young prince, and sitting down again, half ashamed of himself, he excused himself by saying that he had never seen a dervish from Bokhara with such features. I answered him that I was not from Bokhara but from Constantinople; and having shown him as a proof my passport and spoken to him about his cousin Djelaleddin Khan, who had visited Mecca and Constantinople in 1860 and met with a most distinguished reception on the part of the Sultan, he seemed to be perfectly satisfied. My passport passed from hand to hand, everybody approved of its contents, and the prince giving me a couple of krans called

upon me to visit him again whilst I remained in Herat, an invitation of which I did not fail to avail myself.

When I was preparing for the journey to Bokhara, I constantly trembled lest in those regions my disguise of Stambulism should be pierced, and the discovery of my true nationality entail upon me the gravest consequences. Since that time I had been in Bokhara and successfully passed the ordeal of prying eyes and suspicious looks. I then little dreamt that, in returning from Bokhara, the happy facility with which I could master the most different dialects, would place me in the dilemma of being considered by all my fellow-pilgrims, on account of my speech and costume, as a genuine Bokhariot. No doubt constant practice had made the dialect of Central Asia perfectly easy and natural to me. In vain I repelled the insinuation; in vain I claimed to be a true son of Stambul. I invariably received the reply, accompanied by a knowing twinkle of the eye, "Yes, yes, we know the Bokhariots well; here you would all disguise yourselves for fear of retribution for your cruelties at home. But your trouble is in vain, we see through it all." Luckily such doubts of my statements were of little consequence to me now, I being in a country where at least the semblance of a government existed. But, nevertheless, I could not help being amused at these strange mutations of fortune; to be taken for a Bokhariot in Meshed, for a man from Meshed in Bokhara, and all throughout the journey now for a Turk, now for a Russian, a European and what not! Truly Upper Asia is a land of disguise and incognito, especially in the case of a traveler. How my heart yearned towards the West; how I wished to escape from this world of deceit and dissimulation! I thought, with something akin to ecstasy, of the moment when I should see the beloved West again, the land whose failings, vices and abuses I had learned to forget, and whose superiority over Asia I alone now remembered; the land where lay my native country, the goal of all my efforts and aspirations.

Among the ruins of Tus to the north of Meshed lies, according to the belief of modern Persians, the tomb of one of the greatest of Iran's bards, the tomb of Firdusi. Before leaving the city I made an excursion to it. It was with feel-

ings of sincere piety and admiration that I approached the modest monument which commemorates the resting-place of one of the greatest national poets of the world. In sixty thousand verses he sang the history of his people, without admitting more than a few foreign, that is Arabic, words into his narration. This wonderful feat will be especially appreciated, if the fact is borne in mind that Persian—which he wrote as well as the modern Persian does—contains four words of Arabic origin to every six words purely Iranian. His generous patriotism rebelled against the thought of employing the language of the oppressors of his country. Not only as a poet, not only as a passionate lover of his country, will Firdusi's memory live forever, but his exalted private character will always excite the admiration of mankind. He was fearless and independent. As an instance of his high-mindedness, it is told that Sultan Mahmud, the Ghazvenite, sent him on one occasion the remuneration of thirty thousand drachms. This was much less than the sum the Sultan had promised. He happened to be in the bath when the gift was brought, and immediately scornfully directed that the entire sum should be divided among the servants of the bathing establishment. The Sultan, probably repenting of his parsimony, subsequently sent the poet camels laden with treasure, but they came in time only to meet his funeral procession. The gift was sent back to the ungrateful monarch, the poet's proud daughter declining to accept of it. The poet had left a sting in the memory of the Sultan, in a satire which is remembered by the people to this day, which begins with the following verse:

“Oh! Sultan Mahmud, if thou fearest none, yet fear God!”

What an abyss is there between the modern Persians and their great poet!

The nearer we approached Teheran the worse became the weather. We were now in the latter part of December. I had felt the cold of the impending winter while still on the plains; but here, in more elevated regions, it was doubly severe. The temperature in Persia is liable to sudden changes, and a journey of a few hours often makes a serious difference. But the weather in the two stations of Goshe

and Ahuan was so very severe as to cause me anxiety. These two places are situated on a mountain, and can afford accommodation to but a small number of people. I fared tolerably well at Goshe, where I had the caravansary all to myself and could arrange myself comfortably and cozily, while outside a cruel, bitter cold prevailed. The next day, on my way to Ahuan, I found snow in many parts of the roads. The biting north wind compelled me often to dismount in order to keep my feet warm with walking. The snow lay already several feet deep when I arrived at Ahuan, and it was frozen so hard as to form along some parts of our road two solid walls. In catching sight of the solitary post-house, I had but one intense longing, to get beneath a roof and to find a good fire by which to warm myself. The eye roving over the hills, white with snow, could not discover within its range anywhere a human habitation or even the wreck of one. We rode into the yard of the tchaparkhane in our usual demonstrative manner in order to attract attention. The postmaster was exceedingly polite, which, in itself, was a good omen, and I was delighted as he led me into a smoky, but withal well-sheltered room; and I paid but little attention to what he was saying, as he expatiated at great length, with an air of great importance, on the expected arrival of the lady of Sipeh Salar, the Persian generalissimo and minister of war, who was on her way back from a pilgrimage to Meshed, and would arrive either that night or the following day with a retinue of from forty to sixty servants. To be overtaken by them in a place affording such meager accommodations as this post-house did, would of course be far from pleasant. But the likelihood of such an event little disturbed my equanimity; on the contrary I made myself and my weary beast as comfortable as I could. As the fire began to blaze cheerily on the hearth, and the tea to send its steamy flavor through the room, I entirely lost all sense of the cold and discomfort I had so lately endured, and listening to the shrill whistling of rude Boreas without, who seemed to wish to rob me of my slumbers out of spite for having escaped his fury, I gave no thought to the probability of being ousted from my comfortable quarters. After I had taken my tea and felt a pleasant warmth creeping

through my whole body I began to undress. I had thrown myself on my couch, my pillar and roast fowl were almost ready, when, about midnight, through the howling of the wind I heard the tramp of a troop of horsemen. I had scarcely time to jump up from my bed when the whole cavalcade dashed into the court with clashing arms, oaths and shouts. In an instant they were at my door, which was of course bolted. "Hallo! who is here? Out with you! The lady of Sipeh Salar, a princess of royal blood, is come; every one must turn out and make room for her." I need not say that there were cogent reasons for not immediately opening the door. The men asked of the postmaster who was the occupier of the room, and upon learning that it was only a hadji, and he too a heretic, a Sunnite, they began to level their swords and the butt ends of their guns at the door, crying out, "Ha, hadji! take thyself off, or wilt thou have us grind thy bones to meal!"

The moment was a very exciting and a very critical one. It is but a sorry jest to be turned out of a warm shelter, where one is perfectly comfortable, and to have to pass a bitterly cold winter's night in the open air. It was not, perhaps, so much the fear of harm from exposure to the cold as the suddenness of the surprise and the shock of the unwelcome disturbance, which suggested to me the bold thought not to yield, but fearlessly to accept the challenge. My Tartar, who was in the room with me, turned pale. I sprang from my seat, seized gun and sword, while I handed my pistols to him, with the order to use them as soon as I gave him a sign to do so. I then took up a position near the door, firmly resolved to fire at the first person who would intrude. My martial preparations seemed to have been observed by those without, for they began to parley. Indeed I remarked that the elegance of the Persian which I employed in talking with them rather staggered them into a suspicion that they might be mistaken after all in supposing me to be a Bokhariot. "Who art thou, then? Speak, man, it seems thou art no hadji," was now heard from without. "Who talks about hadjis?" I cried; "away with that abusive word! I am neither Bokhariot nor Persian. I have the honor to be a European, and my name is Vámbéry Sahib."

Silence followed this speech of mine. My assailants seemed to be utterly dumbfounded. Its effect, however, was even more startling on my Tartar, who now, for the first time, heard from his hadji fellow-traveler's own lips that he whom he had looked upon as a true believer was a European and that his real name was Vámbéry. Pale as death, and with eyes glaring wildly, he stared at me. I was in fact placed between two fires. A sharp side-glance from me restored his equanimity. The Persians too changed their tactics. The name of European, that word of terror for Orientals, produced a magic effect. Terms of abuse were followed by expressions of politeness; menaces by entreaties; and as they earnestly besought me to allow two of the principal members of the escort to share my room, while the others would resign themselves to occupy the barn and the stable, I opened the door to the trembling Persians. My features convinced them at once of the truth of my assertions. Our conversation soon became very lively and friendly, and in the course of half an hour my guests were reposing in a corner of the room, completely stupefied by over-indulgence in arrack. There they lay snoring like horses. I then applied myself to the task of explaining matters to my Tartar, and found him, to my agreeable surprise, quite willing to appreciate my explanations. Next morning when I left the snow-clad hills, and rode over the cheerful plain of Damgan, the recollection of the adventure came back to me in all its vividness, and I own that on sober second thoughts I was disposed to quake somewhat on contemplating the unnecessary danger my rashness had exposed me to the preceding night.

XII

THE Persian capital appeared to me, when I saw it again, as the very abode of civilization and culture, affording to one's heart's content all the pleasures and refinements of European life. Of course, a traveler from the West, on coming to the city for the first time, is bitterly disappointed in seeing the squalid mud hovels and the narrow and crooked streets through which he must make his way. But to one coming from Bokhara the aspect of the city seems entirely changed. A journey of only sixty days separates one city from the

other; but in point of fact, there is such a difference in the social condition of Bokhara and Teheran, that centuries might have divided them from one another. My first ride through the bazaar, after my arrival, made me feel like a child again. Almost with the eagerness of my Tartar companion, my delighted eyes were wandering over articles of luxury from Europe, toys, stuffs and cloths which I saw exhibited there. The samples of European taste and ingenuity then struck me with a sort of awe, which, recalled now, seems to me very comical. It was a feeling, however, of which it was difficult to get rid. When a man travels as I did, and when he has as thoroughly and completely adapted himself to the Tartar mode of life, it is no wonder if, in the end, he turns half a Tartar himself. That doublefacedness in which a man lives, thoroughly aware of his real nature in spite of his outward disguise, cannot be maintained very long with impunity. The constant concealment of his real sentiments, the absorbing work of his assimilating to the utmost elements quite foreign, produce their slow and silent but sure effect, in altering the man himself, in course of time, whether he wishes it or no. In vain does the disguised traveler inwardly rebel against the influences and impressions which are wearing away his real self. The impressions of the past lose more and more their hold on him until they fade away, leaving the traveler hopelessly struggling in the toils of his own fiction, and the *rôle* he had assumed soon becomes second nature with him.

I formed no exception to the rule in this particular; the change in my behavior was the theme of many facetious remarks from my European friends, and drew upon me more than once their good-natured sallies. They made my salutations, my gesticulations, my gait, and above all my mode of viewing things in general, an object of their mirth. Many went so far as to insist upon my having been transformed into a Tartar, to my very features; saying that even my eyes had assumed the oblique shape peculiar to that race. This good-natured "chaff" afforded me great amusement. It in no wise interfered with the extreme pleasure I felt in being restored to European society. Nevertheless, besides the strange sensation of enjoying the rare luxury of undisturbed

repose for several weeks, there were many things in the customs and habits of my European friends to which reconciliation caused great difficulty. The close-fitting European dress, especially, seemed to cramp me and to hamper me in my movements. The shaved scalp was ill at ease under the burden of the hair which I allowed to grow. The lively and sometimes violent gestures which accompanied the friendly interchange of views, on the part of the Europeans, looked to me like outbursts of passion, and I often thought that they would be followed by the more energetic argument of rude force. The stiff and measured carriage and walk, peculiar to military people, which I observed in the French officers in the Persian service, seemed to me odd, artificial and stilted. Not but that it afforded me a secret pleasure to have occasion to admire the proud and manly bearing of my fellow Europeans. It presented such a gratifying contrast to the slovenly and slouching gait of the Central Asiatics, amongst whom I had been lately living. It would serve no purpose to point out to my readers, and to multiply, the numerous instances of the strange perversion of views and tastes to which my late experiences among strange Asiatic people had given rise. Those who, from personal observations, are enabled to draw a parallel between life in the East and West, will find no exaggeration in my saying that Teheran compared to Bokhara seemed to be a sort of Paris to me.

The surprise and astonishment of the Persian public at the capital was general when the successful issue of my perilous adventure became known. *Ketman* (the art of dissimulation allowed by Islam) is a gift well known and diligently cultivated by Orientals; but that a European should have acquired such a degree of excellence in this peculiarly Eastern art as to impose upon the natives themselves seemed to them incomprehensible. Without doubt they would have grudged the successful termination of my journey, had it not been that the joke I had played at the expense of their arch-enemies the Sunnite Turkomans tickled their fancy. The steppes of Turkestan are many ways a *terra incognita* to the inhabitants of Teheran; and although they are situated near the confines of Persia, the strangest and most fanciful

ideas prevail amongst the people in regard to them. I was the recipient of a thousand questions from everybody on this subject. I was invited by several ministers to visit them, and had even the distinction conferred upon me of being presented to his Majesty, "the Center of the World" or "Highly Exalted Ruler of the Universe," as the Persians call him. I had to undergo the wearisome ceremonial of the Persian court, before I was ushered into the august presence of the Shah Nasr-ed-din, in the garden of the Palace, and when there I received from him the condescending compliment of being asked to tell the story of my adventures. I acquitted myself in this with no little vivacity. The ministers who graced the interview with their presence were quite dumbfounded with the easy coolness I exhibited on that occasion, and as I was afterwards told, could scarcely recover from their astonishment at my being able to endure without trembling the looks of a sovereign whose least glance strikes terror into the heart of the boldest mortal. The king himself seemed pleased with my performance, for he afterwards testified to his satisfaction by sending me the Order of the Lion and Sun, and what was more to the purpose, a valuable Persian shawl. The insignia of the Order, consisting of a plain piece of silver, I was permitted to retain, but the rapacity of the minister, so characteristic of the court of Teheran, confiscated the shawl, worth at least fifty ducats, for his own benefit. This conduct is by no means astonishing: his Majesty the King lies and deceives his ministers, and they, in their turn, repay his amiability towards them with usurious interest. Inferior officials cheat the people, and the latter again avail themselves of every opportunity to cheat the officials. Every one in that country lies, cheats and swindles. Nor is such behavior looked upon as anything immoral or improper; on the contrary, the man who is straightforward and honest in his dealings is sure to be spoken of contemptuously as a fool or madman.

As an instance of this general moral obliquity, I will relate a neat little story of what occurred while I was staying in Teheran. The king, as is well known, is an inveterate sportsman and an excellent shot. He passes about nine months in the year in hunting excursions, to the no small

annoyance of the officers of the court, who, on such occasions, are compelled to leave the luxurious comforts of the harem, with its dainty food and soft couches, for the rude life in a tent, the simple fare of the country-people, and the long and fatiguing rides of the chase. The king, on returning from the chase, is wont to send presents of some of the game killed by him to the European ambassadors as a special mark of his favor. This generosity, however, must be paid for in the shape of a liberal *enaam*, or gratuity, to the servant who has brought the roe, partridges and other game laid low by the royal hand. The *Corps Diplomatique* at first submitted patiently to this exaction, but as these royal gifts became more and more frequent, the ministers began to surmise that these repeated acts of distinction did not emanate from the royal household, but were a mere fiction invented by the servants to secure the expected large fees, and that the game brought to them was purchased for the purpose. In order to obviate the recurrence of similar frauds, the Minister of Foreign Affairs was to certify, at the request of the ambassadors, to the *bonâ fide* character of the royal gifts. For a while this proved to be a preventive of the annoyance; but for a short time only, for very soon the presents began to pour in again with an alarming rapidity. Strict inquiries were now instituted, and the astonishing fact was brought to light that his Excellency the Minister connived at the fraud by issuing false certificates, and that he shared in the profits of the disgraceful transaction. The whole thing, when it transpired, was treated as an excellent joke; and the king himself deigned to be highly amused at the account of this singular method of taking in the Frengis.

As I did not intend leaving Teheran before spring, my stay there was prolonged to two months. This time I passed very agreeably in the society of the little European colony. Their joy at my return was sincere, and this they demonstrated not only by cordial and warm congratulations, but by a hundred little acts of politeness and goodwill which rendered my stay with them exceedingly pleasant. The embassies did not fail to acquaint their respective governments with my remarkable adventures. As for myself I was quite astonished at the ado made about my performances;

nor could I very well comprehend the extraordinary importance attached to my dervish trick, which presented itself to my imagination, apart from the real dangers, rather in the ludicrous light of a comedy brought to a prosperous end.

XIII

HAVING dwelt rather longer than modesty should permit upon the personal details of my career, I must now turn to the question which has hitherto puzzled many people, namely, how I came into connection with English politics, and what were the chief motives of my becoming a zealous defender of British interests in Asia. Being neither an Englishman nor a politician by profession, I have been frequently asked, "What do I care about the future and the present doings of Great Britain in the East? Is there any want in England of authorities and of zealous supporters of my views?" It may be seen from what I have related in the preceding pages, that I am not at all an uncalled-for advocate, and that it was my quality as an eye-witness which brought me into the arena of political contest. The explanations I have to give refer, therefore, rather to the motives which have prompted me to adopt a certain line of policy, and to adhere to it with all the firmness which ripe deliberation and staunch conviction can and must give to the writer. I am neither prejudiced against Russia, nor am I a blind Anglophile as people are apt to say. I have endeavored always to be before all a man who, unbiassed by any sympathies or antipathies, is anxious to be of use to his fellow-creatures without any distinction of race or creed; and to whom the sacred cause of humanity in general lies more at heart than the petty quarrels of the various nations. Having come to the East in a tender age, when the man is easily impressed with the scenes around him, and when his feelings are easily engendered with compassion for the misery and misfortune of which he finds himself surrounded, I do not wonder that the unhappy condition, the poverty, the wretchedness, and particularly the despotic rule under which most of the Asiatic nations live, from the beginning deeply moved my heart, and engaged all my faculties upon the possible means of a change for the better. I greatly doubt whether the state of the European

peasant in the most dark period of the Middle Ages was so oppressive as that of the present villagers in Turkey, Persia and Central Asia. A hard struggle for existence, poverty and thralldom may have been the equal lot of both; but the European tyranny was mitigated by religion and by the early laws of our social life, whilst in the East tyranny knows no bounds, and the poor victims have neither the understanding nor the courage to shake off the yoke by mutual resistance, or to look about for means of deliverance. Assistance is here unavoidably necessary, and assistance can come only from Europe, where, thanks to the fundamental conditions of our social existence and to the spirit which we have inherited from the old classic world, our civilization has so far progressed that man in full possession of his rights can already turn his eyes to those fellow-creatures of his who, less favored by circumstances, are inferior to him. For there the duties of humanity obviously demand and fully justify his interference. These are my leading views on the mutual relation existing between the enlightened West and the unhappy East; and under such circumstances it may be easily understood that from the beginning the question, "Which of the European nations is most signally called upon to act as the vanguard of our modern civilization?" has greatly engaged my attention.

In looking over Europe from this point of view, everybody will agree with me when I say that there are only three nations which deserve duly to be considered as the representatives of our Western civilization in the distant East—namely, France, Russia, and England. As to France, she has begun only quite recently to covet a far-stretching influence in the interior of Asia; but neither by her past nor her national individuality is she much fitted for such a task; excepting the sympathies she has gained among the Catholics in Syria, she has always acted either as a conqueror, or as a power in search of commercial treaties and as a protector of the Catholic missionaries. And besides, it must be openly stated that, with all her good intentions, France has not hitherto shown great ability as a civilizing Power, nor are Frenchmen prone to settle down in distant countries like the Anglo-Saxons. The condition of the Arabs and Berbers in Algeria has very

little changed for the better in spite of a half-century of French rule. The Mohammedan children of the large towns are frequently paraded before the foreign visitor as being able to read on the black-board of the school the sentence, "Aimez la France comme votre seconde patrie," if written in big characters; but this forced emanation of patriotism does not extend to the villages, and still less to the desert, where French law is respected only in the immediate neighborhood of the "Chasseurs d'Afrique." The French, a most amiable and enlightened nation, are, as foreign rulers, always wanting in stanchness of character and in institutions based upon liberty and equality: they cannot reconcile their own national interests with the welfare of the semi-civilized people entrusted to their care, and they will therefore never become teachers fully deserving their remuneration. We have to consider, therefore, as the future arbitrators of the destinies of Mohammedan Asia, either Russia or England, both mighty enough to support their civilizing efforts with the necessary material weight; both apt to leave a deep mark of their influence, but totally different in the effect of their acts. Russia enjoys decidedly the great advantage over England of much more easily assimilating the semi-civilized and barbarous Asiatics to the spirit of the bulk of the Russian people. The difference between the Russian officer, merchant and peasant, and the Sarts, Tadjiks, and Uzbegs of Central Asia, is certainly not so great and not so striking as is the gulf which separates the Englishman from the native of India, be he a Moslem or a Hindu. In spite of the undeniable progress of modern Russia, her sons are nevertheless still much imbued with the true Asiatic spirit. Similarity in modes of thinking and acting, in superstitions and in general views of life, give them an easy approach to the heart of the Oriental. He may hate them as Unbelievers and as conquerors, but he will like them as men and as jolly neighbors, who partake in his meal and will associate with him, using common manners and habits. The English officer who comes fresh from one of the university towns, or from Eton or Harrow to India, who has been brought up in accordance with the stiff rules of English etiquette, whose principles of cleanliness, manliness and dignity are of the most solid kind, and who will naturally

get convinced of his superiority over the Asiatic—such an Englishman can hardly be expected to squat down with a Hindu and to partake of a dish of rice swimming in ghee; he will not listen to the Hindu superstitions, he will not vie with the Hindu in mendacity as the Russian does in the company of Sarts, and consequently the Englishman will hardly or never become the intimate of the follower of Vishnu or Mohammed in India. I do not say that this exclusiveness, however justified, is praiseworthy, or an assistance to the civilizing efforts of the English in Asia—as I would not and could not underrate the value of the Russian gift of assimilation. But we have to deal with facts, which prove that the English, in spite of their shortcomings, have succeeded far better than their rivals of the North, and that they have turned up entirely the detestable bog of Oriental vices and abuses, whilst the Russians have hardly succeeded in touching the surface. It must moreover be conceded that the Asiatics entrusted to the care of Russia were alien to the old and genuine civilization of the East, and consequently were much more amenable to modern culture than the Hindu, whose stubbornness is backed by a civilization many thousand years old. Lastly, we may also consider the length of time employed in the work: whereas England has ruled over India for only a hundred years, Russia has been the mistress of Kazan, Astrakhan and of the whole northern Moslem world for more than three centuries. Suffice it to add that the main difference between these two agents of our modern culture in the East can be summed up in the following remark. Russia conquers in order to Russianize and to absorb all the various nationalities in the large body of the Russian people, whilst England conquers in order to civilize, to give the unhappy nations in Asia for a while an education, and to let them afterwards loose, matured in liberal institutions, able to take care of themselves.

These are the leading principles which I have followed in my political writings during the last nineteen years. The greater the opposition which my views met with, the more did I feel the necessity of coming forward with fresh arguments and with new facts. It was certainly no easy task to watch from my quiet studio at Budapest all the diplomatic

and military movements relating to Central Asia. In these my efforts, I was assisted first of all by assiduously reading the Russian, English and Persian papers; secondly, by the correspondence of a friend of mine stationed in Samarkand and in Khodjend; and thirdly, by sundry news which I got from Meshed and through Bokhara pilgrims in Constantinople. It is an unpromising source of information, certainly not so costly as that derived from European diplomacy in Asia; but still it has worked well, and it has happened several times that my letters, published in the *Times*, in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, or in some geographical paper, have raised a question in the Houses of Parliament, or caused a lively discussion in the daily press. I do not exaggerate in saying that the number of the leading articles, letters and paragraphs on Central Asia published by me, anonymously or signed, in different English, German, French and Hungarian papers, amount to several hundreds, not mentioning the larger essays I wrote annually in various periodicals of Europe. The result of this persevering work was my gradually increasing influence in the press on one side, and the great hatred and animosity of my political adversaries on the other side. To the number of the latter belonged, as may be easily imagined, all the Russians, together with the Russophile portion of partly German, partly French publicists, who, either from an ill-digested idea of our civilizing mission in the East, or from an innate antipathy to and jealousy of the English, continually attacked my views, and were always ready to attribute anti-Russian writings either to my so-called national rancor against the Russians, or to my predilection for the English.

I need scarcely say that both suppositions were unfounded and erroneous from every point of view. As a Hungarian, I certainly had no reason whatever to fall in love with Russia, whom I saw in the prime of my life as the oppressor of the national aspirations to liberty and independence of my own country. The Russian campaign in Hungary in 1849 is engraved with indelible characters in the heart of every Magyar; and although the late Emperor Nicholas bitterly repented his brotherly service rendered to Austria, and notwithstanding that every Russian soldier has since torn from

his breast the medal bearing the inscription "Vengria (Hungary) 1849," we Hungarians still couple the name of "Muscovite" with willful tyranny and with all the horrors of despotism and barbarism. But, as I said before, this personal or national feeling of mine has nothing to do with the tendency of my political writings on Asia. Here I do not act as a Hungarian, but as a man in whose eyes free thoughts and liberal institutions constitute the real and only happiness of our existence, and to whom science, wealth, fame and even national greatness are nothing, if he cannot say "I am free!" I may be called an idealist, or a dreamer, but I cannot help it; these are my notions of life, and with these notions I certainly could not become an advocate of Russian supremacy in Asia. I could not join the chorus of those who cried, "Central-Asians are barbarians; the sooner they are brought upon the path of modern civilization the better for the sake of humanity; even the Russian dose of culture is a boon to them." No! I could not agree with these, for I always said, "Yes, the people of Central Asia are wild barbarians, the light of our Western culture is there urgently wanted; but if there is a choice of the torchbearer, I give preference to the English—to the nation which, be it in consequence of its insular home or of any other reason, undoubtedly stands at the top of our civilization. England will certainly do more honor to Europe than the semi-Asiatic Muscovite."

It was in consequence of this judgment of mine that I was held up to reproach as a blind Anglomaniac, who had no eye for the numerous and heavy faults of the English, and who above all did not see that sordid egotism and selfishness by which Great Britain is actuated in her doings abroad, and particularly in her colonial policy. Now upon this question long series of books have been written, and will be written; but, engaged upon studies of men and nations as I was from the early period of my life, I beg to have my own opinion, an opinion based upon autopsy and formed during many years of personal contact, while visiting more than thirty different towns of the United Kingdom. Well, this opinion of mine has taught me that there is a good deal to blame in the individuality as well as in the national character of the Englishman, but in spite of his defects he must still be looked

upon as the only perfect representative of all those qualities which have made our Western culture victorious over the East. The liberal institutions in which the Englishman is brought up have made him straightforward and open-hearted; the damp and foggy air in which he lives has made him stern and reflective; and the continually increasing struggle for existence has strained his nerves to an unexampled activity and to that perseverance called "British clamminess." He is therefore the real embodiment of European spirit—the rightful civilizer of Asia.

As to the strongly and frequently blamed egotism of English policy in Asia, the belief in which has taken such a deep root in Europe, and the origin of which may be traced to the first decades of the present century, when France tried to denounce her formidable rival, I much doubt whether the inventors of this calumny are *näif* enough to believe in it. I do not except even Macaulay, who out of party spirit, or, what is more probable, from want of accurate information as to the real character of the Asiatics, used his eloquent pen in favor of the oppressed Hindus. Before all, I beg leave to ask, Where in the world is a man or a nation which enters on a perilous undertaking without the hope of, what I call, an honorable benefit for its services? Were the Greeks and Romans better in this regard? Were they not remunerated with the riches of Europe and of Asia for their civilizing work?—which was certainly much inferior to that of Great Britain, who never paraded with long files of captives fettered to the car of her triumphant generals, and whose legions have never trampled upon the liberty of peoples subdued in Asia. You must not read Sir Richard Temple's "India in 1882," but look into the annual reports published by the late Garcin de Tassy on the educational progress in India, on the liberal institutions introduced in the civil administration of the country, and how the ryot, so hardly oppressed by his native ruler, is now raising his head and begins to feel himself a man, replaced in the right which God has given to him! Read these eulogies bestowed by a Frenchman upon England's services to the sacred cause of humanity in the East, and you will not find it extravagant when these services are remunerated by good salaries given to civil and

military officers in India; when English commercial houses make good businesses. The exchequer has hardly any profit from it, as the annual estimates of the Indian budget sufficiently prove! I compare the *rôle* of the agents of our Western culture in Asia or in Africa to that of a teacher in a private house; so long as we do not find a teacher who takes an engagement of mere passion and refuses a salary for his troublesome office, so long we have no right to reproach England or any other civilizing power with the material profits gained through the faithful fulfillment of her vocation. This is a just remuneration, and by no means a spoliation dictated by egotism!

If, therefore, my critics will admit the motives here enumerated, I hope that they will modify their opinion with regard to the tendency of my writings. Of those who impute to me base motives, I do not speak at all; my memoirs, which will be published after my death, will show them what allurements have been offered in order to silence my pen; and that there was a time when my publications and my lectures in England did not remain at all unnoticed on the banks of the Neva.

Strange to say, however, it was not only the Russian press in which I was vehemently attacked, and it is not only in Russia where I am looked upon as *Diabolis rotæ*; in England itself I have to meet sometimes with the most passionate antagonism, and am often exposed to a severe and unjust criticism. I have received during late years dozens of anonymous letters in which I am called an insolent intruder, and in which I am advised, not in very flattering terms, "to paddle my own canoe"—to look after the politics of my own country, and not to meddle with the affairs of England, which has no need of my experiences, and which has got authorities better informed and more able to judge on Central Asian matters than I am. I need scarcely say that these warnings came mostly from those persons known as enraged Liberals, who find fault with my stanch adherence to the cause of the Conservative party of Great Britain. If my connection with the said party arose in consequence of my views on the interior politics of England, then my impolite adversaries would be decidedly right, for neither have I got sufficient knowledge

in that regard, nor do I feel a particular interest in the home affairs of England. The preference I give to the policy of the Conservatives is mainly based upon the fact that all the steps which have led Great Britain to extend her influence over Asia are more or less owing to the political views of that party, a party which has got a better appreciation of a truly imperial policy, and whose larger views coincide the much more with my own desires, as England is being brought by them in the foremost line of the countries to civilize Asia. The second reason for my adherence to the Conservatives lies in the fundamental principles of Conservative politicians in general, who, according to their motto, "*Festina lente*," have always manifested a particular care not to tumble topsyturvy institutions sanctioned by old age; with them the necessary changes are gradually worked out, and under their guidance the feelings of the stationary and strictly Conservative Asiatics are less hurt than by the feverish activity of the over-hasty Liberals, who very often chase wild illusions, and naturally run the risk of causing great confusion, as may be seen quite recently by the introduction of the disastrous "Ilbert Bill."

I fully understand that in Europe, and with our thronging and pressing desire for progress, the Conservatives are not always in the proper place; but it is quite different in Asia, where their principles are the best guarantee for success, and where they alone can produce that change so much desired for the sake of humanity, liberty and enlightenment. In order to quote a striking example, I must point to the great difference between the harshly proceeding Russia and the gradually progressing England. Russia is looked upon in Mohammedan Asia as a destructive and annihilating Power, whilst England has been called until quite recently—until indeed the last Turko-Russian war—a benignant Power which spares and protects, and which will never try to absorb foreign elements into her national body. Everything solid and truthful was connected throughout Turkey, Persia and the north of Africa with the name of England; and if those Liberal Hotspurs had heard and seen what I experienced in my travels, they certainly would have considered twice before they filled their mouths with all kinds of invectives against

their "unspeakable Turk;" before they put "The Comedy of Dulcigno" upon the stage; and before they entered into the venturesome affair in Egypt. Considering the valuable services which England can render to the cause of civilization in Asia, it is most desirable that this good reputation of hers should be kept up as long as possible; and since the Conservative statesmen of Great Britain have been identified with this policy of indulgence and of a slow but sure progress, I have always given preference to their rule, and I shall always side with them in questions relating to the civilizing influence of England in the Mohammedan East.

I may conclude with the saying, "*Dixi et salvavi animam.*" I have exposed to the reader the reasons which have brought me into the arena of political contest; I have shown the motives which have led me hitherto, and which will lead me also in future, in my views on England's mission in the East—a part of our world for which I shall always feel the deepest interest. There is scarcely anything in the world which would shake my conviction with regard to these opinions of mine. Having already behind me a half-century of hard struggles, and being inured and hardened by the continual fight with the most singular freaks of fate, I shall probably maintain my actual position in the defense of my own views to the last moment of my existence. I hope I shall never have to repent the extraordinary fatigues and troubles with which I had to proceed on the thorny path; and if the last rays of the parting sun of my life approach, I still shall say, "It was a hot, but a fine day, sir!"



SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE

MOST NOTED OF SCOTTISH SCIENTISTS

1835-

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Sir Archibald Geikie was created a knight in 1891 in honor of his services to science, and since that day he has received almost every honor that could fall to a scientist in Great Britain, finally holding the chief scientific rank, as President of the Royal Society from 1908 to 1913. In brief, in his later years, Britain accepted him as her representative man of science. He was primarily a geologist and was Professor of Geology in Edinburgh University until he resigned the post in 1882 to become Director of the geological survey of the kingdom.

Sir Archibald Geikie never wrote a complete life of himself, but in his various works of "popular geology" he has quite frequently introduced his own personal experiences. The following attractive description of some of the interesting phases of his youth appeared in his "Geological Sketches at Home and Abroad," published in 1882.

MY FIRST GEOLOGICAL EXCURSION

It is an old story now, so far back, indeed, that I hardly like to reckon up the years that have since passed away. But clear and bright does it stand in my memory, notwithstanding, that quiet autumnal afternoon, with its long country ramble to an old quarry, the merry shouts of my schoolmates, the endless yarns we span by the way, and the priceless load of stones we bore homeward over those weary miles, when the sun had sunk, red and fiery, in the west, and the shadows of twilight began to deepen the gloom of the woods. Many a country ramble have I made since then, but none, perhaps, with so deep and hearty an enjoyment, for it opened up a new world, into which a fancy fresh from the Arabian Knights and Don Quixote could adventurously ride forth.

Up to that time my leisure hours, after school lessons

were learnt, and all customary games were played, had been given to laborious mechanical contrivances, based sometimes on most preposterous principles. For a while I believed I had discovered perpetual motion. Day and night the vision haunted me of a wheel turning, turning, in endless revolutions; and what was not this wheel to accomplish? It was to be the motive-power in every manufactory all through the country, to the end of time, to be called by my name, just as other pieces of mechanism bore the names of other inventive worthies, in that treasure of a book "The Century of Inventions." Among various contrivances I remember striving hard to construct a boat that should go through the water by means of paddles, to be worked by a couple of men, or, failing them, by a horse; but though I found (if my memory serve me) that my hero, the old Marquis of Worcester, had anticipated the invention by almost two hundred years, I could not succeed in getting the paddles to move except when the boat was out of the water, and so the grand contrivance, that might have made its discoverer famous in every harbor in the kingdom, fell to the ground.

Saturday afternoons were always observed by us as a consecrated holiday-time, all school-work being then consigned to a delightful oblivion. To learn a lesson during these hours was regarded as something degenerate and wholly unworthy of the dignity of a schoolboy. Besides, we had always plenty of work of some kind to fill up the time, and what the nature of that work was to be for the ensuing Saturday had usually been determined long before the coveted Saturday came. Sometimes, if the weather was dull, my comrades repaired to my room (which we dignified as "the workshop") to hear a disquisition on the last invention, or to help if they could in removing some troublesome and apparently insuperable mechanical difficulty. Or we planned a glorious game of cricket, or golf, or football, that seldom came to a close until the evening grew too dark for longer play. In spring-time we would sally forth into the country to some well-remembered bank, where the primroses and violets bloomed earliest, and return at dusk, bringing many a bunch for those at home. The summer afternoons often found us loitering, rod in hand, along the margin of a shady streamlet,

in whose deeper pools the silvery troutlet loved to feed. And it fed, truly, with little danger from us. The writhing worm (we never soared to the use of the fly), though ever so skillfully and unfeelingly twined round the hook, failed to allure the scaly brood, which we could see darting up and down the current without so much as a nibble at our tempting bait. Not so, however, with another member of that tribe, the little stickleback, or "beardie," as we called it, to which we had the most determined and unreasonable antipathy. The cry of "A beardie! a beardie!" from one of our party was the sign for every rod and stick to be thrown down on the bank, and a general rush to the spot where the enemy of the trout had been seen. Off went stockings and shoes, and in plunged the wearer, straight to the large stone in mid-channel under which the foe was supposed to be lurking. Cautiously were the fingers passed into the crevices and round the base of the stone, and the little victim, fairly caught at last in his den, was thrown in triumph to the bank, where many a stone was at hand to end his torments and his life. . . .

'Tis an old story, truly; but I remember as if it had been yesterday, how my Saturday employments were changed, and how the vagrant, careless fancies of the schoolboy passed into the settled purposes that have molded the man. I had passed a Saturday afternoon alone, and next day as usual met my comrades at church. On comparing notes, I found that the previous afternoon they had set out for some lime-quarries, about four miles off, and had returned laden with wonders—plants of strange form, with scales, teeth, and bones of uncouth fishes, all embedded in the heart of the stone, and drawn out of a subterranean territory of almost fabulous extent and gloom. Could anything more marvelous have been suggested to a youthful fancy? The caverns of the Genii, even that of the Wonderful Lamp, seemed not more to be coveted. At least the new cave had this great advantage over the old ones, that I was sure it was really true; a faint suspicion having begun to arise that, possibly, after all, the Eastern caverns might have no more tangible existence than on the pages of the story-book. But here, only four miles from my own door, was a real cavern, mysterious beyond the power

of my friends to describe, inhabited by living men who toiled like gnomes with murky faces and little lamps on their foreheads, driving wagons, and blasting open the rock in vast and seemingly impenetrable galleries, where the sullen reverberations boomed as it were for miles among endless gigantic pillars and sheets of Stygian water that stretched away deep and dark into fathomless gloom. And in that rock, wrapped up in its substance like mummies in their cerements, lay heaps of plants of wondrous kinds; some resembled those of our woods and streams, but there were many, the like to which my companions declared that even in our longest rambles they had never seen on bank, or brake, or hill; fishes, too, there were, with strong massive scales, very different from our trouts and minnows. Some of the spiny fins, indeed, just a little resembled our foe the "beardie." Very likely (thought I), the Genius of the cave, being a sensible fellow, has resolved to preserve his trout, and so with a murrain on the beardies has buried them bodily in the rock.

But above all, in these dark subterranean recesses lurked the remains of gigantic reptiles; and one of the quarrymen possessed a terrific tusk and some fragmentary scales, which he would have sold to my friends could their joint purse have supplied the stipulated price.

My interest in the tale, of course, increased at every new incident; but when they came to talk of reptiles, the exuberant fancy could contain itself no longer. "Dragons! dragons!" I shouted, and rubbed my hands in an ecstasy of delight. "Dragons, boys, be sure they are, that have been turned into stone by the magic of some old necromancer."

They had found, too, in great abundance, what they had been told were "coprolites"—that is, as we afterward learnt, the petrified excrement of ancient fishes. "Copper lites," thought I, nay, perchance it might be *gold*; for who ever read of such a famous cavern with petrified forests, fishes, and dragons, that had not besides huge treasures of yellow gold?

So there and then we planned an excursion for the following Saturday. The days that intervened stretched themselves somehow to an interminable length. It seemed the longest week of my life, even though every sleeping and waking hour

was crowded with visions of the wondrous cavern. At length the long expected morning dawned, and soon brightened up into a clear, calm autumnal day.

We started off about noon; a goodly band of some eight or nine striplings, with two or three hammers, and a few pence amongst us, and no need to be home before dusk. An October sun shone merrily out upon us; the fields, bared of their sheaves, had begun to be again laid under the plow, and long lines of rich brown loam alternated with bands of yellow stubble, up and down which toiled many a team of steaming horses. The neighboring woods, gorgeous in their tints of green, gold, and russet, sent forth clouds of rooks, whose noisy jangle, borne onward by the breeze, and mingling with the drone of the bee and the carol of the lark, grew mellow in the distance, as the cadence of a far-off hymn. We were too young to analyze the landscape, but not too young to find in every feature of it the intensest enjoyment. Moreover, our path lay through a district rich in historic associations. Watch-peels [fortified strongholds], castles, and towers looked out upon us as we walked, each with its traditionary tales, the recital of which formed one of our chief delights. Or if a castle lacked its story, our invention easily supplied the defect. And thus every part of the way came to be memorable in our eyes for some thrilling event real or imaginary—battles, stern and bloody, fierce encounters in single combat, strange weird doings of antique wizards, and marvelous achievements of steel-clad knights, who rambled restlessly through the world to deliver imprisoned maidens.

Thus beguiled, the four miles seemed to shrink into one, and we arrived at length at the quarries. They had been opened, I found, along the slope of a gentle declivity. At the north end stood the kilns where the lime was burnt, the white smoke from which we used to see some miles away. About a quarter of a mile to the south lay the workings where my comrades had seen the subterranean men; and there, too, stood the engine that drew up the wagons and pumped out the water. Between the engine and the kilns the hillside had all been mined and exhausted; the quarrymen having gradually excavated their way southward to where we saw the smoking chimney of the engine-house. We

made for a point midway in the excavations; and great indeed was our delight, on climbing a long bank of grass-grown rubbish, to see below us a green hollow, and beyond it a wall of rock, in the center of which yawned a dark cavern, plunging away into the hill far from the light of day. My companions rushed down the slope with a shout of triumph. For myself, I lingered a moment on the top. With just a tinge of sadness in the thought, I felt that though striking and picturesque beyond anything of the kind I had ever seen, this cavern was after all only a piece of human handiwork. The heaps of rubbish around me, with the smoking kilns at the one end and the clanking engine at the other, had no connection with beings of another world, but told only too plainly of ingenious, indefatigable man. The spell was broken at once and forever, and as it fell to pieces, I darted down the slope and rejoined my comrades. . . .

They had already entered the cave, which was certainly vast and gloomy enough for whole legions of gnomes. The roof, steep as that of a house, sloped rapidly into the hillside beneath a murky sheet of water, and was supported by pillars of wide girth, some of which had a third of their height, or more, concealed by the lake, so that the cavern, with its inclined roof and pillars, half sunk in the water, looked as though it had been rent and submerged by some old earthquake. Not a vestige of vegetation could we see save, near the entrance, some dwarfed scolopendriums and pale patches of moss. Not an insect, nor indeed any living thing seemed ever to venture down into this dreary den. Away it stretched to the right hand and the left, in long withdrawing vistas of gloom, broken, as we could faintly see, by the light which, entering from their openings along the hillside, fell here and there on some hoary pillar, and finally vanished into the shade.

It is needless to recall what achievements we performed; how, with true boyish hardihood, we essayed to climb the pillars, or crept along the ledges of rock that overhung the murky water, to let a ponderous stone fall plump into the depths, and mark how long the bubbles continued to rise gurgling to the surface, and how long the reverberations of

the plunge came floating back to us from the far-off recesses of the cave. Enough, that, having satisfied our souls with the wonders below ground, we set out to explore those above.

“But where are the petrified forests and fishes?” cried one of the party. “Here!” “Here!” was shouted in reply from the top of the bank by two of the ringleaders on the previous Saturday. We made for the heap of broken stones whence the voices had come, and there, truly, on every block and every fragment the fossils met our eyes, sometimes so thickly grouped together that we could barely see the stone on which they lay. I bent over the mound, and the first fragment that turned up (my first-found fossil) was one that excited the deepest interest. The commander-in-chief of the first excursion, who was regarded (perhaps as much from his bodily stature as for any other reason) an authority on these questions, pronounced my treasure-trove to be, unmistakably and unequivocally, a fish. True, it seemed to lack head and tail and fins; the liveliest fancy amongst us hesitated as to which were the scales; and in after years I learned that it was really a vegetable—the seed-cone or catkin of a large extinct kind of club-moss; but, in the meantime, Tom had declared it to be a fish, and a fish it must assuredly be. . . .

The halo that broke forth from the Wizard’s tomb when William of Deloraine and the Monk of St. Mary’s heaved at midnight the ponderous stone was surely not brighter, certainly not so benign in its results, as the light that now seemed to stream into my whole being, as I disinterred from their stony folds these wondrous relics. Like other school-boys, I had, of course, had my lessons on geology in the usual meager, cut-and-dry form in which physical science was then taught in our schools. I could repeat a “Table of Formations,” and remembered the pictures of some uncouth monsters on the pages of our text-books—one with goggle-eyes, no neck, and a preposterous tail; another with an unwieldy body, and no tail at all, for which latter defect I had endeavored to compensate by inserting a long pipe into his mouth, receiving from our master (Ironsides, we called him) a hearty rap across the knuckles, as a recompense for my attention to the creature’s comfort. But the notion that these pictures

were the representations of actual, though now extinct monsters, that the matter-of-fact details of our text-books really symbolized living truths, and were not invented solely to distract the brains and endanger the palms of schoolboys; nay, that the statements which seemed so dry and unintelligible in print were such as could be actually verified by our own eyes in nature, that beneath and beyond the present creation, in the glories of which we reveled, there lay around us the memorials of other creations not less glorious, and infinitely older, and thus that more, immensely more, than our books or our teachers taught us could be learnt by looking at nature for ourselves—all this was strange to me. It came now for the first time like a new revelation, one that has gladdened my life ever since.

We worked on industriously at the rubbish heap, and found an untold sum of wonders. The human mind in its earlier stages dwells on resemblances, rather than on differences. We identified what we found in the stones with that to which it most nearly approached in existing nature, and though many an organism turned up to which we could think of no analogue, we took no trouble to discriminate wherein it differed from others. Hence, to our imagination, the plants, insects, shells, and fishes of our rambles met us again in the rock. There was little that some one of the party could not explain, and thus our limestone became a more extraordinary conglomeration of organic remains, I will venture to say, than ever perturbed the brain of a geologist. It did not occur at the time to any of us to inquire why a perch came to be embalmed among ivy and rose leaves; why a sea-shore whelk lay entwined in the arms of a butterfly; or why a beetle should seem to have been doing his utmost to dance a pirouette round the tooth of a fish. These questions came all to be asked afterward, and then I saw how egregiously erroneous had been our boyish identifications. But, in the meantime, knowing little of the subject, I believed everything, and with implicit faith piled up dragon-flies, ferns, fishes, beetle-cases, violets, seaweeds, and shells.

The shadows of twilight had begun to fall while we still bent eagerly over the stones. The sun, with a fiery glare, had sunk behind the distant hills, and the long lines of ruddy

light that mottled the sky as he went down had crept slowly after him, and left the clouds to come trooping up from the east, cold, lifeless, and gray. The chill of evening now began to fall over everything, save the spirits of the treasure-seekers. And yet they, too, in the end succumbed. The ring of the hammer became less frequent, and the shout that announced the discovery of each fresh marvel seldomer broke the stillness of the scene. And, as the moanings of the night-wind swept across the fields, and rustled fitfully among the withered weeds of the quarry, it was wisely resolved that we should all go home.

Then came the packing up. Each had amassed a pile of specimens, well-nigh as large as himself, and it was of course impossible to carry everything away. A rapid selection had therefore to be made. And oh! with how much reluctance were we compelled to relinquish many of the stones, the discovery whereof had made the opposite cavern ring again with our jubilee. Not one of us had had the foresight to provide himself with a bag, so we stowed away the treasures in our pockets. Surely practical geometry offers not a more perplexing problem than to gauge the capacity of these parts of a schoolboy's dress. So we loaded ourselves to the full, and marched along with the fossils crowded into every available corner.

Despite our loads, we left the quarry in high glee. Arranging ourselves instinctively into a concave phalanx, with the speaker in the center, we resumed a tale of thrilling interest, that had come to its most tragic part just as we arrived at the quarry several hours before. It lasted all the way back, beguiling the tedium, darkness, and chill of the four miles that lay between the limeworks and our homes; and the final consummation of the story was artfully reached just as we came to the door of the first of the party who had to wish us good-night.

Such was my first geological excursion—a simple event enough, and yet the turning-point in a life. Thenceforward the rocks and their fossil treasures formed the chief subject of my every-day thoughts. That day stamped my fate, and I became a geologist.

And yet, I had carried home with me a strange medley

of errors and misconceptions. Nearly every fossil we found was incorrectly named. We believed that we had discovered in the rock organisms which had really never been found fossil by living man. So far, therefore, the whole lesson had to be unlearned, and a hard process the unlearning proved to be. But (what was of infinitely more consequence at the time than the correct names, or even the true nature of the fossils) I had now seen fossils with my own eyes, and struck them out of the rock with my own hand. The meaning of the lessons we had been taught at school began to glimmer upon me; the dry bones of our books were touched into life; the idea of creations anterior to man seemed clear as a revealed truth; the fishes and plants of the lime quarry must have lived and died, but when and how? Was it possible for *me* to discover? . . .

I cannot recall the process of inquiry among my comrades. But I well remember how it went on with myself. Our early identifications of all that we saw in the rock with something we had seen in living nature were unconsciously abandoned. I gradually came to learn the true character of most of the fossils, and recognized, too, that there was much which I did not understand, but might fairly attempt to discover. The first love of rarities and curiosities passed away, and in its place there sprang up a settled belief that in these gray rocks there lay a hidden story, if one could only get at the key.

There was no one within our circle of acquaintance from whom any practical instruction in the subject could be obtained. Probably this was a piece of good fortune for those of us who had the courage to persevere in the quest for knowledge. I can remember the long communings we had as to the nature of this or that organism, and its bearing on the history of the limestone. The text-books were of little service. So, thrown back upon ourselves, we allowed our fancy to supply what we could obtain in no other way. The ferns and other land-plants found in the limestone, together with the minute cyprids, of which the rock seemed in some places almost wholly composed, and the scales, bones, and teeth of ganoid fishes, indicated, as far as we could learn, that the deposit had accumulated in fresh water, perhaps in

a lake or in the estuary of a river. But of course it was natural that we should try to discover what might have been the general aspect of the country when the animals and plants of the limestone were alive. We asked ourselves if the same hills existed then as now; if perchance the old river that swept over the site of the quarry took its rise among yonder pastoral glens; if the same sea rolled in the distance then as now, curling white along the same green shore. Happily ignorant of how far we had here ventured beyond our depth, it was not until after much questioning and disappointment that I found these problems to require years of patient research. The whole country for many miles round had yet to be explored, and minute observations to be made before even an approximation to a reliable answer could be given. But a boy's fancy is an admirable substitute for the want of facts. I did feel at times a little sorry that no evidence turned up on which to ground my restoration of the ancient topography of the district, or rather that such a world of work seemed to rise before me ere I could obtain the evidence that was needed. But the feeling did not last long. And so I conjured up the most glorious pictures of an ancient world, where, as in the land of the lotus-eaters, it was always afternoon, and one could dream away life among isles clothed with ferns and huge club-mosses, and washed by lakes and rivers that lay without a ripple, save now and then when some glittering monster leapt out into the sunlight, and fell back again with a sudden plunge.

Happy afternoons were these! To steal away alone among the cornfields, and feast the eye on hill and valley, with their green slopes and bosky woods and gray feudal towers, and on the distant sea with the white sails speckled over its broad expanse of blue. And then when every part of that well-loved scene had been taken in, to let loose the fancy and allow the landscape to fade like a dissolving view until every feature had fled, and there arose again the old vanished lakes, and rivers, and palmy isles.

About two miles from the spot where we began our geological labors lay another quarry, from which lime had been extracted. When we first heard of it from a friend at the engine-house, we set it down as a continuation of his lime-

work, the caverns of which seemed to run on underground to an indefinite length. There seemed nothing unlikely in the identification of two limestones only two miles distant from each other as part of one seam. So a Saturday afternoon was spent in the investigation of this second quarry.

Like the first, it had been opened along the slope of a gentle hill and the excavations presented to our view a long line of caverns similar to those we had seen before. But the quarry was disused, and appeared to have been so for many years. The roof had fallen down in many places, the mouths of the caves had become well-nigh choked up with rubbish and tangled gorse, and the heaps of *débris*, so fresh and clean in our own quarry, were here overgrown with gray lichens and green moss, damp and old. The kilns had not been fired for many a day. The cracks and rents that had fissured their walls, from the fierce heat that once blazed within, were yawning hideously, as if a strong gale would hurl them with a crash into the half-buried cavern below. Only one human habitation was near, a small moss-grown cottage, where lived a little old woman, her skin brown and shriveled as parchment, who was busy hanging out linen on a neighboring hedge. Altogether, therefore, this second quarry had a very grave-like, antique look, and we entered it with a kind of boyish wonder whether so different a scene would yield us the same treasures as we had found so abundantly only two miles off.

It required but a cursory glance to show us that the two limestones were not the same. They differed in color and texture, but still more in their fossil contents. We searched long but unsuccessfully for traces of the plants, of cyprids, or fish, so common at our first quarry. In their stead we hammered out an abundant series of quite different fossils, all new to us. Of course, in our attempts to discover the nature and habitats of these objects, we wandered as far from the truth as we had done before. After much blundering we eventually ascertained that the new treasures included corals, stone-lilies, and shells—all organisms of the sea-floor. But our most instructive collection of these relics of marine life were obtained from a much larger quarry some twelve miles away. This more distant locality was calculated to

impress powerfully a much more matured imagination than that of boyhood. I have often since visited it, and always with fresh interest. It has quiet, tree-shaded nooks, where, the din of the workmen being hushed by distance, one may sit alone and undisturbed for hours, gathering up from the grass-grown mounds delicate lamp-shells and sea-mats, crinoids, cup-corals, and many other denizens of the palæozoic ocean. A mass of rock, from which the rest has been quarried away, stands in a secluded coppice, overlooking the sea, as if to show how thick the seam was before the quarrymen began to remove it. This mass has been exposed to the weather for many a long year. Its steep sides are crowded with stone-lilies, corals, and shells, which stand out in relief like an arabesque fretwork. The marks of the quarrymen's tools have passed away, and a gray hue of age has spread over the rock, aided by patches of lichen and moss, or by tufts of fern, that here and there have found a nestling place. For here, as always where man has scarped and wounded the surface of the globe on which he dwells,

Nature softening and concealing,
Is busy with the hand of healing.

From this point, between the overhanging branches, our schoolboy band could watch the lights and shadows flitting athwart the distant hills, the breeze sweeping the neighboring sea into fitful sheets of darker blue, and the sails forever passing to and fro. And then, turning round, there rose behind us this strange wall of rock—the bottom of an older sea, with its dead organisms piled by thousands over each other. I can never forget the impression made on my boyish mind by the realization of this tremendous contrast in scenery and life, and of the vast gulf of time between the living world and the dead. It made a kind of epoch in one's life. My first afternoon in this old lime-quarry was of more service at this time than any number of books or lectures.

The recollection of these early days has often since impressed me with a sense of the enormous advantage which a boy or girl may derive from any pursuit that stimulates the imagination. My boyish geology was absurdly, grotesquely erroneous. I should have failed ignominiously at an exami-

nation which would be thought easy enough at a modern elementary science class. But I had gained for myself what these science classes so seldom infuse into the pupils—an enthusiastic love of the subject, and a determination to get somehow at the living truth of which the rocks are the records. I had learnt to treat fossils not as mere dead mineral matter, or as mere curiosities valuable in proportion to their rarity or perfection of preservation, but as enduring records of former life; not as species to fill a place in a zoölogical system, or specimens to take up so much room in a museum, but as the remains of once living organisms, which formed part of a creation as real as that in which we ourselves pass our existence. They were witnesses of early ages in our planet's history, and were ready to tell their tale if one could only learn how to read it from them. Few occupations possess greater power of fascination than to marshal all these witnesses, and elicit from them the evidence which allows us to restore one after another the successive conditions through which the solid land has passed. To realize how this is done, and to take part in the doing of it, is for a boy a lifelong advantage. He may never become a geologist in any sense, but he gains such an enlarged view of nature, and such a vivid conception of the long evolution through which the present condition of things has been reached, as can be mastered in no other way. A single excursion under sympathetic and intelligent guidance to an instructive quarry, river ravine, or sea-shore, is worth many books and a long course of systematic lectures.

THE END

SONYA KOVALEVSKY

A RUSSIAN WOMAN PIONEER AND MATHEMATICAL GENIUS

1850-1891

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Sónya Kovalévsky stands unique among pioneer women as a mathematical genius. Born in Russia of noble family, at a time when the unrest resulting in higher education for women was just dawning, she showed such determination, lofty character and real genius that she led her sex in mathematical achievement. Her description of her sensitive and visionary childhood is so truly and intimately drawn, that all who educate children should ponder it. The sacrifice of herself in marriage so as to secure educational freedom reads like a romance. Her devotion to mathematical study makes one rejoice to learn that she conquered the prejudice against women and became a university student in exclusive Heidelberg. Later, in 1884, she was appointed Professor at the University of Stockholm. In 1888 she won the prize with her work entitled "On a Particular Case of the Problem of Rotation of a Heavy Body Around a Fixed Point" from the French Academy of Sciences, pronounced "a remarkable work, rendering extraordinary service to mathematical physics." The jury of the Academy made the award in utter ignorance that the winner was a woman.

The student husband taken in her youth, with whom she lived a truly romantic and gently affectionate life, died early; and Sónya's later career became "a wonderfully perfect mental and spiritual record of a woman, upon whom the union of a masculine mind with a feminine heart imposes the task of solving the opposite problems of life which all women must face."

While traveling, she met Anna Carlotta Leffler, Duchess of Cajanello, who became her devoted friend and continued her biography beyond the point where Sónya herself laid aside the pen of her "Recollections of Childhood." The Duchess draws a beautiful picture of their womanly friendship, of Sónya's depth of feeling and devoted affection for the noted explorer Nansen. Sónya was sadly disappointed in love though successful in science. She died at the early age of forty-one.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD ¹

I SHOULD like to know whether any one can definitely fix that moment of his existence when, for the first time, a distinct conception of his own personality, his own *ego*, the first glimmer of conscious life, arose within him. I cannot, in the least. When I begin to sort out and classify my earliest recollections, the same thing always happens with me: these recollections disperse before me. At times it seems to me that I have found that first definite impression which has left a distinct trace in my memory; but as soon as I concentrate my thoughts on it for a while, other impressions, of a still more remote period, begin to peep forth and acquire form. And the difficulty of it is that I cannot myself in the least determine which of these impressions I really remember; that is to say, I cannot decide which of them I really lived through, and which of them I only heard about later on,—in my childhood,—and imagine that I recall, when, in reality, I only remember the accounts of them. Worse still, I can never succeed in evoking a single one of these original recollections in all its purity; I involuntarily add to it something foreign during the very process of recalling it.

At any rate, this picture is among the first which presents itself every time that I begin to recall the very earliest years of my life.

A chiming of bells. An odor of incense. A throng of people comes out of the church. Nurse leads me by the hand from the church porch, carefully shielding me from being jostled. "Don't hurt the child!" she repeats every moment, in a beseeching tone, to the people who are crowding about us.

As we emerge from the church, one of nurse's acquaintances approaches, clad in a long under-cassock (he must have been a deacon or a chanter), and gives her one of the little sacramental loaves.² "Eat, and may health attend you, madam," he says to her.

¹ Copyright, 1895, by the Century Co. Reprinted by permission.

² A *prosforá*: the little leavened double loaf, from bits of which the communion is prepared. When more than one *prosforá* is used the auxiliary loaves are generally given to persons of distinction who may be present. Such a gift is regarded as a compliment and favor.

“Come, now; tell us your name, my clever child,” he says to me.

I make no reply, but stare at him with all my eyes.

“ ’T is shameful, miss, not to know your name!” says the chanter, jeeringly.

“Tell him, my dear, ‘My name is Sónetchka, and my father is General Krukovsky,’ ” nurse prompts me.

I try to repeat after her, but it must have been a failure, for nurse and her friend break out laughing.

Nurse’s friend accompanies us home. I dance about all the way, and repeat nurse’s words, mangling them after my own fashion. Evidently this is a new fact to me, and I try to engrave it in my memory.

As we approach our house, the chanter points out the gate to me.

“You see, little *báryshnya* [miss], there is a hook hanging on the gate,” he says. “When you forget your papa’s name, all you have to do is to think, ‘A hook [*kriuk*] hangs on Krukovsky’s gate,’ and you will immediately remember it.”

And thus, shameful as it is for me to confess it, this wretched chanter’s pun imprinted itself on my memory, and constituted an era in my existence; from it I date my chronology, the first invasion upon me of a distinct idea as to who I was, and what was my position in the world.

As I reflect upon the matter now, I think I must have been two or three years old, and that this scene took place in Moscow, where I was born. My father served in the artillery, and we were often compelled to move about from town to town, accompanying him in accordance with the requirements of his military duties.

After this first scene, which is distinctly preserved in my memory, comes another long gap, against whose gray, misty background divers little wayside scenes detach themselves, only in the shape of bright, scattered spots: picking up pebbles on the highway, bivouacs at posting-stations, my sister’s doll which I threw out of the carriage window—a series of detached, but tolerably clear pictures.

My coherent recollections begin with me only at the age of five years, and when we lived in Kaluga. There were three

of us children then: my sister Aniuta was six years older than I, and my brother Fedya was three years younger.

At the age of five, something strange began to take place in me: a feeling of involuntary distress, of anguish, began to come over me at times. I have a vivid recollection of this feeling. It generally fell upon me if I were left alone in the room at the approach of twilight. I would be playing with my toys, thinking of nothing. All at once I would look up and see behind me a sharp, black strip of shadow, creeping out from under the bed, or from the corner. A sensation would seize upon me as if some strange presence had crept into the room; and this new, unfamiliar presence would suddenly clutch my heart so painfully, that I flew headlong in search of nurse, whose proximity usually had the power to soothe me. It sometimes happened, however, that this torturing sensation did not pass off for a long while, for the space of several hours.

I believe that many nervous children experience something similar. In such cases, it is usually asserted that the child is afraid of darkness, but this expression is entirely inaccurate. In the first place, the sensation experienced in these circumstances is very complicated, and much more nearly resembles anguish than fear; in the second place, it is not evoked by the darkness itself, or by any fancies therewith connected, but precisely by the feeling of the oncoming darkness. I remember, also, that a very similar feeling came over me in my childhood, under entirely different circumstances; for example, if, during my walks, I suddenly espied before me a big, half-built house, with bare brick walls, and empty openings instead of windows. I experienced it, also, in summer, if I lay on my back on the ground, and gazed up into the cloudless sky.

Other symptoms of great nervousness also began to make their appearance in me: my disgust, which approached fear in its intensity, for all sorts of physical monstrosities. If a two-headed chicken or a three-legged calf was mentioned in my presence, I began to tremble all over, and then, the following night, I inevitably saw the monster in my dreams, and woke nurse with a piercing scream. Even now I remember the three-legged man who persecuted me in my dreams during the whole of my childhood.

Even the sight of a broken doll inspired me with terror: when I chanced to drop my doll, nurse had to pick her up and tell me whether or no her head was broken; if it was, she had to take her away without showing her to me. I still remember how, one day, Aniuta caught me alone, without nurse, and, wishing to tease me, began forcibly to thrust before my eyes a wax doll, from whose head dangled a black eye which had been torn out, and thereby threw me into convulsions.

On the whole, I was on the highway to turn out a nervous, sickly child; but soon all my surroundings changed, and there was an end to all that had gone before. . . .

With our removal to the country everything in our house underwent a great change, and the existence of my parents, which had been hitherto gay and free from care, suddenly assumed a more serious turn.

Up to that time our father had paid very little attention to us, because he regarded the rearing of children as the business of women, not of men. He took a little more notice of Aniuta than of his other children, because she was older and very amusing. He loved to pet her, on occasion, and in winter he sometimes took her to ride with him in his little sledge, and he was fond of bragging about her to his guests. When her mischievousness transgressed all bounds, and positively drove the whole household out of patience, complaints about her were sometimes made to my father, but he usually turned the whole matter into a jest, and she understood perfectly well that although he sometimes for the sake of appearances assumed an aspect of severity, in reality he was ready to laugh at her pranks.

I remember two particularly strong attachments of my childhood—for my two uncles. One of them was my father's oldest brother, Piótr Vasilievitch Korvin-Krukovsky. He was an extremely picturesque old man, of lofty stature, with a massive head entirely framed in thick, white curls. His face, with regular, severe profile, with thick, bushy eyebrows, and a deep, vertical furrow cutting through his high forehead, almost from top to bottom, might have seemed stern, almost harsh, in effect, had it not been lighted up by such kind, ingenuous eyes, such as belong only to Newfoundland dogs and to small children.

Although he had never studied mathematics, he cherished the most profound respect for that science. He had gathered a certain amount of mathematical knowledge from various books, and loved to philosophize about them, on which occasions it frequently happened that he thought aloud in my presence. I heard from him for the first time, for example, about the quadrature of the circle, about the asymptotes which the curve always approaches without ever attaining them, and about many other things of the same sort—the sense of which I could not of course understand as yet; but which acted on my inspiration, imbuing me with a reverence for mathematics, as for a very lofty and mysterious science, which opened out to those who consecrated themselves to it a new and wonderful world not to be attained by simple mortals.

While referring to these my first encounters with the domain of mathematics, I cannot refrain from mentioning one very curious circumstance which also contributed to excite my interest in that science.

When we transferred our abode to the country the whole house had to be done over afresh, and all the rooms were repapered. But as the rooms were many, there was not paper enough for one of the rooms belonging to us children; it was a great undertaking to order more from St. Petersburg, and to order for a single room was decidedly not worth the while. They kept waiting for an opportunity, and in the interim this ill-treated room stood for many years with nothing but common paper on its walls. But by a happy accident the paper used for this first covering consisted of sheets of Ostrográdsky's lithographed lectures on the differential and the integral calculus, bought by my father in his youth.

These sheets, spotted over with strange, incomprehensible formulæ, soon attracted my attention. I remember how, in my childhood, I passed whole hours before that mysterious wall, trying to decipher even a single phrase, and to discover the order in which the sheets ought to follow each other. By dint of prolonged and daily scrutiny, the external aspect of many among these formulæ was fairly engraved on my memory, and even the text left a deep trace on my brain, although at the moment of reading it was incomprehensible to me.

When, many years later, as a girl of fifteen, I took my first lesson in differential calculus from the famous teacher in mathematics in Petersburg, Alexander Nikolaevitch Stranoliúbsky, he was astonished at the quickness with which I grasped and assimilated the conceptions of the terms and derivatives, "just as if I had known them before." I remember that this was precisely the way in which he expressed himself, and in truth the fact was that at the moment when he began to explain to me these conceptions, I immediately and vividly remembered that all this had stood on the pages of Ostrográdsky, so memorable to me, and the conception of space seemed to have been familiar to me for a long time.

My attachment to my other uncle, my mother's brother, Feódor Feodorovitch Schubert, was of an entirely different nature.

This uncle, the only son of my deceased grandfather, was considerably younger than my mother; he lived permanently in Petersburg, and, in his quality of sole male representative of the Schubert family, he enjoyed the unbounded adoration of all his sisters, and of numerous aunts and cousins, all unmarried spinsters.

His arrival to visit us in the country was regarded as a real event. I was nine years old when he came to us for the first time. Uncle's coming had been talked about for many weeks in advance. The best room in the house was assigned to him, and mamma herself saw to it that the most comfortable furniture was placed in it. The carriage was sent to meet him at the capital of the government, one hundred and fifty versts distant; and in the carriage were placed a fur coat, a fur lap-robe, and a plaid, that uncle might not take cold, as it was late in the autumn.

One day, while he was staying with us, some neighboring landed proprietors came to see us, with their daughter Olga. This Olya³ was the only little girl of my own age whom I had not happened to meet. However, they did not bring her to see us very often; but, on the other hand, they left her for the whole day, and she sometimes spent the night with us. She was a very merry and lively little girl, and although our characters and tastes were very dissimilar, so that no genuine

³ Diminutive for Olga.

friendship existed between us, yet I was generally glad to have her come, the more so as, in honor of the occasion, I was freed from my lessons, and given a whole holiday.

But now, when I saw Olya, my first thought was, "How will it be after dinner?" The greatest charm of my conversation with my uncle consisted precisely in the fact that we were left alone together, that I had him all to myself, and I had a presentiment that the presence of stupid little Olya would spoil everything.

Consequently I greeted my friend with much less pleasure than usual. "Won't they take her away earlier to-day?" flashed across my mind constantly, with secret hope, in the course of the morning. But no! it appeared that Olya was not to go until late in the evening. What was to be done? I steeled my heart, and determined to speak frankly to my friend and beg her not to interfere with me.

"Listen, Olya," I said to her, in an insinuating voice, "I will play with you all day, and do everything you like, but, in return, do me the favor to go off somewhere after dinner and leave me in peace. I always talk with my uncle after dinner, and we don't want you at all."

Olya agreed to my proposal, and I honorably fulfilled my part of the agreement all day long. I played all the games that she could invent, assumed all the parts which she assigned to me, turned from a lady into a cook, and from a cook back into a lady, at her first word of command. At last we were called to dinner. At dinner I sat as on needles. "Will Olya keep her word?" I pondered, and I cast uneasy, furtive glances at my friend, reminding her of our compact by significant looks.

After dinner I kissed papa's and mamma's hands as usual, and then pressed close to uncle, and waited to hear what he would say.

"Well, little girl, are we to have our chat to-day?" asked uncle, pinching my chin affectionately. I fairly leaped for joy, and, merrily grasping his hand, was preparing to set off with him for our wonted place. But all at once I perceived that faithless Olya was following us.

It appeared that my stipulations had had the effect of ruining things. It is very possible that if I had said nothing

to her, when she saw me and my uncle preparing to talk seriously, she would have made haste to flee from us, as she cherished a saving terror of everything that smacked of instruction. But seeing that I prized my conversation with my uncle, and that I wished to get rid of her at any price, she took it into her head that we were certainly going to talk about something very interesting, and she wished to listen also. "Can I go with you?" she asked, in a voice of entreaty, raising her lovely blue eyes to my uncle.

"Of course you can, my dear," replied uncle, and looked at her very graciously, evidently admiring her pretty, rosy face.

I cast a glance of wrathful disapproval on Olya, but it did not confuse her in the least.

"But Olya certainly knows nothing about these things. She will not understand anything anyway," I ventured to remark in an angry voice. But this effort to rid myself of my intrusive friend had no result.

"Well, then, to-day we will talk of matters in a more simple way, so that they may be interesting to Olya," said uncle good-naturedly; and taking us both by the hand, he set out with us for the little divan.

I walked along in sullen silence. This conversation of three, in which uncle was going to talk for Olya, taking into consideration her tastes and her understanding, was not in the least what I wished. It seemed to me that something had been taken from me which belonged to me by right, which was inviolable and precious.

"Come, Sófa, climb up on my knee," said uncle, evidently quite unconscious of my evil frame of mind.

But I felt so hurt that this proposal did not soften me in the least.

"I won't!" I answered angrily, and going off to a corner I sulked.

Uncle stared at me with astonished, laughing eyes. I do not know whether he understood what a feeling of jealousy was stirring in my soul, and whether he wished to tease me; but he suddenly turned to Olya and said to her, "Well, if Sónya doesn't wish it, do you sit on my knee."

Olya did not force him to repeat this invitation, and before I had recovered myself, before I had succeeded in realizing

what was happening, she had taken my place on my uncle's knee. I had not in the least expected this. It had never entered my head that matters would take that dreadful turn. It seemed to me, literally, as if the earth were giving way under my feet.

I was too astounded to give voice to any protest; all I could do was to stare, with widely opened eyes, at my happy friend; and she, a little confused, but much pleased nevertheless, settled herself on uncle's knee as if there were nothing the matter. Setting her little mouth in a droll grimace, she tried to communicate to her childish, chubby face an expression of seriousness and attention. She was blushing all over, even her little neck, and her little bare arms were crimson.

I stared and stared at her, and suddenly—I swear that even now I do not know how it happened—something terrible took place. It was exactly as if some one were urging me on. Without stopping to think what I was doing, I suddenly, quite unexpectedly to myself, fastened my teeth in her bare, plump little arm, somewhat above the elbow, and bit her until I drew blood.

My attack was so sudden, so unforeseen, that for a moment all three of us remained stupefied, and merely stared at each other in silence. Then all at once Olya gave a piercing shriek, and her scream brought us all to ourselves.

Shame, wild, bitter shame, took possession of me. I fled headlong from the room. "Hateful, wicked little girl!" my uncle's angry voice called after me.

My customary refuge in all the great griefs of my life was the room which had formerly belonged to Marya Vasilievna, and which was now allotted to our former nurse. There I now sought safety. Hiding my face on the good old woman's knees, I sobbed for a long time; and nurse, seeing me in this condition, lavished endearing names upon me without inquiring what was the matter, but only stroking my head.

"God be with thee, my dear bright little one. Calm thyself, my own," she said, and in my excited state of mind it was very soothing to me to be able thus to have a good cry on her knees.

It is strange that from that day forth my feelings toward my uncle entirely changed their character. Our after-dinner

conversations were not renewed. He returned to Petersburg shortly after this episode, and although we often met afterward, and he was always very kind to me, and I loved him greatly, yet I never more felt for him my former adoration. . . .

At the time when my sister Aniuta was dreaming of knights, and weeping bitter tears over the fate of Harold and Edith, the majority of the intelligent young people in the rest of Russia had been captured by an entirely different current, by wholly different ideals. Therefore Aniuta's impulses may appear to be strange anachronisms. But the nook where our estate was situated lay so far removed from all centers, such strong and lofty walls guarded Palibino from the outside world, that the wave of new currents could only reach our peaceful inlet a long while after it had arisen in the open sea. On the other hand, when these new currents did reach the shore at last they instantly seized upon Aniuta and bore her along with them.

It would be difficult to say how, when, and in what form the new ideas reached our house. It is well-known that such is the peculiarity of all periods of transition—to leave few traces behind them.

The inhabitants of Palibino lived on peacefully and quietly; they grew up and waxed old; they quarreled and became reconciled to each other; by way of passing the time they bickered about this or that magazine article, about this or that scientific discovery, being all the while thoroughly convinced, nevertheless, that all these questions pertained to another world, wholly distinct from theirs, and that they would never have any direct contact with every-day life. And all of a sudden, no one could say how, signs were revealed close beside them of some strange fermentation, which was indisputably drawing nearer and nearer, and threatened to culminate directly in a line with their quiet, patriarchal existence. And the danger threatened not from one quarter only; it seemed to come from all points at once.

It may be said that, in the period of time included between the years 1860 and 1870, all the educated classes of Russian society were occupied exclusively with one question—the family discord between the old and the young. Ask about what-

ever noble family you would at that time, you always heard one and the same thing—the parents had quarreled with the children. And the quarrels had not arisen from any substantial, material causes, but simply upon questions of a purely theoretical, abstract character. “They could not agree about their convictions!” It was only that, but this “only” sufficed to make children abandon their parents and parents disown their children.

An epidemic seemed to seize upon the children,—especially the girls,—an epidemic of fleeing from the parental roof. In our immediate neighborhood, through God’s mercy, all was well so far; but rumors reached us from other places: the daughter, now of this, now of that landed proprietor had run away; this one abroad, the other to Petersburg to the “nihilists.”

The principal bugaboo of all parents and instructors in the Palibino district was a certain mythical community, which, rumor asserted, had been established somewhere in Petersburg. In it, at least so it was believed, they enlisted all young girls who wished to leave their home. There the young people of both sexes lived in full communism. There were no servants, and nobly born young ladies of the aristocracy washed the floors and cleaned the samovars with their own hands. As a matter of course, none of the people who spread these reports had ever been in this community themselves. Where it was situated, and how it could possibly exist in St. Petersburg, under the very nose of the police, no one knew exactly, yet no one had the slightest doubt that such a community did exist.

Signs of the times soon began to manifest themselves in our immediate vicinity.

But the most noticeable thing was that Aniuta, who had hitherto hated study, now evinced a passion for it. Instead of, as hitherto, wasting all her pocket-money on toilettes and fripperies, she now ordered whole boxes of books from town; and not romances, either, but books with such wise titles as “The Physiology of Life,” “The History of Civilization,” and so forth.

One day Aniuta came to my father, and made a sudden and utterly unexpected demand—that he should allow her to go

to Petersburg to study. At first father tried to turn her request into a jest, as he had done before, when Aniuta had announced that she would not live in the country. But this time Aniuta did not desist. Neither father's jests nor his witticisms had any effect on her. She hotly demonstrated that it did not follow, because father was obliged to live on the estate, that she must shut herself up in the country also, where she had neither occupations nor pleasures.

Father got angry at last, and shouted at her as if she had been a small child. "If you don't understand that it is the duty of every respectable girl to live with her parents until she marries, I won't argue with a stupid, bad little girl!" he said.

Aniuta comprehended that it was useless to insist. But from that day forth the relations between her and father were very strained; each exhibited irritation against each other, and this irritation increased with every passing day. At dinner, the only time in the day when they met, they almost never addressed each other directly now, but a sting or a vicious hint was to be felt in every word which they uttered.

Altogether, unprecedented discord now began to reign in our family. There had been very few general interests hitherto; previous to this each member of the family had lived to suit himself, simply paying no attention to the others. But now two hostile camps seemed to have formed.

The governess had announced herself as the vigorous opponent of all new ideas, from the very beginning. She christened Aniuta the "nihilist," and the "progressive young lady." This last nickname had a particularly stinging sound on her lips. Feeling, by instinct, that Aniuta was plotting something, she began to suspect her of the most criminal designs—of running away from home on the sly, of marrying the priest's son, of entering the notorious community. So she became watchful, and distrustfully spied upon every step she took. But Aniuta, feeling that the governess was spying upon her, began deliberately, and for the purpose of irritating her, to surround herself with offensive mystery.

The warlike mood which now reigned in our house soon in-

fecting me. The governess, who had previously disapproved of my intimacy with Aniuta, now began to protect her pupil against the "progressive young lady," as if from the pest. As far as she was able she prevented my remaining alone with my sister, and every attempt to make my escape from the schoolroom, and run upstairs to the world of the grown people, she began to regard as a crime.

I grew frightfully weary of the governess's watchful oversight. I also felt instinctively that Aniuta had acquired some new and hitherto unprecedented interests, and I had a passionate desire to understand precisely what it was all about. Almost every time that I happened to run unexpectedly into Aniuta's room, I found her at her writing-table engaged in writing. Several times I tried to make her tell me what she was writing, but as Aniuta had already received several scoldings from the governess for not only having deserted the right path herself, but for trying to corrupt her sister also, she was afraid of more reproaches, and always drove me away. "Ah, go away; do, please. Margarita Frantzovna will catch you here again. Then we shall both catch it," she said impatiently. . . .

Aniuta is pacing to and fro in the large hall. She always indulges in this exercise when she is engrossed or troubled by anything in particular. Her aspect at such times is very absent-minded, beaming; her green eyes become quite transparent, and see nothing that is going on around her. She keeps time as she walks with her thoughts, without being aware of it; if her thoughts are sad, her gait becomes weary, slow; when her thoughts grow more lively, and she begins to devise something, her pace quickens so that at last she no longer walks but runs about the room. Every one in the house is acquainted with this habit of hers, and laughs at her on account of it. I have often watched her on the sly as she walks, and wished to know what Aniuta was thinking about.

Although I know by experience that it is useless to approach her at such times, on this occasion I lose patience at last, and make an attempt to speak to her when I perceive that her promenade does not cease. "Aniuta, I am awfully bored. Give me one of your books to read," I say in a voice

of entreaty. But Aniuta continues her walk, as if she does not hear me.

Several minutes more of silence elapse.

“What are you thinking about, Aniuta?” I make up my mind at last to inquire.

“Ah, leave me alone, please. You’re still too young for me to tell you everything,” is the scornful answer which I receive.

But I am thoroughly offended at last. “So that’s what you are like, and you won’t talk to me. I thought that now Margarita had gone away that we were going to be very friendly, but you drive me off. Well, I’ll go, and I’ll never, never love you.”

I am almost in tears, and am on the point of departing, but my sister calls me. In reality she is burning with the desire to tell some one about what interests her and as she cannot talk to any member of the household about it, she contents herself with her twelve-year-old sister for lack of a better confidant.

“Listen,” she says. “If you will promise that you will never tell any one, under any circumstances whatever, I will confide to you a great secret.”

My tears vanish instantaneously; my wrath is as if it had never existed. Of course I swear that I will be as dumb as a fish, and I impatiently await her confidence.

“Come to my room,” she says solemnly. “I will show you something which you certainly do not expect.”

She takes me to her room, and leads me to an old bureau in which, as I am aware, she keeps her most precious secrets. Without haste, deliberately, in order to prolong my curiosity, she opens one of the drawers and takes from it a large envelope of business-like aspect, with a red seal on which is engraved, “The Epoch Magazine.” The envelope bears the address, Dómna Nikitishna Kúzmin (this is the name of one of our housekeepers, who is heartily devoted to my sister, and would go through fire and water for her). From this envelope my sister draws another smaller envelope with the inscription, “For Anna Vasilievna Korvin-Krakovsky,” and at last she hands me a letter in a large, masculine handwriting. I have not this letter by me at the present moment; but

I read and re-read it so often in my childhood that it engraved itself on my memory so to speak, and I think I can give it almost word for word:

DEAR MADAM ANNA VASILIEVNA: Your letter, so filled with sincere and charming confidence in me, interested me to such a degree that I proceeded immediately to read the story you sent me.

I must confess that I began to read it not without secret trepidation. The sad duty so often falls to the lot of us editors of magazines, of destroying the illusions of young writers, just beginning, who send us their literary efforts for examination. In your case this would have been very painful to me. But as I read my trepidation vanished, and I yielded more and more to the spell of the youthful directness, the sincerity, and warmth of feeling with which your story is permeated. These qualities so predispose me in your favor that I fear I am still under their influence; therefore I dare not reply categorically and impartially as yet to the question which you ask me, "Will you develop into a great writer in the course of time?"

One thing I will say to you: I shall print your story (and with the greatest pleasure) in the next number of my journal. As for your question, I will advise you: write and work; time will show the rest.

I will not conceal from you that there is still much that is unfinished in your story, much that is too ingenuous; there are also, pardon my frankness, crimes against Russian grammar. But all these are petty defects which you will be able to conquer by diligent labor. The general impression is favorable.

Therefore, I repeat, write and write. I shall be sincerely glad if you find it possible to communicate to me more about yourself: how old you are, and what are the surroundings among which you live. It is important that I should know this, for a proper valuation of your talent.

Respectfully yours,

FEÓDOR DOSTOÉVSKY.

I read this letter and the lines swam before my eyes. Dostoévsky's name was familiar to me; he had often been

mentioned of late at dinner during my sister's disputes with father. I knew that he was one of the most prominent Russian authors; but how came he to be writing to Aniuta, and what did it mean? For one moment it flashed across my mind that my sister might be fooling me in order afterward to laugh at my credulity.

When I had finished the letter I looked at my sister in silence, not knowing what to say. My sister was evidently enraptured by my amazement.

"Do you understand, do you understand?" said Aniuta at last, in a voice broken with joyful emotion. "I wrote a story, and, without saying a word to any one, I sent it to Dostoévsky. And, as you see, he considers it good, and will print it in his journal. And so my secret dream is fulfilled. Now I am a Russian authoress," she almost shouted, in a burst of irrepressible ecstacy.

In order to understand what that word "authoress" signified to us, it must be remembered that we lived in the depths of the country, far from any trace, even the slightest, of literary life. Our family read a great deal, and bought a great many new books. We and all those about us regarded every book, every printed word, as something that came to us from afar; from some unknown, strange world which had nothing in common with us. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact that, up to this time, neither my sister or I had ever seen a single man who had written so much as a single line. There was, it is true, in our county town a teacher of whom it began suddenly to be rumored that he wrote letters to the newspapers about our county, and I remember with what respectful awe every one began to treat him until it was discovered at last that the letters had not been written by him, but by a journalist who had come from Petersburg.

And now all of a sudden my sister was a writer. I found no words with which to express my rapture and astonishment; I only flung myself on her neck, and we hugged each other for a long time, and laughed and talked all sorts of nonsense in our joy.

My sister could not make up her mind to tell any other member of the household about her triumph; she knew that

all, even mother, would be alarmed, and would tell father. In father's eyes her action in writing to Dostoévsky without permission, and subjecting herself to his condemnation and laughter, would have appeared a dreadful crime.

My poor father! He did so hate women writers, and suspected every one of them of behavior which had nothing to do with literature. And he was fated to be the father of an authoress.

My father was personally acquainted with but one authoress, the Countess Rostóptchin. He had seen her in Moscow at the period when she was a brilliant society beauty, with whom all the fashionable young men of the day—my father among the number—had been hopelessly in love. Then, many years afterward, he had met her somewhere abroad, in Baden-Baden I think, in the gambling hall.

"I looked, and I could not believe my eyes," my father often related the story. "The countess entered, followed by a whole string of sharpers, each more vulgar than the other. They were all shouting, and laughing, and gabbling, and treating her like a boon companion. She went up to the gaming-table, and began to fling one gold piece after another. Her eyes shone, her face was red, her chignon was askew. She lost everything, to her very last gold piece, and screamed to her adjutants in French, 'Well, gentlemen, I'm broke! The game's up!' Then in Russian, 'Let's go and drown our grief in champagne!' That's what writing brings a woman to."

[Sónya, her mother, and Sister Aniuta visited their aunts at St. Petersburg. Aniuta met her publisher who fell in love with his authoress. Little Sónya, with her strong passions and great intelligence, developed a violent devotion to the well known writer and editor Dostoévsky, only to discover that Aniuta was the attraction which drew the editor to their home, despite his petting of her—as "little sister." She had just finished playing a difficult sonata, learned to please the editor's love of music, when she discovered her supposed admirer proposing to "big sister."]

But heavens!—what did I behold?

They were sitting side by side on the little divan. The room was dimly illuminated by a lamp with a huge shade.

The shadow fell directly on my sister, so that I could not distinguish her face; but Dostoévsky's face I saw plainly; it was pale and troubled. He was holding Aniuta's hand in his hands, and bending over her. He was talking in that passionate, broken whisper, which I knew and loved so well.

"Anna Vasilievna, my darling, do you understand? I loved you from the first moment that I beheld you; and before that I had already had a presentiment of it from your letters. And my love is not the affection of friendship, but passion—the passion of my whole nature."

Everything swam before my eyes. A sensation of bitter solitude, of deadly insult, suddenly took possession of me, and all the blood in my body seemed to rush first to my heart, and then to pour, in a burning flood, to my head.

I dropped the portière and fled from the room. I heard the crash of a chair which I had accidentally overthrown.

"Is that you, Sónya?" cried my sister's voice, in a tone of alarm. But I made no reply, and did not halt until I had reached our bedroom, in the other extremity of the apartment, at the end of a long corridor. When I stopped running, I immediately began to undress in great haste, without lighting the candle, fairly tearing off my clothes, and, still half-dressed, I flung myself into the bed and hid my head under the coverlet. At that moment I feared but one thing—that my sister would come and call me back to the drawing-room. I could not see them now.

A hitherto unknown sensation of bitterness, insult, and shame filled my soul to overflowing, and especially the shame and insult. Up to that moment I had not, even in my most secret thoughts, accounted to myself for the nature of my feelings toward Dostoévsky, and had never said to myself that I was in love with him.

Although I was only thirteen years old, I had already heard and read a good deal about love, but for some reason or other it had seemed to me that people fell in love in books, but not in real life. As for Dostoévsky, I had imagined that things would always go on all our lives as they had been going on for the last three months.

"And all at once, at one blow, all is ended!" I kept repeating to myself in my despair; and only now, when all

seemed to me irretrievably lost, did I clearly understand how happy I had been all those days—those evenings—to-day—a few moments ago. But now—good God—now!

Even now I did not tell myself plainly what had changed, what had come to an end. I only felt that everything had lost its bloom for me; that life was no longer worth living!

“And why did they make a fool of me; why did they make a secret of it; why did they dissemble?” I reproached them with unjust wrath.

“Well, let him love her, let him marry her, what business is it of mine?” I said to myself several seconds later; but my tears still continued to flow, and in my heart I felt the same pain, which was new to me.

Time passed.

At last, after the lapse of what seemed to me several eternities, a loud ring at the bell resounded. Mamma and my aunts had returned from their dinner-party. I heard the hurried steps of the lackey, as he went to open the door; then loud, cheerful voices resounded, as they always did when our people returned from any entertainment.

“Probably Dostoévsky is not gone yet. Will Aniuta tell mamma what has happened now, or to-morrow?” I said to myself. And then I distinguished his voice among the others. He was taking leave, making haste to depart. By straining my ears I could even hear him putting on his overshoes. Then the front door slammed again, and soon afterward Aniuta’s resounding footsteps came down the corridor. She opened the door of the bedroom, and a bright stream of light fell full on my face.

This light hurt my tear-swollen eyes by its intolerable brightness, and the feeling of physical enmity to my sister suddenly mounted to my throat.

“The disgusting thing, she is rejoicing,” I said bitterly to myself. I soon turned to the wall to pretend to be asleep. Aniuta deliberately placed the candle on the commode, and then approached my bed, and stood there for a few moments in silence.

I lay there motionless, holding my breath.

“I can see that you are not asleep,” said Aniuta at last.

I still remained silent.

“Well, if you want to sulk, sulk away. It will be only the worse for you; you shall not know anything,” cried my sister with determination at last, and began to undress as if nothing had happened.

I remember that I had a wonderful dream that night. This was strange altogether. Whenever during my life a great grief has overwhelmed me, I have always afterward, on the following night, had wonderfully beautiful, pleasant dreams. But how painful is the moment of awakening. The dreams are not yet quite dissipated; the whole body, exhausted with the tears of the preceding evening, experiences an agreeable languor after a few hours of vivifying sleep, a physical pleasure in the restoration of harmony. Suddenly, like the blow of a hammer, the memory of the terrible, irretrievable catastrophe which took place the night before beats upon the brain, and the soul is seized with the consciousness that it must begin again to live and suffer.

All the next day I passed in feverish expectation: “What will happen?” I asked no questions of my sister. I continued to feel toward her, though in a weaker degree, the displeasure which I had felt the night before, and therefore I avoided her as much as possible.

Perceiving my unhappiness she made an attempt to approach me, and to caress me; but I roughly repulsed her in a sudden fit of wrath. Then she, too, got angry, and left me to my own gloomy reflections.

For some reason or other I confidently expected that Dostoévsky would come to us that day, and that then something terrible would happen; but he did not come. We had already sat down to dinner, but he had not made his appearance. In the evening, as I knew, we were to go to a concert.

As time passed, and he did not come, I felt rather relieved; and a sort of dim, undefined hope even began to penetrate my heart. Suddenly it occurred to me:

“My sister will certainly refuse to go to the concert, and will remain at home; and Feódor Mikháilovitch will come when she is alone.”

My heart contracted with jealousy at this thought. But Aniuta did not refuse the concert. She went with us, and was very cheerful and talkative all the evening.

On our return from the concert, when we had gone to bed, and Aniuta was preparing to blow out the candle, I could hold out no longer, and without looking at her, I asked:

“When will Feódor Mikháilovitch come to see you?”

Aniuta smiled, “Why, you don’t want to know anything about me, you don’t want to speak to me, you are pleased to sulk.”

Her voice was so soft and kind that my heart suddenly thawed, and she appeared to me dreadfully charming once more.

“Well, how can he help loving her when she is so splendid, but I am nasty and mean?” thought I, with a sudden burst of self-depreciation. I crept into her bed, nestled up to her, and began to cry. She stroked my head.

“Come, stop that, you little goose. Here’s a silly child,” she kept repeating in a caressing way. All at once she could control herself no longer, but broke into inextinguishable laughter. “Why, she has taken it into her head to fall in love, and with whom? With a man who is three and a half times as old as she is,” she said.

These words, this laughter, suddenly aroused in my soul the senseless hope which utterly possessed me.

“So you do not love him?” I asked in a whisper, almost stifling with emotion.

Aniuta meditated.

“Well, you see,” she began, evidently picking her words, and finding herself in difficulties, “of course I love him, and I have a frightful, frightful respect for him. He is so kind, so clever, such a genius!”

She grew very animated, but my heart contracted again. “But how can I explain it to you? I do not love him as he—well, in short, I don’t love him in the way to marry him!” she said with sudden decision.

Heavens! How light dawned in my soul! I threw myself on my sister and began to kiss her hands and neck. Aniuta went on talking for a long time.

“You see, I am sometimes astonished myself that I cannot love him! He is such a fine man! At first I thought that perhaps I might come to love him; but he does not need such a wife as I, not in the least. His wife ought to devote herself

entirely, entirely to him; give up all her life to him, think only of him. And I cannot do that; I want to live myself. Moreover, he is so nervous and exacting. He seems to be constantly grasping me—sucking me into himself. I never was myself with him.”

Aniuta said all this as if addressing me, but, in reality, in order to explain matters to herself. I pretended to understand and to sympathize, but in my innermost heart I was thinking: “Heavens! What happiness it must be to be always with him, and to submit oneself wholly to him! How can my sister repulse such happiness?”

At any rate, when I fell asleep that night I was far from being so unhappy as I had been the night before.

The day appointed for our departure was now close at hand. Feódor Mikháilovitch came to see us once more to bid us farewell. He did not remain long, but Aniuta bore herself in a simple, friendly manner, and they promised to write to each other. His farewell to me was very tender. He even kissed me at parting, but assuredly he was very far from suspecting the nature of my feelings for him, or the suffering which he had caused me.

Six months later my sister received from Feódor Mikháilovitch a letter, in which he informed her that he had met a wonderful young girl, with whom he had fallen in love, and who had consented to become his wife. This young girl was Anna Grigórevna, his second wife. “If any one had foretold this six months ago, I swear by my honor that I would not have believed it!” ingenuously remarked Dostoévsky, at the end of his letter.

My heart-wound also healed rapidly. During the few days which remained of our stay in Petersburg, I continually felt an unwonted burden on my heart, and went about more sadly and meekly than usual. But the homeward journey erased from my soul the last traces of the tempest through which I had recently passed.

We took our departure in April. In Petersburg the weather was still cold and disagreeable; but in Vitebsk real spring greeted us, having entered quite unexpectedly, in a space of two days, into all its rights. All the brooks and streamlets had overflowed their banks and flooded the adjacent land,

forming perfect seas. The earth had thawed; the mud was indescribable.

The traveling on the highway was still tolerably good, but when we came to our district road we were forced to leave our traveling carriage at the post-house and hire two wretched tarantásses. Mamma and the coachman groaned and worried—how were we ever to get home? Mamma's chief fear was that father would scold her for having stayed so long in Petersburg. However, in spite of all the groaning and sighing, we had a capital journey.

I remember how we passed through the pine forest late at night. Neither I nor my sister was asleep. We sat in silence, reviewing all the various impressions of the past three months, and eagerly inhaling the spicy odor of spring, with which the air was saturated. Both our hearts were aching with a sort of oppressive expectation.

Little by little complete darkness descended. We were proceeding at a foot-pace, on account of the bad road. The postilion seemed to be asleep on his box, and was not shouting at his horses; nothing was to be heard but the splashing of the horses' hoofs in the mud, and the faint, intermittent jingling of the bells. The pine forest stretched out on both sides of the road, dark, mysterious, impenetrable. All at once, as we entered a glade, the moon seemed to swim out from behind the forest, and flooded us with silvery light so brilliant and unexpected that we were even startled.

After my explanation with my sister in Petersburg, we had not touched upon any private questions, and a sort of constraint still existed between us—some new sensation had taken possession of us. But at that moment, as if by mutual agreement, we pressed close to each other, exchanged an embrace, and felt that there was no longer any foreign element interposed between us, and that we were near to each other, as in the past. A feeling of reckless, unbounded joy in life overpowered us both. Heavens! how that life which lay before us attracted us, and beckoned us on; and how illimitable, how mysterious, and how beautiful, it seemed to us that night!

END OF THE "RECOLLECTIONS"



OSCAR WILDE

THE DRAMATIST AND FOUNDER OF THE ÆSTHETIC CULT

1856-1900

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

It was about the year 1880 that the name of Oscar Wilde first became a frequent one in common conversation; and from that time until Wilde's death in 1900 he was continually furnishing the English speaking world with new shocks, new interests, new excitements. Wilde was born in Dublin, the son of a noted Irish physician, and first became known as the leader of the aesthetic craze of the '80's. As a student at Oxford he talked scornfully of collegiate athletics, praised idle leisure and dreamy ecstasy, and adorned his room with peacock-feathers, sunflowers and lilies. A great many people enjoyed laughing at Wilde and his cult, but it had a distinct artistic influence. He wrote a novel, "The Picture of Dorian Grey," and then in 1892 achieved a much more distinct and virile fame as a playwright with his drama of "Lady Windermere's Fan." One witty, paradoxical play after another increased his reputation until the sudden disastrous climax in 1896. He was accused and convicted of gross immoralities of life and was sentenced to two years in prison. Some rumor or flavor of immorality had clung about Wilde ever since his Oxford days, but had been disbelieved by the better class of friends and critics who admired his real abilities; now his guilt was manifest and beyond society's condoning. After serving his sentence Wilde lived abroad for the brief remnant of his life under the name of Sebastian Melmoth, a pseudonym borrowed from an old romance of a homeless, sinful wanderer. During his prison life he produced two works which perhaps mark the highest reach of his genius, one, a poem, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"; the other, an explanation or defense of his career, including a picture of his jail life and mental suffering.

This remarkable work, "De Profundis," has been widely read and accepted as a classic. It was issued by Messrs. Putnam's Sons in 1905, and its sales formed the chief fund for the provision of Wilde's unhappy family. Only the more directly autobiographical portion of the work can be given here, but the reader will find equal value in the remainder of the book.

DE PROFUNDIS¹

SUFFERING is one very long moment. We cannot divide it by seasons. We can only record its moods, and chronicle their return. With us time itself does not progress. It revolves. It seems to circle round one center of pain. The paralyzing immobility of a life every circumstance of which is regulated after an unchangeable pattern, so that we eat and drink and lie down and pray, or kneel at least for prayer, according to the inflexible laws of an iron formula: this immobile quality, that makes each dreadful day in the very minutest detail like its brother, seems to communicate itself to those external forces the very essence of whose existence is ceaseless change. Of seed time or harvest, of the reapers bending over the corn, or the grape gatherers threading through the vines, of the grass in the orchard made white with broken blossoms or strewn with fallen fruit: of these we know nothing, and can know nothing.

For us there is only one season, the season of sorrow. The very sun and moon seem taken from us. Outside, the day may be blue and gold, but the light that creeps down through the thickly muffled glass of the small, iron-barred window beneath which one sits is gray and niggard. It is always twilight in one's cell, as it is always twilight in one's heart. And in the sphere of thought, no less than in the sphere of time, motion is no more. The thing that you personally have long ago forgotten, or can easily forget, is happening to me now, and will happen to me again to-morrow. Remember this, and you will be able to understand a little of why I am writing, and in this manner writing.

A week later, I am transferred here. Three more months go over and my mother dies. No one knew how deeply I loved and honored her. Her death was terrible to me; but I, once a lord of language, have no words in which to express my anguish and my shame. She and my father had bequeathed me a name they had made noble and honored, not merely in literature, art, archæology, and science, but in the public history of my own country, in its evolution as a nation. I had disgraced that name eternally. I had made it a low

¹ Copyright, 1905, by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Reprinted by permission.

byword among low people. I had dragged it through the very mire. I had given it to brutes that they might make it brutal, and to foes that they might turn it into a synonym for folly. What I suffered then, and still suffer, is not for pen to write or paper to record. My wife, always kind and gentle to me, rather than that I should hear the news from indifferent lips, traveled, ill as she was, all the way from Genoa to England to break to me herself the tidings of so irreparable, so irredeemable, a loss. Messages of sympathy reached me from all who had still affection for me. Even people who had not known me personally, hearing that a new sorrow had broken into my life, wrote to ask that some expression of their condolence should be conveyed to me.

Three months go over. The calendar of my daily conduct and labor that hangs on the outside of my cell door, with my name and sentence written upon it, tells me that it is May.

Prosperity, pleasure, and success, may be rough of grain and common in fiber, but sorrow is the most sensitive of all created things. There is nothing that stirs in the whole world of thought to which sorrow does not vibrate in terrible and exquisite pulsation. The thin beaten-out leaf of tremulous gold that chronicles the direction of forces the eye cannot see is in comparison coarse. It is a wound that bleeds when any hand but that of love touches it, and even then must bleed again, though not in pain.

Where there is sorrow there is holy ground. Some day people will realize what that means. They will know nothing of life till they do. — and natures like his can realize it. When I was brought down from my prison to the Court of Bankruptcy, between two policemen, — waited in the long dreary corridor that, before the whole crowd, whom an action so sweet and simple hushed into silence, he might gravely raise his hat to me, as, handcuffed and with bowed head, I passed him by. Men have gone to heaven for smaller things than that. It was in this spirit, and with this mode of love, that the saints knelt down to wash the feet of the poor, or stooped to kiss the leper on the cheek. I have never said one single word to him about what he did. I do not know to the present moment whether he is aware that I was even conscious of his action. It is not a thing for which one can

render formal thanks in formal words. I store it in the treasure-house of my heart. I keep it there as a secret debt that I am glad to think I can never possibly repay. It is embalmed and kept sweet by the myrrh and cassia of many tears. When wisdom has been profitless to me, philosophy barren, and the proverbs and phrases of those who have sought to give me consolation as dust and ashes in my mouth, the memory of that little, lovely, silent act of love has unsealed for me all the wells of pity: made the desert blossom like a rose, and brought me out of the bitterness of lonely exile into harmony with the wounded, broken, and great heart of the world. When people are able to understand, not merely how beautiful ——'s action was, but why it meant so much to me, and always will mean so much, then, perhaps, they will realize how and in what spirit they should approach me.

The poor are wise, more charitable, more kind, more sensitive than we are. In their eyes, prison is a tragedy in a man's life, a misfortune, a casualty, something that calls for sympathy in others. They speak of one who is in prison as of one who is "in trouble" simply. It is the phrase they always use, and the expression has the perfect wisdom of love in it. With people of our own rank it is different. With us, prison makes a man a pariah. I, and such as I am, have hardly any right to air and sun. Our presence taints the pleasures of others. We are unwelcome when we reappear. To revisit the glimpses of the moon is not for us. Our very children are taken away. Those lovely links with humanity are broken. We are doomed to be solitary, while our sons still live. We are denied the one thing that might heal us and keep us, that might bring balm to the bruised heart, and peace to the soul in pain.

I must say to myself that I ruined myself, and that nobody great or small can be ruined except by his own hand. I am quite ready to say so. I am trying to say so, though they may not think it at the present moment. This pitiless indictment I bring without pity against myself. Terrible as was what the world did to me, what I did to myself was far more terrible still.

I was a man who stood in symbolic relations to the art and culture of my age. I had realized this for myself at the very dawn of my manhood, and had forced my age to realize it

afterwards. Few men hold such a position in their own lifetime, and have it so acknowledged. It is usually discerned, if discerned at all, by the historian, or the critic, long after both the man and his age have passed away. With me it was different. I felt it myself, and made others feel it. Byron was a symbolic figure, but his relations were to the passion of his age and its weariness of passion. Mine were to something more noble, more permanent, of more vital issue, of larger scope.

The gods had given me almost everything. But I let myself be lured into long spells of senseless and sensual ease. I amused myself with being a *flâneur*, a dandy, a man of fashion. I surrounded myself with the smaller natures and the meaner minds. I became the spendthrift of my own genius, and to waste an eternal youth gave me a curious joy. Tired of being on the heights, I deliberately went to the depths in the search for new sensation. What the paradox was to me in the sphere of thought, perversity became to me in the sphere of passion. Desire, at the end, was a malady, or a madness, or both. I grew careless of the lives of others. I took pleasure where it pleased me, and passed on. I forgot that every little action of the common day makes or unmakes character, and that therefore what one has done in the secret chamber one has some day to cry aloud on the housetop. I ceased to be lord over myself. I was no longer the captain of my soul, and did not know it. I allowed pleasure to dominate me. I ended in horrible disgrace. There is only one thing for me now, absolute humility.

I have lain in prison for nearly two years. Out of my nature has come wild despair; an abandonment to grief that was piteous even to look at; terrible and impotent rage; bitterness and scorn; anguish that wept aloud; misery that could find no voice; sorrow that was dumb. I have passed through every possible mood of suffering. Better than Wordsworth himself I know what Wordsworth meant when he said:

“Suffering is permanent, obscure, and dark,
And has the nature of infinity.”

But while there were times when I rejoiced in the idea that my sufferings were to be endless, I could not bear them to be

without meaning. Now I find hidden somewhere away in my nature something that tells me that nothing in the whole world is meaningless, and suffering least of all. That something hidden away in my nature, like a treasure in a field, is Humility.

It is the last thing left in me, and the best: the ultimate discovery at which I have arrived, the starting-point for a fresh development. It has come to me right out of myself, so I know that it has come at the proper time. It could not have come before, nor later. Had any one told me of it, I would have rejected it. Had it been brought to me, I would have refused it. As I found it, I want to keep it. I must do so. It is the one thing that has in it the elements of life, of a new life, a *Vita Nuova* for me. Of all things it is the strangest. One cannot acquire it, except by surrendering everything that one has. It is only when one has lost all things, that one knows that one possesses it.

Now I have realized that it is in me, I see quite clearly what I ought to do; in fact, must do. And when I use such a phrase as that, I need not say that I am not alluding to any external sanction or command. I admit none. I am far more of an individualist than I ever was. Nothing seems to me of the smallest value except what one gets out of oneself. My nature is seeking a fresh mode of self-realization. That is all I am concerned with. And the first thing that I have got to do is to free myself from any possible bitterness of feeling against the world.

I am completely penniless, and absolutely homeless. Yet there are worse things in the world than that. I am quite candid when I say that rather than go out from this prison with bitterness in my heart against the world, I would gladly and readily beg my bread from door to door. If I got nothing from the house of the rich I would get something at the house of the poor. Those who have much are often greedy; those who have little always share. I would not a bit mind sleeping in the cool grass in summer, and when winter came on sheltering myself by the warm close-thatched rick, or under the pent-house of a great barn, provided I had love in my heart. The external things of life seem to me now of no importance at all. You can see to what intensity of individualism I have

arrived—or am arriving rather, for the journey is long, and “where I walk there are thorns.”

Of course I know that to ask alms on the highway is not to be my lot, and that if ever I lie in the cool grass at night-time it will be to write sonnets to the moon. When I go out of prison, R—— will be waiting for me on the other side of the big iron-studded gate, and he is the symbol, not merely of his own affection, but of the affection of many others besides. I believe I am to have enough to live on for about eighteen months at any rate, so that if I may not write beautiful books, I may at least read beautiful books; and what joy can be greater? After that, I hope to be able to recreate my creative faculty.

But were things different; had I not a friend left in the world; were there not a single house open to me in pity; had I to accept the wallet and ragged cloak of sheer penury: as long as I am free from all resentment, hardness, and scorn, I would be able to face the life with much more calm and confidence than I would were my body in purple and fine linen, and the soul within me sick with hate.

And I really shall have no difficulty. When you really want love you will find it waiting for you.

I need not say that my task does not end there. It would be comparatively easy if it did. There is much more before me. I have hills far steeper to climb, valleys much darker to pass through. And I have to get it all out of myself. Neither religion, morality, nor reason can help me at all. . . .

I want to get to the point when I shall be able to say quite simply, and without affectation, that the two great turning points in my life were when my father sent me to Oxford, and when society sent me to prison. I will not say that prison is the best thing that could have happened to me; for that phrase would savor of too great bitterness towards myself. I would sooner say, or hear it said of me, that I was so typical a child of my age, that in my perversity, and for that perversity's sake, I turned the good things of my life to evil, and the evil things of my life to good. . . .

While I was in Wandsworth prison I longed to die. It was my one desire. When after two months in the infirmary I was transferred here, and found myself growing gradually

better in physical health, I was filled with rage. I determined to commit suicide on the very day on which I left prison. After a time that evil mood passed away, and I made up my mind to live, but to wear gloom as a king wears purple: never to smile again: to turn whatever house I entered into a house of mourning: to make my friends walk slowly in sadness with me: to teach them that melancholy is the true secret of life: to maim them with an alien sorrow: to mar them with my own pain. Now I feel quite differently. I see it would be both ungrateful and unkind of me to pull so long a face that when my friends came to see me they would have to make their faces still longer in order to show their sympathy; or, if I desired to entertain them, to invite them to sit down silently to bitter herbs and funeral baked meats. I must learn how to be cheerful and happy.

The last two occasions on which I was allowed to see my friends here, I tried to be as cheerful as possible, and to show my cheerfulness, in order to make them some slight return for their trouble in coming all the way from town to see me. It is only a slight return, I know, but it is the one, I feel certain, that pleases them most. I saw R—— for an hour on Saturday week, and I tried to give the fullest possible expression of the delight I really felt at our meeting. And that, in the views and ideas I am here shaping for myself, I am quite right is shown to me by the fact that now for the first time since my imprisonment I have a real desire for life.

There is before me so much to do that I would regard it as a terrible tragedy if I died before I was allowed to complete at any rate a little of it. I see new developments in art and life, each one of which is a fresh mode of perfection. I long to live so that I can explore what is no less than a new world to me. Do you want to know what this new world is? I think you can guess what it is. It is the world in which I have been living. Sorrow, then, and all that it teaches one, is my new world.

I used to live entirely for pleasure. I shunned suffering and sorrow of every kind. I hated both. I resolved to ignore them as far as possible: to treat them, that is to say, as modes of imperfection. They were not part of my scheme of life. They had no place in my philosophy. My mother, who knew

life as a whole, used often to quote to me Goethe's lines—written by Carlyle in a book he had given her years ago, and translated by him, I fancy, also:—

“Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the midnight hours
Weeping and waiting for the morrow,—
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers.”

They were the lines which that noble Queen of Prussia, whom Napoleon treated with such coarse brutality, used to quote in her humiliation and exile; they were the lines my mother often quoted in the troubles of her later life. I absolutely declined to accept or admit the enormous truth hidden in them. I could not understand it. I remember quite well how I used to tell her that I did not want to eat my bread in sorrow, or to pass any night weeping and watching for a more bitter dawn.

I had no idea that it was one of the special things that the Fates had in store for me: that for a whole year of my life, indeed, I was to do little else. But so has my portion been meted out to me; and during the last few months I have, after terrible difficulties and struggles, been able to comprehend some of the lessons hidden in the heart of pain. Clergymen and people who use phrases without wisdom sometimes talk of suffering as a mystery. It is really a revelation. One discerns things one never discerned before. One approaches the whole of history from a different standpoint. What one had felt dimly, through instinct, about art, is intellectually and emotionally realized with perfect clearness of vision and absolute intensity of apprehension.

I now see that sorrow, being the supreme emotion of which man is capable, is at once the type and test of all great art. What the artist is always looking for is the mode of existence in which soul and body are one and indivisible: in which the outward is expressive of the inward: in which form reveals. Of such modes of existence there are not a few: youth and the arts preoccupied with youth may serve as a model for us at one moment: at another we may like to think that, in its subtlety and sensitiveness of impression, its suggestion of a spirit dwelling in external things and making its raiment of

earth and air, of mist and city alike, and in its morbid sympathy of its moods, and tones, and colors, modern landscape art is realizing for us pictorially what was realized in such plastic perfection by the Greeks. Music, in which all subject is absorbed in expression and cannot be separated from it, is a complex example, and a flower or a child a simple example, of what I mean; but sorrow is the ultimate type both in life and art.

Behind joy and laughter there may be a temperament, coarse, hard, and callous. But behind sorrow there is always sorrow. Pain, unlike pleasure, wears no mask. Truth in art is not any correspondence between the essential idea and the accidental existence; it is not the resemblance of shape to shadow, or of the form mirrored in the crystal to the form itself; it is no echo coming from a hollow hill, any more than it is a silver well of water in the valley that shows the moon to the moon and Narcissus to Narcissus. Truth in art is the unity of a thing with itself: the outward rendered expressive of the inward: the soul made incarnate: the body instinct with spirit. For this reason there is no truth comparable to sorrow. There are times when sorrow seems to me to be the only truth. Other things may be illusions of the eye or the appetite, made to blind the one and cloy the other, but out of sorrow have the worlds been built, and at the birth of a child or a star there is pain.

More than this, there is about sorrow an intense, an extraordinary reality. I have said of myself that I was one who stood in symbolic relations to the art and culture of my age. There is not a single wretched man in this wretched place along with me who does not stand in symbolic relation to the very secret of life. For the secret of life is suffering. It is what is hidden behind everything. When we begin to live, what is sweet is so sweet to us, and what is bitter so bitter, that we inevitably direct all our desires towards pleasures, and seek not merely for a "month or twain to feed on honeycomb," but for all our years to taste no other food, ignorant all the while that we may really be starving the soul. . . .

I hope to live long enough and to produce work of such a character that I shall be able at the end of my days to say, "Yes! this is just where the artistic life leads a man!" Two

of the most perfect lives I have come across in my own experience are the lives of Verlaine and of Prince Kropotkin: both of them men who have passed years in prison: the first, the one Christian poet since Dante; the other, a man with a soul of that beautiful white Christ which seems coming out of Russia. And for the last seven or eight months, in spite of a succession of great troubles reaching me from the outside world almost without intermission, I have been placed in direct contact with a new spirit working in this prison through man and things, that has helped me beyond any possibility of expression in words: so that while for the first year of my imprisonment I did nothing else, and can remember doing nothing else, but wring my hands in impotent despair, and say, "What an ending, what an appalling ending!" now I try to say to myself, and sometimes when I am not torturing myself do really and sincerely say, "What a beginning, what a wonderful beginning!" It may really be so. It may become so. If it does I shall owe much to this new personality that has altered every man's life in this place.

You may realize it when I say that had I been released last May, as I tried to be, I would have left this place loathing it and every official in it with a bitterness of hatred that would have poisoned my life. I have had a year longer of imprisonment, but humanity has been in the prison along with us all, and now when I go out I shall always remember great kindnesses that I have received here from almost everybody, and on the day of my release I shall give many thanks to many people, and ask to be remembered by them in turn.

The prison style is absolutely and entirely wrong. I would give anything to be able to alter it when I go out. I intend to try. But there is nothing in the world so wrong but that the spirit of humanity, which is the spirit of love, the spirit of the Christ who is not in churches, may make it, if not right, at least possible to be borne without too much bitterness of heart.

I know also that much is waiting for me outside that is very delightful, from what St. Francis of Assisi calls "my brother the wind, and my sister the rain," lovely things both of them, down to the shop-windows and sunsets of great

cities. If I made a list of all that still remains to me, I don't know where I should stop: for, indeed, God made the world just as much for me as for any one else. Perhaps I may go out with something that I had not got before. I need not tell you that to me reformations in morals are as meaningless and vulgar as reformations in theology. But while to propose to be a better man is a piece of unscientific cant, to have become a deeper man is the privilege of those who have suffered. And such I think I have become. . . .

I am conscious now that behind all this beauty, satisfying though it may be, there is some spirit hidden of which the painted forms and shapes are but modes of manifestation, and it is with this spirit that I desire to become in harmony. I have grown tired of the articulate utterances of men and things. The Mystical in Art, the Mystical in Life, the Mystical in Nature—this is what I am looking for. It is absolutely necessary for me to find it somewhere.

All trials are trials for one's life, just as all sentences are sentences of death; and three times have I been tried. The first time I left the box to be arrested, the second time to be led back to the house of detention, the third time to pass into a prison for two years. Society, as we have constituted it, will have no place for me, has none to offer; but Nature, whose sweet rains fall on unjust and just alike, will have clefts in the rocks where I may hide, and secret valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed. She will hang the night with stars so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling, and send the wind over my footprints so that none may track me to my hurt: she will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitter herbs make me whole.

THE END OF "DE PROFUNDIS"



MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF

A YOUNG RUSSIAN ARISTOCRAT AND ARTIST

1860-1884

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

To not many young women has it been given to move the world so deeply, or to acquire such wide posthumous fame, as did Marie Bashkirtseff by the publication of her "Journal" shortly after her death. She was of a Russian family of rank and wealth, was a pure and noble woman, possessed of a powerful intellect and of such unusual artistic talent that before her early death she had already won high repute as a painter.

Future ages, however, will remember her chiefly for her "Journal." As a mere child of twelve she conceived the idea of becoming famous by keeping a diary in which she would record the exact truth about herself, so that after her death the world might really know just how one woman had thought and felt. This idea she carried persistently onward. All her little girlish love affairs are set down, all her furious rages over trifles, her alternate ecstasies and depressions, her absorbing passion for fame. Even the slow approach of death is here made visible, the last entry being recorded but a few days before the end. Wherever we can test the "Journal" by a comparison with outside facts, it speaks truly; wherever we measure it by human experience, it rings true. So the world has come to accept this glowing book for what it claims to be, the true soul-history of a very able and high-souled young woman.

THE JOURNAL OF A YOUNG ARTIST

OF what use were pretense or affectation? Yes, it is evident that I have the desire, if not the hope, of living upon this earth by any means in my power. If I do not die young I hope to live as a great artist; but if I die young, I intend to have my journal, which cannot fail to be interesting, published. Perhaps this idea of publication has already detracted from, if not destroyed, the chief merit that such a work may

be said to possess? But, no! for in the first place I had written for a long time without any thought of being read, and then it is precisely because I hoped to be read that I am altogether sincere. If this book is not the *exact*, the *absolute*, the *strict* truth, it has no *raison d'être*. Not only do I always write what I think, but I have not even dreamed, for a single instant, of disguising anything that was to my disadvantage, or that might make me appear ridiculous. Besides, I think myself too admirable for censure. You may be very certain, then, charitable readers, that I exhibit myself in these pages *just as I am*. As a subject of interest for you I may appear to you of little consequence; but forget that it is I; think simply that a fellow-being is recounting to you her impressions from her infancy. Such a document is very interesting from a human standpoint. Ask M. Zola if this be not so, or even M. de Goncourt, or Maupassant himself! My journal commences at my twelfth year, but begins to possess some value only from after my fifteenth or sixteenth year. There is in it, therefore, a blank to be filled up; so that I shall write a sort of preface in order to render this monument of human and literary interest intelligible.

Assume, then, that I am of noble birth, and let us begin:

I was born on the 11th of November, 1860. Only to write it down is frightful. But then I console myself by thinking that I shall be of no age at all when you read my journal.

My father was the son of General Paul Gregorievitch Bashkirtseff, a provincial nobleman who was of a brave, obstinate, severe, and even ferocious nature. My grandfather was raised to the grade of General after the Crimean war, I think. He married a young girl—the adopted daughter of a *grand seigneur*; she died at the age of thirty-eight, leaving five children—my father and four daughters.

Mamma was married at the age of twenty-one, after having rejected several very good *partis*. She was a Babanine. On the side of the Babanines we belong to an old noble family of the provinces; and grandpapa has always boasted of being of Tartar origin (his ancestors having come to Russia at the time of the first invasion). Baba Nina are two Tartar words—for my part I laugh at all this. Grandpapa was the contemporary of Lermontoff, Poushkine, etc. He was an admirer

of Byron, a poet, a soldier, and a man of letters. He married, while quite young, Mademoiselle Julie Cornélius, a girl of fifteen, very sweet and very pretty. They had nine children—if you will pardon the smallness of the number!

After two years of marriage mamma went, with her two children, to live with her parents. I was always with grandmamma, who idolized me. Besides grandmamma to adore me, there was my aunt, when mamma did not carry her off with her—my aunt, who was younger than mamma, but not so pretty; who sacrificed herself to and was sacrificed by everybody.

In May, 1870, we set out to travel. The dream so long cherished by mamma was realized. We remained a month in Vienna, making ourselves dizzy with novelties of every description—fine shops, theaters, etc. We arrived at Baden-Baden in June, at the height of the season, and found ourselves in the midst of a luxury truly Parisian. Our party consisted of grandpapa, mamma, my aunt Romanoff, Dina (my cousin-german), my brother Paul, and myself; and we had with us a doctor, the angelic, the incomparable Walitsky. He was a Pole, but without any exaggerated patriotism, of a sweet nature, and very winning manners. He spent all his income on his profession. At Aichtirka he was the physician of the district. He attended the University with mamma's brother, and was always treated as one of the family at our house. At the time of our setting out on our travels a physician was needed for grandpapa, and for that reason we took Walitsky with us. It was at Baden that I first became acquainted with the world, and with the refinements of polite society, and that I suffered the tortures of vanity.

But I have not said enough about Russia, and about myself, which is the principal thing. I had two governesses, one a Russian, the other a French woman. The former, whom I remember very well, was a certain Madame Melnikoff, a woman of elegant manners, well educated, romantic, and who was separated from her husband. She became a governess on a sudden impulse, after reading a great many romances. She was regarded by the family as a friend, and treated by them as an equal. All the men paid court to her, and one fine morning, after a certain romantic adventure, she disappeared. She

might have bade us good-by and gone away quite naturally, but the Slav nature, with French civilization grafted on to it and influenced by romantic reading, is a curious compound. In her character of unhappy wife this lady had at once set herself to adore the little girl confided to her care. I had returned her adoration through an instinctive feeling of dramatic fitness, and my family, *poseuse* and simple-minded, thought her departure ought to make me ill; they all regarded me with compassionate looks that day, and I remember that grandmamma ordered a certain soup—a soup for invalids—to be made expressly for me. I felt myself grow quite pale before this exhibition of sensibility. I was, indeed, sickly looking, fragile, and not at all pretty—all which did not prevent every one's regarding me as a being destined to become one day beautiful, brilliant, and magnificent. Mamma once went to a Jew who told fortunes.

“You have two children,” he said to her; “your son will be like everybody else, but your daughter will be a star!”

One evening at the theater a gentleman said to me, laughingly:

“Show me your hand, mademoiselle. Ah, by the style in which you are gloved, there is not the slightest doubt but that you will one day be a terrible coquette.”

I was for a long time very proud of this. Since I have been able to think, since I was three years old (I was not weaned until I was three and a half), I have always had aspirations toward greatness of some kind. My dolls were always kings or queens; all my thoughts, everything I heard from those who surrounded mamma, always bore some reference to this greatness which must one day inevitably come to me.

When I was about five years old I dressed myself one day in mamma's laces, put flowers in my hair, and went to the drawing-room, to dance. I was the great *danseuse*. Petipa, and all the household were there to look at me. Paul was nobody beside me, and Dina, although the daughter of the dearly beloved Georges, did not put me in the shade. One more incident: When Dina was born, grandmamma took her from her mother, and kept her from that time forth with herself. This was before I was born.

After Mme. Melnikoff I had for a governess Mlle. Sophie Dolgikoff, a girl of sixteen—blessed Russia!—and another, a Frenchwoman called Mme. Brenne, who wore her hair in the style of the Restoration, had pale blue eyes, and was a sorrowful looking creature with her fifty years, and her consumption. I was very fond of her. She taught me how to draw. I drew a little church under her instructions. I drew at other times also. While the grown-up people played cards I would often draw on the green cloth.

All this brings us back to Baden in 1870. War having been declared, we had betaken ourselves to Geneva, I with my heart filled with bitterness, and cherishing projects of revenge. Every evening on going to bed I recited in my own mind the following supplementary prayer:

“My God, grant that I may never have the small-pox; that I may grow up pretty; that I may have a beautiful voice; that I may be happily married; and that mamma may live for a long time to come!”

At Geneva we put up at the Hôtel de la Couronne on the borders of the lake. There I had a professor of drawing who brought designs with him for me to copy—little chalets in which the windows were like trunks of trees, and did not at all resemble the windows of real chalets, so I refused to draw them. The good man then told me to copy them from nature, just as they appeared to me. Just then we left the hotel to live in a family boarding-house, with Mont Blanc in front of us. I therefore copied scrupulously all that was visible of Geneva and the lake.

When I am dead, my life, which appears to me a remarkable one, will be read. (The only thing wanting is that it should have been different.) But I detest prefaces (they have kept me from reading a great many excellent books), as well as the notices of editors. For this reason I write my own preface. It might have been omitted if I had published the whole of my journal, but I limited myself to beginning at my twelfth year; to give what precedes would render the book too long. Besides, I give you glimpses enough into it in the course of the journal. I go back to the past very often, apropos of anything or nothing.

What if, seized without warning by a fatal illness, I should

happen to die suddenly! I should not know, perhaps, of my danger; my family would hide it from me; and after my death they would rummage among my papers; they would find my journal, and destroy it after having read it, and soon nothing would be left of me—nothing—nothing—nothing! This is the thought that has always terrified me. To live, to have so much ambition, to suffer, to weep, to struggle, and in the end to be forgotten;—as if I had never existed. If I should not live long enough to become famous, this journal will be interesting to the psychologist. The record of a woman's life, written down day by day, without any attempt at concealment, as if no one in the world were ever to read it, yet with the purpose of being read, is always interesting; for I am certain that I shall be found sympathetic, and I write down everything, everything, everything. Otherwise why should I write? Besides, it will very soon be seen that I have concealed nothing.

PARIS, May 1, 1884.

1873

VILLA ACQUA-VIVA,
PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS, NICE.

January (at the age of twelve years).—Aunt Sophie is playing some of the national airs of Little Russia on the piano, and this recalls our country to me. I am transported in fancy, and what recollections can I have of that life that are not associated with poor grandmamma? The tears are coming to my eyes; they are there now, and in another instant they will fall; they are falling already. Poor grandmamma! How unfortunate I am to have you no longer beside me! How tenderly you loved me, and I you! But I was too young to love you as you deserved to be loved! I am deeply moved by these memories. The memory of grandmamma is a respected, a sacred, a beloved one, but it is not a living one. O my God! grant me happiness in this life, and I will be grateful! But what am I saying? It appears to me that I have been placed in this world in order to be happy; make me happy, O my God!

Aunt Sophie is still playing. The sounds of the piano reach me at intervals, and penetrate my soul. I have no

lessons to learn for to-morrow, for it is Aunt Sophie's fête-day. God grant that the Duke of H—— may be mine! I will love him and make him happy! I will be happy too. I will do good to the poor. It is a sin to think that one can purchase the favor of God by good works, but I know not how otherwise to express myself.

I love the Duke of H——, but I cannot tell him that I love him; and even if I were to tell him so, he would pay no attention to it. When he was here I had some object in going out, in dressing myself, but now!—— I used to go to the terrace in the hope of seeing him for even a single instant, at a distance. My God, assuage my grief! I can pray no more; hear my prayer. Thy grace is infinite; Thy mercy great! Thou hast granted me so many blessings! It grieves me to see him no longer on the promenade. His face was easily distinguishable among the vulgar faces of Nice.

Mrs. Howard invited us yesterday to spend the day with her children. We were on the point of setting out, when she returned to say that she had asked mamma's permission to keep us till evening. We remained, and after dinner we all went to the great drawing-room, which was dark, and the girls begged me so much to sing; they went on their knees to me—the children as well; we laughed a great deal; I sang "Santa Lucia," "The Sun is Risen," and some *roulades*. They were so delighted that they all embraced me frantically. If I could produce the same effect upon the public I would go on the stage this very day.

It causes so profound an emotion to be admired for something more than one's dress! Truly, I am transported by these words of praise from children. What would it be, then, if I were admired by *others*?

I was made for triumphs and emotions; the best thing I can do, therefore, is to become a singer. If the good God would only *preserve, strengthen, and develop* my voice, then I should enjoy the triumph for which I long. Then I should enjoy the happiness of being celebrated, and admired; and in that way the one I love might be mine. If I remain as I am, I have but little hope of his loving me; he is ignorant even of my existence. But when he sees me surrounded by

glory, in the midst of triumphs! Men are so ambitious! And I shall be received in society, for I shall not be a celebrity out of a tobacco-shop or a filthy street. I am of noble birth; I have no need to make use of my talents—my fortune does not exact it—so that I shall have all the greater glory for elevating myself, and it will be all the easier for me to do so. In that way my life would be perfect. I dream of glory, of fame, of being known throughout the world!

To see thousands of persons, when you appear upon the stage, await with beating hearts the moment when you shall begin to sing; to know as you look at them that a single note of your voice will bring them all to your feet; to look at them with a haughty glance (for I can do anything)—that is my dream, that is my life, that is my happiness, that is my desire. And then, in the midst of all this, Monsignor le Duc de H—— will come with the others to throw himself at my feet, but he shall not meet with the same reception as the others. Dear, you will be dazzled by my splendor, and you will love me! You will behold me in all my glory, it is true—you deserve for a wife only such a woman as I hope to become. I am not ugly; I am even pretty—yes, rather pretty than ugly. I am extremely well-formed, with all the perfection of a statue; I have tolerably fine hair; I have a coquettish manner that is very becoming, and I know how to conduct myself toward men.

I am a modest girl, and I would never give a kiss to any other man than my husband; I can boast of something that not every girl of twelve or fourteen years can say, that is, of never having been kissed, and of never having kissed any one. Then, to see a young girl at the highest point of glory to which a woman can attain, who has loved him from her childhood with a constant love, simple and modest—all this will astonish him; he will want to marry me at any cost, and he will do so through pride. But what do I say? Why should I not admit that he may love me? Ah, yes, with the help of God; God has made me discover the means by which I may possess him I love. I thank Thee, O my God, I thank Thee!

Friday, March 14.—This morning I heard a noise of carriages in the Rue de France; I looked out and saw the Duke of H—— driving with four horses on the Promenade. Ah,

if he is here, he will take part in the pigeon-shooting match in April; I will be there at any cost!

To-day I saw the Duke of H—— again. No one bears himself as he does; he has the air of a king when he is driving in his carriage.

I shall be happy with my husband, for I will not neglect myself; I will adorn myself to please him, as I adorned myself when I wished to please him for the first time. Besides, I cannot understand how a man and a woman can love each other tenderly, and endeavor to please each other unceasingly, and then neglect themselves after marriage. Why believe that with the word marriage love must pass away, and that only cold and reserved friendship remains; why profane marriage by representing the wife in curl-papers and a wrapper, with cold-cream on her nose, trying to get money from her husband for dresses; why should a woman be careless of her appearance before the man for whom she should adorn herself the most? I do not see why one should treat one's husband like a domestic animal, and yet so long as one is not married, why one should wish to please this man. Why not always retain something of coquetry with one's husband, and treat him as a stranger whom one desires to please? Is it because one need not conceal one's love, because it is not a crime to love, and because marriage has received God's benediction? Is it because that which is not forbidden possesses no value in our eyes, and that one can find pleasure only in secret and forbidden things? This ought not to be.

I have strained my voice in singing and injured it, so that I have made a promise to God to sing no more (a resolution that I have since broken a hundred times) until I take lessons; I have prayed to Him in the meantime to purify, strengthen and develop it. And in order that I may not be tempted to break my vow, I have even besought Him to take it from me, should I do so. This is frightful, but I will do all I can to keep my vow.

Friday, December 30.—To-day I have on an antediluvian dress, my little petticoat and black velvet coat, over it the tunic and sleeveless jacket of Dina, and it all looks very well. I think it is because I know how to wear the dress, and

carry myself well. (I looked like a little old woman.) I was very much noticed. I should like to know why they all look at me, and whether it is because I appear ridiculous, or because I am pretty. I would reward well any one who would tell me the truth. I have a mind to ask some one (some young man) if I am pretty. I always like to believe things that are good, and I should prefer to believe that it is because I am pretty. Perhaps I deceive myself, but if it be a delusion I would rather keep it, because it is a flattering one. What would you have? In this world it is necessary to look at things in their best possible light. Life is so beautiful and so short!

I have been thinking of what my brother Paul will do when he is a man. What profession will he choose? For he cannot spend his life as so many people spend theirs—first saunter idly about, and then throw himself into the world of gamblers and *cocottes*; no! Besides, he has not the means of doing this. I write sensible letters to him every Sunday—not sermons, no! but letters such as a comrade might write him. Well, I shall know what to do, and, with God's help, I shall exert some influence over him, for he must be a man.

I was so preoccupied that I had almost forgotten (what a shame!) the absence of the Duke! It seems as if so great a gulf separates us, especially if we go to Russia in the summer. They are talking seriously of that. How can I imagine that he should ever be mine? He no more thinks of me than he does of last year's snow. I do not exist for him. If we remain in Nice for the winter, I may still hope; but it seems to me that with our departure for Russia all my hopes will vanish; everything that I had thought possible is disappearing from my gaze. I am passing through a period of supreme anguish—a change in my whole nature is taking place. How strange it is!

I am overwhelmed by my thoughts. O my God, at the thought that he will never love me I am ready to die of grief! I have no longer any hope. I was mad to desire things so impossible. I wished to possess what was too beautiful. Ah, but no! I must not allow myself to be thus carried away. What! I dare despair thus! Is there not

a God to whom all things are possible, who protects me? What! I dare entertain these thoughts? Is He not everywhere always, watching over us? He can do all things; He is all-powerful; for Him there is neither time nor space. I may be in Peru, and the Duke in Africa, and if He wishes He can bring us together. How can I have entertained for a single moment a despairing thought? How can I have forgotten for an instant His divine goodness? Is it because He does not give me everything that I desire at once that I dare to deny Him? No, no, He is more merciful; He will not allow a soul as innocent as mine to be torn apart by these sinful doubts.

This morning I pointed out a coal-vender to Mlle. Colignon (my governess) saying: "See how much that man resembles the Duke of H——." She replied, smiling: "What nonsense!" It gave me an indescribable pleasure to pronounce his name. But I notice that if we never speak of the man we love, our love grows stronger; but if we speak continually of him, our love diminishes. It is like a vial of some essence; if it be corked, the perfume remains strong, while if it be open, the perfume evaporates. This is precisely the case with my love; it remains strong because I never hear him I love spoken of. I never speak of him, I keep him entirely for myself.

I am very sad. I have no positive ideas regarding my future; that is to say, I know what I would like to have, but not what I shall have. How gay I was last winter! Everything smiled on me; I had hope. I love a shadow which perhaps I shall never possess. I am in despair about my gowns; they have cost me many tears. I went with my aunt to two dressmakers; but they were both unsatisfactory. I shall write to Paris; I cannot bear the gowns here.

This evening we spent at church; it is the first day of our Holy Week, and I performed my devotions. I must say that there are many things about our religion which I do not like; but it is not for me to reform them; I believe in God, in Christ, and in the Holy Virgin. I pray to God every night, and I have no wish to trouble myself about a few trifles that have nothing to do with true religion—with true faith. I believe in God, and He is good to me; He

gives me more than I need. Oh, if He would only give me what I desire so much! The good God will have pity on me, although I might do without what I ask. I should be so happy if the Duke would only take notice of me, and I would bless God.

I must write his name, for if I neither mentioned it to any one nor even wrote it down here I could no longer live. It is some slight consolation only to write it. On the Promenade I saw with joy a carriage containing a young man, tall, slender, and dark (the Duke's brother). I thought I recognized some one. I gave a cry of surprise: "Oh, *caro*——!" They asked me what was the matter; I answered that Mlle. Colignon had stepped on my foot. He resembles his brother in nothing. Nevertheless, it makes me happy to see him. Ah, if I could only make his acquaintance, at least; for through him I might come to know the Duke! I love this one as if he were my brother; I love him because he is *his* brother. At dinner Walitsky said suddenly, "H——." I blushed; I was confused, and I walked toward the cupboard. Mamma reproved me for this, saying that it was very wrong. I think she divines something, because every time any one mentions the name H—— I blush or leave the room abruptly. She does not scold me for it, however.

They are all sitting in the dining-room, chatting together quietly, and thinking me occupied with my studies. They are ignorant of what is passing within me, and they do not know what my thoughts are now. I must be either the Duchess of H——, and that is what I most desire (for God knows how ardently I love him), or become famous on the stage; but this career does not attract me so much as the other. It is doubtless flattering to receive the homage of the entire world, from the lowest to the sovereigns of the earth, but the other!—Yes, I will have him I love; that is altogether another kind of happiness, and I prefer it. A great lady—a duchess—I would rather be this in society, than be the first among the celebrities of the world, for that would not be my world.

May 6.—Mamma is up, and Mlle. C—— also, for she has been ill. It was so delightful after the rain! so fresh, and the trees looked so beautiful with the sun shining on them,

that I could not study. I went into the garden and placed my chair beside the fountain, and had before me a magnificent picture, for this fountain is surrounded by large trees, that completely shut out the prospect. All that is to be seen is a brook, and rocks covered with moss, and on every side trees of different kinds, their foliage lighted up by the sun. And the soft, green turf! Truly I was tempted to roll on it. All this made a sort of grove, so fresh, so soft, so green, so beautiful that I should try in vain to give you an idea of it; I cannot. If the villa and the garden do not change, I will bring him here to show him the spot where I have so often thought of him. Yesterday evening I prayed to God, and when I came to the part where I asked that I might know the Duke, that God would grant me this happiness, I shed tears. Three times already has God listened to me, and granted my prayer: the first time I asked Him for a set of croquet, and my aunt brought me one from Geneva; the second time I asked Him to help me to learn English. I prayed and wept so much, and my imagination was so excited, that I thought I beheld an image of the Virgin in a corner of the room, who promised what I asked for. I could even recognize the face, if I should see it again.

I don't want any one to think that, when I have done with studying, I shall do nothing but dance and dress myself; no, having finished the studies of childhood, I shall devote myself seriously to painting, music, and singing. I have talent for all this, and a great deal of it! What a consolation it is to write this! I am already calmer. Not only do the annoyances I suffer injure my health, but they injure my disposition and my appearance. This flush that overspreads my face makes my cheeks burn as with fire, and when calmness returns they are no longer either fresh or rosy. This color which I am condemned to have always in my face will make me pale and faded, and that is Mlle. C——'s fault, for the agitation she causes me produces it. I even have slight headaches after my face has burned like this. Mamma scolds me; she says it is my fault that I do not speak English. How indignant that makes me!

I think, if he should ever read this journal, that he will find it stupid,—above all, my confessions of love. I have

repeated them so often that they have lost all their force. Ah, when one thinks what a miserable creature man is! Every other animal can, at his will, wear on his face the expression he pleases. He is not obliged to smile if he has a mind to weep. When he does not wish to see his fellows he does not see them. While man is the slave of everything and everybody! And yet I draw this very fate upon myself. I love to visit, and I love to see visitors.

Last night I had a horrible dream. We were in a house that I had never seen before, when suddenly I, or some one, I do not remember who, looked out of the window. The sun had increased in size until it covered almost half of the sky, but it did not shine, and it gave forth no heat. Then it separated into parts, and a quarter of it disappeared; the remainder separated again into parts, changing color as it did so, and casting a glow all around; then a cloud overspread one half of the sun, and everybody cried out, "The sun has stopped moving." It remained for some moments immovable, but pallid; then something strange happened to the earth; it was not that it trembled; I cannot describe what it was. There are no words to express what we do not comprehend. Then the sun began to move again, like two wheels, one within the other; that is to say, that part of the sun which remained shining was covered at intervals by a cloud round like itself. Every one was troubled. Mamma was not with us; she came afterward in a kind of omnibus, and seemed to be not at all frightened. Everything was strange; this omnibus was not like other omnibuses. Then I began to examine my dresses; we were packing our things into a little trunk. But at that instant everything began over again. "It is the end of the world," I thought, and I asked myself how it was that God had not warned me of it, and how it was that I was thought worthy to be present in the flesh, on this day. Every one was afraid, and we got into the vehicle with mamma, and returned, I know not where.

What is the meaning of this dream? Is it sent by God to forewarn me of some great event? or is it simply the result of nervousness?

Mlle. C—— goes away to-morrow. All the same it is a

little sad. It is painful to part from even a dog with which one has lived. It matters not whether the existing relations were pleasant or not, I have a worm gnawing at my heart.

Time passes swift as an arrow. In the morning I study a little—the piano for two hours. The Apollo Belvidere which I am going to copy bears some slight resemblance to the Duke. In the expression, especially, the likeness is very strong—the same manner of carrying the head, and the same shaped nose.

Manote, my music teacher, was very much pleased with me this morning. I played a passage in Mendelssohn's concerto in G-minor without a single mistake. Then we went to the Russian church—the Church of the Trinity. The whole church was decorated with flowers and plants. Prayers were offered up, in which the priest asked pardon for sins, mentioning each one separately. Then he knelt down and prayed again. Everything he said was so applicable to me that I remained motionless, listening to and echoing his prayer. This is the second time that I have prayed with so much fervor in church. The first time was on New Year's Day. The service has become so hackneyed, and then the things spoken of are not those of everyday life—things that concern every one. I go to mass, but I do not pray. The prayers and the hymns they sing find no response either in my heart or in my soul. They prevent me from praying with freedom, while the *Te Deum*, in which the priest prays for every one (where every one finds something applicable to himself) penetrates my soul.

Paris—At last I have found what I longed for without knowing what it was! Life, that is Paris! Paris, that is life! I tormented myself because I did not know what I desired; now I see before me—I know—what I desire. To go from Nice to Paris; to have an apartment, to furnish it; to have horses, as we have at Nice; to have the *entrée* to society through the medium of the Russian Ambassador—this, this is what I desire. How happy it makes one to know what one desires! But there is one thought that tortures me—it is, that I am ugly! This is horrible!

Nice—I regard Nice as an exile. I must, before every-

thing, make an order of exercises for each day, including the hours of my different professors. On Monday I begin again my studies, which were cut so diabolically short by Mlle. Colignon. With the winter people will come to the city, and with people, gayety. It will then be no longer Nice, but a little Paris. And the races! Nice has its good side. All the same, the six or seven months we are to spend here seem to me like a sea that is to be crossed without once removing my eyes from the beacon that guides me. I do not hope to stand upon its shore, I only hope to see land, and the sight of it alone will endow me with force of character, and give me strength to endure life until next year. And then? And then! Upon my word I know nothing about it, but I hope. I believe in God and in His divine goodness—that is why I do not lose courage.

“He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide in the shadow of the Almighty. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day.” I cannot express what I feel, nor my gratitude to God for his goodness toward me.

June 9.—I have begun to study drawing. I feel tired, weak, unable to work. The summers in Nice are killing me; no one is here; I am ready to cry; in a word, I am unhappy. We live only once. To spend a summer at Nice is to lose half one's life. I am crying now, a tear has fallen on the paper. Oh, if mamma and the others knew what it costs me to remain here, they would not keep me in this FRIGHTFUL desert! Nothing diverts my thoughts from *him*. It is so long since I have heard his name mentioned. It seems to me as if he were dead. And then, I am enveloped in darkness; the past I can scarcely recall, the present is hideous; I am completely changed; my voice is hoarse; I have grown ugly; formerly on awaking in the morning I was fresh and rosy. But what is it that tortures me thus? What has happened to me? What is going to happen?

We have hired the Villa Bacchi. To tell the truth, it is very distressing to have to live there; for the *bourgeois* it is well enough, but for us! As for me I am an aristocrat; I

prefer a ruined gentleman to a rich *bourgeois*. I find a greater charm in old satin, or in the gilding, blackened by time, of old-fashioned columns and ornaments, than in rich and tasteless furniture that obtrudes itself upon the eye. A true gentleman will not base his pride on having shining boots and well-fitting gloves. Not that one should be careless as to one's appearance, no; but between the carelessness of the nobleman and the carelessness of the plebeian there is such a difference!

We are going to leave this lodging, and I am sorry for it; not because it is convenient or handsome, but because it is like an old friend, and I am accustomed to it. When I think that I shall never again see my beloved study! I have thought so often of him here! This table on which I am leaning, and on which I have written day by day all that was sweetest and most sacred in my soul; those walls over which my glances wander, seeking to pierce them and fly far, far away! In each flower of the wall-paper I behold him! How many scenes have I pictured to myself in this study, in each of which he played the principal *rôle*! It seems to me there is not a single thing in the world of which I have not thought in this little room, from the simplest to the most fantastic.

In the evening Paul, Dina, and I remained for a while together; then they left me alone. The moon shone into my chamber, and I did not light the candles. I went out on the terrace, and listened to the distant sounds of a violin, guitar, and flute. I returned quickly to my room and sat down by the window in order to listen more at my ease. It was a charming *trio*. It is long since I have listened to music with so much pleasure. In a concert one's attention is engaged more by the audience than by the music, but this evening, seated all alone by the light of the moon, I devoured, if I may use the expression, this serenade, for such it was, given us by the young men of Nice. They could not be more gallant. Unfortunately the fashionable young men do not like these amusements; they prefer to spend their time in the *cafés chantants*, but as for music— What can be nobler than to take part in a serenade, as in Spain in olden times! Upon my word, after riding, I should choose to

spend my time under my mistress's window, and afterward at her feet.

I should so much like to have a horse! Mamma has promised that I shall have one, and my aunt also. This evening, in mamma's room, I asked her to give me one, in my airy, enthusiastic way, and she promised it to me seriously. I shall go to bed quite happy to-night. Every one tells me I am pretty, but in truth, in my own mind I don't think so. My pen refuses to write the word; I am graceful only—and occasionally pretty. How happy I am!

I am to have a horse! Did any one ever see a little girl like me with a race-horse? I shall make a *furor*. What colors shall my jockey wear? Gray and parti-colored? No, green and pale rose. A horse, for me! How happy I am! What a creature I am! Why not give something from my overflowing cup to the poor, who have nothing? Mamma gives me money; I will give half of it to the poor.

I have altered the arrangement of my room; it is prettier without the table in the middle. I have put in it several trifles—an inkstand, a pen, and two old traveling candlesticks which had lain hidden away for a long time in the box in which things out of use are kept. The world, that is my life; it calls me, it waits for me, I long to run to meet it, but I am not old enough yet to go into society. But I long to be old enough, not for the sake of marrying, but because I want to see mamma and my aunt shake off their laziness. Not the world of Nice, but the world of St. Petersburg, of London, of Paris; there it is that I could breathe freely, for the constraints of society are freedom for me.

Paul has no taste, as yet; he understands nothing about woman's beauty. I have heard him say: "Beauties, such ugly creatures as those!" I must form his manners and his tastes. So far, indeed, I do not exercise a great deal of influence over him, but I hope to do so in time. For the present, I try to communicate my own views of things to him, but without his suspecting it; I convey sentiments of the severest morality to him under a frivolous guise.

Tuesday, July 29.—Here we are on our way to Vienna; our departure was, on the whole, a cheerful one. I was, as usual, the soul of the party.

September 2.—The drawing-master has come; I gave him a list of subjects I wished to study, the other day, that he might send me some professors from the Lyceum. At last I shall set to work! On Mlle. Colignon's account I have lost four months, which is monstrous. Binsa went to the censor, who asked him for a day's time. Seeing my note he inquired, "How old is the young girl who wants to study all this; and who makes out such a program for herself?" The stupid Binsa answered, "Fifteen years old." I scolded him severely for doing so; I was furious, enraged. Why should he say I am fifteen? It is not true. He excused himself by saying that, judging from my reasoning powers, I was twenty; that he thought he did very well in saying that I was only two years older than I am, etc. I exacted from him to-day at dinner a promise that he should tell the censor how old I am; I *exacted it*.

Friday, September 19.—I try to be cheerful under all circumstances; one ought not to sadden oneself by grieving. Life is so short, one should laugh while one can. Tears will come of themselves, those at least we can avoid, but there are sorrows which we cannot escape, such as death and absence; yet even this last has its charms, so long as one has the hope of being reunited to the absent one. But to spoil one's life with petty worries is a shame. I pay no heed to such trifles; I have a horror of trivial, every-day annoyances, so I let them pass with a smile.

Monday, October 13.—I was looking up my lesson to-day when little Heder, my English governess, said to me: "Do you know that the Duke is going to marry the Duchess M——?" I put the book closer to my face, for I was as red as fire. I felt as if a sharp knife had pierced my heart. I began to tremble so violently that I could scarcely hold the volume. I was afraid I was going to faint, but the book saved me. I pretended to be looking for the place for a few moments, until I grew calmer. I said my lesson in a voice that trembled with emotion. I summoned all my courage—as I had done on a former occasion, when I wished to throw myself over the bridge—and told myself that I must control myself. I wrote a dictation so as not to have to speak. I was rejoiced when I went to the piano; I tried to play, but

my fingers were cold and stiff. The Princess came to ask me to teach her to play croquet. "With pleasure," I responded gayly; but my voice still trembled. I ran to dress myself. In a green gown—my hair is the color of gold, and my complexion white and red—I looked as pretty as an angel or a woman. I kept thinking continually, "He is going to marry! Can it be possible? How unhappy I am!"—not unhappy, as formerly, on account of the paper of one room, or the furniture of another, but really unhappy!

I did not know how to tell the Princess that he was going to be married (for they will all know it some day), and it is better I should tell it myself. I chose a moment when she was seated in an arm-chair; the light was behind me so that she could not see my face. "Do you know the news, Princess?" I said (we spoke in Russian), "the Duke of H—— is going to be married." At last! I had said the words. I did not grow red; I was calm; but what passed within me, in the depths of my soul, no one shall ever know!

We went out for a walk, but Nice is no longer Nice. The only thing that bound me to Nice was he. I detest Nice! I can scarcely endure the thought of remaining here. I am weary! ah, how weary I am!

My God, save me from despair! My God, pardon me my sins; do not punish me for them! All is ended!—ended!

To-day I am happy; I am gay at the thought that perhaps it is not true, for the terrible news has not been confirmed, and I prefer ignorance to the certainty of the crushing truth.

Friday, October 17.—I was playing on the piano when the newspapers were brought in. I took up *Galignani's Messenger*, and the first words on which my eyes fell related to the marriage of the Duke of H——. The paper did not fall from my hands; on the contrary it remained tight in my grasp. I had not the strength to stand; I sat down and re-read the blighting lines a dozen times over to assure myself that I was not dreaming. O Divine charity! what have I read! My God, what have I read! I could not write in the evening, I threw myself on my knees and wept. Mamma came into the room, and in order that she might not see me in this state I pretended I was going to inquire if tea was ready. And I have to take a Latin lesson! Oh, torture! Oh,

anguish! I can do nothing, I cannot remain quiet. There are no words to express what I feel; but what makes me desperate, what enrages me, what kills me, is jealousy—jealousy and envy; they rend my soul apart, they make me furious, mad! If I could only let my feelings be seen! But I must hide them and seem calm, and that makes me all the more miserable.

I shall learn to forget in time, no doubt. To say that my grief will be eternal would be ridiculous—nothing is eternal. But the fact is that, for the present, I can think of nothing else. He does not marry; they marry him. It is all owing to the machinations of his mother. (1880.—All this on account of a man whom I had seen a dozen times in the street,—whom I did not know, and who did not know that I was in existence.) Oh, I detest him! I want to see them together. They are at Baden-Baden that I loved so much! Those walks where I used to see him, those kiosks, those shops!

(All this re-read in 1880 produces no effect on me whatever.)

To-day I will alter in my prayer all that relates to him. I will no longer pray to God that I may become his wife! To give up this prayer seems to me impossible, killing! I shed tears like a fool! Come, come, my child, let us be reasonable.

It is ended! yes, it is ended! Ah, I see now that our wishes are not always granted. Let me make ready for the torture of altering the prayer. Ah, that is the cruelest of all suffering—it is the end of everything. *Amen.*

Saturday, October 18.—I have altered my prayer. I have omitted the prayer for him. I felt as if my heart were being torn out—as if I saw them carrying away the coffin of one dear to me. While the coffin is still there, one is unhappy indeed, but not so unhappy as when one feels a void on every side. I am a strange creature; no one suffers as I do, yet I live, I sing, I write. How changed I am since the thirteenth of October,—that fatal day! Suffering is depicted on my countenance. His name is no longer the source of a beneficent warmth. It is fire; it is a reproach to me, it awakens jealousy and grief within me. This is the greatest misfortune that can happen to a woman; and I have experienced it! Bitter mockery!

I begin to think seriously about my voice. I should so much like to sing. To what end, now? He was as a lamp within my soul, and now this lamp is extinguished. All there is dark, gloomy, sorrowful. I know not which way to turn. Before, in my little troubles I had something to lean upon—a light that guided and strengthened me. And now I may seek in vain, I shall find nothing but a dark and dreary void. It is horrible! horrible! when there is only a void in the depths of the soul.

Saturday, October 25.—Yesterday a knock came to my door, and they told me that mamma was very ill. I went downstairs, half asleep, and found her sitting in the dining-room in a dreadful state. She wished to see me, she said, before her death. I was seized with horror, but I did not allow this feeling to appear. Every one was in despair. Dr. Reberg and Dr. Macari were sent for. Servants were hurried off in all directions for remedies. Never could I give an idea of this terrible night. I spent it seated in an arm-chair near the window. There were enough persons present to do all that was necessary, and besides, I am not a good nurse. Never have I suffered so much! Yes, on the thirteenth of October I suffered as much, but in a different way.

Tuesday, October 28.—Poor mamma is no better; those brutes of doctors have blistered her, which has made her suffer horribly. The best medicines are cold water or tea; those are natural and simple. If a man is to die, he will die even though he has the attendance of all the doctors in the world; if, on the contrary, he is not to die, then he will not die, even if he have no assistance at all. Reasoning calmly, it appears to me that it is better to dispense with all those pharmaceutic horrors.

Paul will do nothing; he does not study; he is not serious enough; he does not understand that it is his duty to study, and this grieves me. My God, inspire him with wisdom; make him understand that he ought to study; inspire him with a little ambition—a little, just enough to make him desire to be something. My God, hear my prayer, direct him, guard him against all those miscreants who seek to turn him from the right path!

Never could a man beneath me in station succeed in pleas-

ing me. Common people *disgust* me; they sicken me. A poor man loses half his manhood. He looks small, miserable, and has the air of a beggar, while the rich and independent man carries himself haughtily, and has a certain *comfortable* air. Self-confidence gives one a victorious look. And I love in H—— this self-confident, capricious, vain, and cruel air. He has something of the Nero in him.

Saturday, November 8.—We should never give too much of our society even to those who love us. It is well not to stay too long in any company so as to leave regrets and illusions behind us when we depart. One will thus appear to better advantage, and seem to be worth more. People will then desire to see you return; but do not gratify that desire immediately; make them wait for you, but not too long, however. Anything that costs too much loses by the difficulty with which it is obtained. Something better was anticipated. Or, on the other hand, make them wait a very long time for you—then you will be a queen.

I think I must have a fever; I suffer, and I try to disguise my feelings by talking. No one would suspect it; I sing, I laugh, I jest. The more unhappy I am the gayer I seem to be.

All that I could write would never express what I feel; I am stupid, mad; I feel myself deeply aggrieved. It seems to me that in marrying the Duke they are robbing me of him. It is, in truth, as if they had taken something from me that was my own. What a wretched state! I do not know how to express myself, but I feel that I am too weak; for a mere nothing I make use of the strongest expressions, and when I wish to speak seriously I find there is nothing left.

It is only now that looking at mamma as if she were a stranger, I find that she is charming, beautiful as the day; although she is worn out with all sorts of troubles and maladies. When she speaks her voice is so sweet—not high, but vibrating and sweet—and her manners, although natural and simple, are agreeable.

Saturday, November 29.—I am tortured by jealousy, love, envy, deceit, wounded vanity, by every hideous feeling in the world. Above all, I feel his loss. I love him!

One thing tortures me especially; it is that in a few years

I shall laugh at myself, that I shall have forgotten all this! (1875.—It is two years since that time, yet I do not laugh at myself, and I have not forgotten.) All these sorrows will seem to me childishness and affectation—but, no, I conjure you, do not forget! When you read these lines go back to the past, think that you are again thirteen years old; that you are at Nice; that all this is taking place now! Think that the past lives now! You will understand! You will be happy!

Sunday, November 30.—I wish he would marry at once. It is always thus with me; when anything disagreeable is to be done, instead of wanting to put it off, I wish to have it over. When we left Paris, I made them hasten the hour of our departure; I knew that pill must be swallowed. The expectation of an unpleasantness is more terrible than the thing itself.

1874

Sunday, January 4.—How sweet it is to awaken naturally from sleep! My alarm has not yet sounded, and my eyes have unclosed of themselves! It is as if one were gliding on in a boat: one sinks into a revery, and when one wakens out of it one has already arrived at one's destination.

Friday, January 9.—On returning from a walk to-day I said to myself that I would not be like some girls, who are comparatively serious and reserved. I do not understand how this seriousness comes; how from childhood one passes to the state of girlhood. I asked myself, "How does this happen? Little by little, or in a single day?" Love, or a misfortune, is what develops, ripens, or alters the character. If I were a *bel esprit* I should say they were synonymous terms; but I do not say so, for love is the most beautiful thing in the whole world. I compare myself to a piece of water that is frozen in its depths, and has motion only on the surface, for nothing amuses or interests me in my DEPTHS.

Thursday, January 24.—All last winter I could not sing a note. I was in despair; I thought I had lost my voice, and I blushed and remained silent when I was spoken to. Now it has come back again, my voice, my treasure, my

fortune! I receive it with tears in my eyes, and I thank God for it on my knees. I said nothing, but I was cruelly grieved. I did not dare to speak of it. I prayed to God, and He has heard me! What happiness? What a pleasure it is to sing well! One feels as if one were all-powerful, one thinks oneself a queen! How happy one is! happy in one's own worth. It is not like the pride that springs from the possession of wealth or a title. One is more than woman; one feels oneself immortal. One is freed from earth; one soars into heaven! And all the people who hang upon your notes, who listen to your song as to a voice from heaven, who are electrified, carried away by enthusiasm, ravished—you hold sway over them all. After real sovereignty comes the sovereignty of song. The sovereignty of beauty comes after this, because its sway is not a universal one; but song lifts man above the earth; his soul soars above it in a cloud like that in which Venus appeared to Æneas.

Tuesday, July 6.—Nothing in the world is lost. If we cease to love one individual, this affection is immediately transferred to another, even without our being conscious of it; and if we fancy we love no one, we deceive ourselves. If one does not love a man, one loves a dog or a piece of furniture; and with the same ardor, only in a different fashion. If I loved a man, I would want him to love me as I loved him. I would allow nothing—not even a single word—for another. Such a love is not to be found; therefore I will never love, for I should never be loved as I desire to be loved.

July 14.—They have been talking of Latin, of the Lyceum, of the examination; all this has given me an intense desire to study, and when Brunet came to-day, I did not keep him waiting. I asked him about the examination; the information he gave me was such that I feel myself capable, after a year's preparation, of presenting myself for the degree of bachelor of arts and sciences. I will speak to him further about it.

July 15.—Last night I said to the moon, after leaving the Sapogenikoff's: "Moon, O beautiful moon, show me the person I shall marry before I die!"

If you say these words to the moon, without speaking afterward until you fall asleep, they say the person you dream of is the one you are to marry.

It is all nonsense. I dreamed of S. and A.—two impossibilities. I am in a bad humor; I fail in everything I attempt; nothing succeeds with me. I shall be punished for my pride and my stupid arrogance. Read this, good people, and profit by it! This journal is the most useful and the most instructive of all the books that ever were or ever will be written. It is the transcript of a woman's life—her thoughts and hopes, her deceptions, meannesses, good qualities, sorrows and joys. I am not yet altogether a woman, but I shall be. One may follow me here from childhood to death. For the life of any one—one's entire life, without any concealment or disguise—is always a grand and interesting spectacle.

Friday, July 16.—In regard to the transference of love, all I possess at present is concentrated on Victor, one of my dogs. I breakfast with him sitting opposite to me, his fine, large head resting on the table. Let us love dogs; let us love only dogs. Men and cats are unworthy creatures. And yet a dog is a filthy animal! He looks at you with hungry eyes while you eat; he follows you about for the sake of his dinner. Still I never feed my dogs and they love me, and Prater, through jealousy of Victor, has left me and gone over to mamma! And men—do not they ask to be fed? Are not they voracious and mercenary?

We do not return to Russia.

I am going to say once more to the moon: "Moon, O beautiful moon, show me in my sleep the person I am to marry before I die!"

My hair, fastened in a Psyche knot, is redder than ever. In a woolen gown of a peculiar white, well-fitting and graceful, and a lace handkerchief around my neck, I look like one of the portraits of the First Empire; in order to make the picture complete I should be seated under a tree, holding a book in my hand. I love to be alone before a looking-glass, and admire my hands, so fine and white, and faintly rosy in the palms.

Perhaps it is stupid to praise oneself in this way, but

people who write always describe their heroine, and I am my heroine. And it would be ridiculous for me to lower or belittle myself through false modesty. One makes little of oneself in conversation, because one is sure of being contradicted, but if I were to do so in writing, every one would believe I was speaking the truth, and that I was ugly and stupid, and that would be absurd!

Fortunately or unfortunately, I esteem myself so great a treasure that I think there is no one worthy of me, and those who raise their eyes to this treasure are regarded by me as hardly worthy of pity. I think myself a divinity, and I cannot conceive how a man like S. should fancy he could please me. I could scarcely treat a king as an equal. I think that is as it should be. I look down on men from such a height that they find me charming, for it is not becoming to despise those who are so far beneath us. I regard them as a hare would regard a mouse.

Monday, August 2.—After a day spent with seamstresses and dressmakers, in shopping, promenading, and coquetting, I put on my wrapper and sat down to read my good friend Plutarch.

Tuesday, August 17.—Last night I dreamed of the Fronde: I had entered the service of Anne of Austria, I thought, and she doubted my loyalty, so I led her into the midst of the rebellious people, crying "*Vive la Reine!*" and the people cried after me, "*Vive la Reine!*"

Wednesday, August 18.—To-day has been spent in admiring me. Mamma admired me, and the Princess S. admired me. The Princess is always saying that I look either like mamma or like her daughter; and that is the greatest compliment she could pay me. One never thinks better of others than of one's own. The fact is, that I am really pretty. The picture on the ceiling of the great saloon of the Ducal Palace at Venice, by Paul Veronese, represents Venus as a tall woman, blonde and fresh-colored. I resemble that picture. My photographs are never like me. Color is wanting in them, and the unequalled freshness and whiteness of my skin are my chief charm. But let any one put me in a bad humor; let me be dissatisfied with anything; let me be tired,—and adieu to my beauty! There is nothing

more fragile than I. It is only when I am happy and tranquil that I am charming.

PARIS, *Wednesday, August 24.*—I begin now to live, and to try to realize my dreams of becoming famous. I am already known to many people. I look at myself in the glass, and I find that I am beautiful. I am beautiful; what more do I want? Can I not accomplish anything with that? My God, in giving me the little beauty I possess (I say little through modesty) you have already given me too much. O my God! I feel myself to be beautiful; it seems to me that I shall succeed in all that I undertake. Everything smiles upon me, and I am happy, happy, happy!

The noise of Paris, this hotel, as large as a city, with people always walking, talking, reading, smoking, looking, confuse me. I love Paris, and it makes my heart beat with emotion to be here. I want to live faster, faster, faster! ("I never saw such a fever of life," D. says, looking at me.) It is true; I fear that this desire to live always at high pressure is the presage of a short existence. Who knows? Come, I am growing melancholy. No, I will have nothing to do with melancholy.

1875

Friday, October 1.—God has not done what I asked Him to do; I am resigned; (not at all, I am only waiting). Oh, how tiresome it is to wait, to do nothing but wait!

Disorder in the house is a source of great annoyance to me. The swallow builds her nest, the lion makes his lair; why, then, should not man, so superior to the other animals, follow this example.

When I say "so superior," I do not mean that I esteem man more than the other animals. No; I despise men profoundly and from conviction. I expect nothing good from them. I should be satisfied after all my waiting to find one good and perfect soul. Those who are good are stupid, and those who are intelligent are either too false or too self-conceited to be good. Besides, every human being is by nature selfish, and find goodness for me if you can in an egotist! Self-interest, deceit, intrigue, envy, rather. Happy are they who possess ambition—that is a noble passion;

through vanity or through ambition one seeks to appear well in the eyes of others sometimes, and that is better than not at all. Well, my child, have you come to the end of your philosophy? For the moment, yes. In this way, at least, I shall suffer fewer disappointments. No meanness will grieve me, no base action surprise me. The day will doubtless come when I shall think I have found a man, but, if so, I shall deceive myself woefully. I can very well foresee that day; I shall then be blind. I say this now while I can see clearly. But in that case why live; since there is nothing but meanness and wickedness in the world? Why? Because I am reconciled to the knowledge that this is so; because, whatever people may say, life is very beautiful. And because, if one does not analyze too deeply, one may live happily. To count neither on friendship nor gratitude, nor loyalty nor honesty; to elevate oneself courageously above the meannesses of humanity, and take one's stand between them and God; to get all one can out of life, and that quickly; to do no injury to one's fellow-beings; to make one's life luxurious and magnificent; to be independent, so far as it be possible, of others; to possess power!—yes, power!—no matter by what means!—this is to be feared and respected; this is to be strong, and that is the height of human felicity, because one's fellow-beings are then muzzled, and either through cowardice or for other reasons will not seek to tear one to pieces.

Is it not strange to hear me reason in this way? Yes, but this manner of reasoning in a young creature like me is but another proof of how bad the world is; it must be thoroughly saturated with wickedness to have so saddened me in so short a time. I am only fifteen.

And this proves the divine mercy of God; for, when I shall be completely initiated into all the baseness of the world, I shall see that there is only He above in the heavens, and I here below on earth. This conviction will give me greater strength; I shall take note of vulgar things only in order to elevate myself, and I shall be happy when I am no longer disheartened by the meannesses around which men's lives revolve, and which make them fight with each other, devour each other, and tear each other to pieces, like hungry dogs.

Here are words enough! And to what am I going to elevate myself? And how? Oh, dreams!

I elevate myself intellectually for the present; my soul is great, I am capable of great things; but of what use will all that be to me, since I live in an obscure corner, unknown to all?

There, you see that I do set some store by my worthless fellow-beings; that I have never disdained them; on the contrary, I seek them; without them there is nothing in the world. Only—only that I value them at their worth, and I desire to make use of them.

The multitude, that is everything. What matter to me a few superior beings? I need everybody—I need *éclat*, fame!

Why can one never speak without exaggeration? There are peaceful souls, there are beautiful actions and honest hearts, but they are so rarely to be met with that one must not confound them with the rest of the world.

Saturday, October 9.—If I had been born Princess of Bourbon, like Madame de Longueville; if I had counts for servitors, kings for relations and friends; if, since my first step in life, I had met only with bowed heads and courtiers eager to please me; if I had trodden only on heraldic devices, and slept only under regal canopies, and had had a succession of ancestors each one more glorious and haughtier than all the rest, it seems to me I should be neither prouder nor more arrogant than I am.

O my God, how I bless thee! These thoughts with which you inspire me will keep me in the right path, and will prevent me from turning away my gaze even for an instant from the luminous star toward which I move. I think that, at present, I do not move at all; but I shall move; and for so slight a cause it is not worth while to alter so fine a sentence. Ah, how weary I am of my obscurity! I am consumed by inaction; I am growing moldy in this darkness. Oh, for the light, the light, the light! From what side will it come to me? When? Where? How? I desire to know nothing, provided only that it come!

In my moments of wild longing for greatness common objects appear to me unworthy of my attention; my pen refuses to write a commonplace word; I look with supreme

disdain on everything that surrounds me, and I say to myself with a sigh, "Come, courage! this stage of existence is but the passage to that in which I shall be happy."

Monday, December 27.—All my life is contained in this diary; my calmest moments are those in which I write; they are perhaps my only calm moments.

If I should die young, I will burn these pages; but if I live to be old, this diary will be given to the public. I believe there is no photograph yet, if I may so express myself, of the whole life of a woman—of all her thoughts, of everything, everything. It will be curious.

If I die young, and it should chance that my journal is not burned, people will say, "Poor child; she has loved, and all her despair comes from that!"

Let them say so, I shall not try to prove the contrary, for the more I should try to do so the less would I be believed.

What can there be more stupid, more cowardly, more vile, than humanity? Nothing. Humanity was created for the perdition of—good! I was going to say, of humanity.

It is three o'clock in the morning, and, as my aunt says, I shall gain nothing by losing my sleep.

Oh, how impatient I am! I wish to believe that my time will come, but something tells me that it will never come; that I shall spend my life in waiting—always waiting.

Tuesday, December 28.—I am so nervous that every piece of music that is not a galop makes me shed tears. The most commonplace words of any opera I chance to come across touch me to the heart.

Such a condition of things would do honor to a woman of thirty. But to have nerves at fifteen, to cry like a fool at every stupid, sentimental phrase I meet, is pitiable.

Just now I fell on my knees, sobbing, and praying to God with outstretched arms, and eyes fixed straight before me, just as if He were there in my room. It appears that God does not hear me. Yet I cry to Him loudly enough.

Shall I ever find a dog on the streets, famished, and beaten by boys; a horse that drags behind him from morning till night a load beyond his strength; a miller's ass, a church mouse, a professor of mathematics without pupils, an unfrocked priest, a—poor devil of any kind sufficiently crushed,

sufficiently miserable, sufficiently sorrowful, sufficiently humiliated, sufficiently depressed, to be compared to me? The most dreadful thing with me is that humiliations, when they are past, do not glide from my heart, but leave there their hideous traces. To be compelled to lead a life like mine, with a character such as mine! I have not even the pleasures proper to my age! I have not even the resource that every American girl has, I do not even dance!

Wednesday, December 29.—My God, if you will make my life what I wish it to be, I make a vow, if you will but take pity upon me, to go from Kharkoff to Kieff, on foot, like the pilgrims. If, along with this, you will satisfy my ambition and render me completely happy, I will take a vow to make a journey to Jerusalem, and to go a tenth part of the way on foot. Is it not a sin to say what I am saying? Saints have made vows; true, but I seem to be setting conditions. No; God sees that my intention is good, and if I am doing wrong He will pardon me, for I desire to do right.

My God, pardon me and take pity on me; ordain that my vows may be fulfilled!

Holy Mary, it is perhaps stupid of me, but it seems to me that you, as a woman, are more merciful, more indulgent; take me under your protection, and I will make a vow to devote a tenth of my revenue to all manner of good works. If I do wrong, it is without meaning it. Pardon!

1876

ROME, Saturday, January 1.—Oh, Nice, Nice! Is there, after Paris, a more beautiful city than Nice? Paris and Nice, Nice and Paris. France, nothing but France. In France only does one live.

The question now is to study, since that is what I am in Rome for. Rome does not produce on me the effect of Rome. Is Rome an agreeable place? May I not deceive myself? Is it possible to live in any other city than Nice? To pass through other cities, to visit them, yes; but to live in them, no!

Bah! I shall become accustomed to it.

I am here like a poor transplanted flower. I look out of the window, and instead of the Mediterranean I see grimy

houses; I look out of the other window, and instead of the chateau I see the corridor of the hotel.

It is a bad thing to acquire habits, and to hate change.

Wednesday, January 9.—I have seen the façade of St. Peter's; it is superb. I was enchanted with it, especially with the colonnade to the left, because there no other building intercepts the view, and these columns, with the sky for a background, produce the most ravishing effect. One might fancy one's-self in ancient Greece.

The bridge and fort of St. Angelo are also after my own ideas.

And the Coliseum!

What remains for *me* to say of it, after Byron?

Friday, January 14.—At eleven o'clock my painting-master, Katorbinsky, a young Pole, came, bringing with him a model—a real Christ-face, if the lines and the shadows were a little softened. Katorbinsky told me he always took him for his model when he wished to paint a Christ.

I must confess that I was a little frightened when I was told to draw from nature, all at once, in this way, without any previous preparation. I took the charcoal and bravely drew the outlines: "Very good," said my master. "Now do the same thing with the brush." I took the brush and did as he told me.

"Good," said he once more; "now work it up."

And I worked it up, and at the end of an hour and a half it was all finished.

My unhappy model had not budged, and, as for me, I could not believe my eyes. With Binsa two or three lessons were necessary to draw the outlines and copy a picture, and here was the whole thing done at once, after nature—outline, coloring, and background. I am satisfied with myself, and, if I say this it is because I deserve it. I am severe and hard to please, especially where I myself am concerned.

Nothing is lost in the world. Where, then, does love go? Every created being, every individual, is endowed with an equal portion of this force or fluid at his birth; only that he seems to have more or less of it according to his constitution, his character, and his circumstances. Every human being loves always, but not always the same object; when he seems

to love no one, the force goes toward God, or toward nature, in words, in writings, or simply in sighs or thoughts.

Now there are persons who eat, drink, laugh, and do nothing else: with these the force is either absorbed by the animal instinct, or dissipated among men and things in general; and these are the persons who are called good-natured, and who, generally speaking, are incapable of the passion of love. There are persons who love no one, it is sometimes said. This is not true; they always love some one, but in a different manner from others—in a manner peculiarly their own. But there are still other unhappy persons, who really love no one, because they have loved, and love no longer? Another error! They love no longer, it is said. Why, then, do they suffer? Because they still love, and think they love no longer, either because of disappointed affection, or the loss of the beloved object.

Thursday, January 20.—To-day Facciotti made me sing all my notes. He was struck with admiration. As for me, I don't know what to do with myself for joy; my voice, my treasure, my dream, that is to cover me with glory on the stage! This is for me as great a destiny as to become a princess.

Friday, February 18.—There was a grand masked ball at the Capitol to-night. Dina, my mother, and I went there at eleven o'clock. I wore no domino: I was dressed in a close-fitting gown of black silk, with a train, a tunic of black gauze trimmed with silver lace, light gloves, a rose and some lilies of the valley in my corsage. It was charming; consequently our entrance produced an immense effect.

A——¹ has a perfectly beautiful countenance; he has a pale complexion, black eyes, a long and regular nose, beautiful ears, a small mouth, very passable teeth, and the mustache of a young man of twenty-three. I treated him by turns as a young fop, as a deceitful fellow, as unhappy, as audacious; and he told me in return, in the most serious manner in the world, how he had run away from home at nineteen; how he had thrown himself head-foremost into the pleasures of life; how *blasé* he is; how he has never loved, etc.

¹Count Pietro A——, nephew of a wealthy cardinal, and so-called later "Cardinalino."

“How many times have you been in love?” he asked me.

“Twice.”

“Oh! oh!”

“Perhaps even oftener.”

“I should like to be the *oftener*.”

“Presumptuous man! Tell me, why has every one taken me for that lady there in white?”

“Because you resemble her. That is why I am with you. I am madly in love with her.”

“It is not very amiable of you to say so.”

“What would you have! It is the truth.”

“You look at her enough. She is evidently pleased by it, for she is posing.”

“Never! She never poses; you may say anything else of her but that!”

“It is easily seen that you are in love.”

“I am—with you; you resemble her.”

“Oh! I have a much better figure.”

“No matter. Give me a flower.”

I gave him a flower, and he gave me a spray of ivy in return. His accent and his languishing air irritated me.

“You have the air of a priest. Is it true that you are going to be ordained?” I said.

He laughed.

“I detest priests; I have been a soldier.”

“You! you have never been anywhere but at the seminary.”

“I hate the Jesuits; that is why I am always at odds with my family.”

“My dear friend, you are ambitious, you would like to have people kiss your slipper.”

“What an adorable little hand!” he cried, kissing my hand—an operation he repeated several times in the course of the evening.

“Why did you begin so badly with me?” I asked.

“Because I took you for a Roman, and I hate that kind of woman.”

Wednesday, February 23.—Looking down from the balcony, I saw A——, who saluted me. Dina threw him a bouquet, and a dozen arms were stretched out to seize it as it fell.

One man succeeded in catching it; but A——, with the utmost *sang froid*, caught him by the throat, and held him in his strong grasp until the wretch let go his prey. It was so beautifully done that A—— looked almost sublime. I was carried away by my enthusiasm, and forgetting my blushes, and blushing anew, I threw him a camellia; he caught it, put it in his pocket, and disappeared.

You will laugh, perhaps, at what I am going to tell you, but I will tell it to you all the same.

Well, then, by an action like this a man might make himself loved by a woman at once. His air was so calm while he was strangling the villain that it took my breath away.

Saturday, March 18.—I have never yet had a moment's *tête-à-tête* with Pietro A——; this vexes me. I love to hear him tell me that he loves me. When he has told it to me over and over again, I rest my elbows on the table and think with my head between my hands. Perhaps I am in love with him. It is when I am tired and half-asleep that I think I love Pietro. Why am I vain? Why am I ambitious? Why do I reason coldly about my emotions? I cannot make up my mind to sacrifice to a moment's happiness whole years of greatness and satisfied ambition.

“Yes,” say the romance-writers, “but that moment's happiness is sufficient to brighten by its splendor an entire lifetime.” Oh, no; to-day I am cold, and in love; to-morrow I shall be warm, and in love no longer. See on what changes of temperature the destinies of men depend.

When he was going A—— kept my hand in his while he said good-night, and asked me a dozen questions, afterward, to defer the moment of our parting.

I told all this immediately to mamma. I tell her everything.

Friday, March 24; Saturday, March 25.—A—— came a quarter of an hour earlier than usual to-day; he looked pale, interesting, sorrowful, and calm. When Fortune announced him, I clothed myself at once from head to foot in an armor of cold politeness such as a woman uses when she wishes to make a man in his position angry.

I let him spend ten minutes with mamma before going in.

Poor fellow! he is jealous of Plowden! What an ugly thing it is to be in love!

"I had sworn not to come again to see you," he said.

"Why have you come, then?"

"I thought it would be rude toward your mother, who is so amiable to me, if I stayed away."

"If that is the reason, you may go away now, and not come back again. Good-by."

"No, no, no, it is on your account."

"Well, that is different."

"Mademoiselle, I have committed a great mistake," he said, "and I know it."

"What mistake?"

"That of giving you to understand—of telling you——"

"What?"

"That I love you," he said, with a contraction of the lips, as if he found it hard to keep from crying.

"That was not a mistake."

"It was a great—a very great—mistake; because you play with me as if I were a ball or a doll."

"What an idea!"

"Oh, I am well aware that that is your character. You love to amuse yourself; well, then, amuse yourself; it is my own fault."

"Let us amuse ourselves together."

"Then it was not to dismiss me that you told me at the theater to leave you?"

"No."

"It was not to get rid of me?"

"I have no need to make use of a stratagem, Monsieur, when I want to get rid of any one. I do it quite simply, as I did with B——."

"Ah, and you told me that was not true."

"Let us speak of something else."

He rested his cheek against my hand.

"Do you love me?" he asked.

"No, not the least bit in the world."

He did not believe a word of it. At this moment Dina and mamma entered the room, and at the end of a few minutes he left.

Monday, March 27.—In the evening we had visitors, among others A——. I think he has spoken to his father, and that his communication has not been well received. I cannot decide upon anything. I am entirely ignorant of the condition of affairs, and I would not for anything in all the world consent to go live in another family. Am I not extremely sensible for a girl of my age?

“I will follow you wherever you go,” he said to me the other evening.

“Come to Nice,” I said to him to-day. He remained with bent head, without answering, which proves to me that he has spoken to his father. I do not understand it; I love him and I do not love him.

Monday, March 30.—To-day Visconti spoke to mamma about A——’s attentions. . . .

“Pietro A—— is a charming young man,” he ended, “and will be very rich, but the Pope interferes in all the affairs of the A——’s, and the Pope will make difficulties.”

“But why do you say all that?” mamma answered; “there is no question of marriage. I love the young man like a son, but not as a future son-in-law.”

It would be well to leave Rome, the more so as nothing will be lost by putting off the matter till next winter. . . .

What irritates me is that the opposition does not come from our side but from the side of the A——’s. This is hateful, and my pride revolts against it.

Let us leave Rome.

In the evening Pietro A—— came. We received him very coldly in consequence of the Baron Visconti’s words, and our own suspicions; for, except the words of Visconti, all the rest is only suspicion.

“To-morrow,” said Pietro, after a few moments, “I leave Rome.”

“And where are you going?” I asked.

“To Terracina. I shall remain there a week, I think.”

“They are sending him away,” said mamma to me in Russian.

I had said the same thing to myself, but what a humiliation! I was ready to cry with rage.

“Yes, it is disagreeable,” I replied in the same language.

When we were alone I attacked the question bravely, though with some nervousness.

“Why are you leaving Rome? Where are you going?”

Well, if you think he answered those questions as plainly as I put them, you are mistaken.

I continued to question him, and he evaded answering. . . . I wanted to know all, at any cost. This state of disquiet and suspicion made me too miserable.

“Well, monsieur,” I said, “you wish me to love a man of whom I know nothing, who conceals everything from me! Speak, and I will believe you! Speak, and I promise to give you an answer. Listen well to what I say: after you have spoken, I promise to give you an answer.”

“But you will laugh at me, mademoiselle, if I tell you. It is so great a secret that if I tell it to you there will be nothing left for me to conceal. There are things that one can tell no one.”

“Speak, I am waiting.”

“I will tell it to you, but you will laugh at me.”

“I swear to you I will not.”

After many promises not to laugh, and not to betray it to any one, he at last told me the secret.

It seems that last year, when he was a soldier at Vicenza, he contracted debts to the amount of thirty-four thousand francs. When he returned home ten months later he had a quarrel with his father, who refused to pay them. At last, a few days ago, he pretended he was going to leave the house, saying that he was badly treated at home. Then his mother told him that his father would pay his debts, on condition that he would promise to lead a sensible life. “And to begin,” she said, “and before being reconciled with your parent, you must be reconciled with God.” He had not confessed himself for a long time past.

In short, he is going to retire for a week to the convent of San Giovanni and Paolo, Monte Coelio, near the Coliseum.

I found it hard enough to remain serious, I can assure you. To us all this seems odd, but it is natural enough to the Catholics of Rome.

This, then, is his secret.

Next Sunday, at two in the afternoon, I am to be in front

of the convent, and he will show himself at the window, pressing a white handkerchief to his lips.

After he went away I ran to soothe mamma's wounded pride, by telling her all this; but with a smile, so as not to appear as if I were in love with him.

Friday, March 31.—Poor Pietro in a cassock, shut up in a cell, with four sermons a day, a mass, vespers, matins—I cannot accustom myself to so strange an idea.

My God, do not punish me for my vanity. I swear to you that I am good at heart, incapable of cowardice or baseness. I am ambitious—that is my greatest fault! The beauties and the ruins of Rome make me dizzy. I should like to be Cæsar, Augustus, Marcus Aurelius, Nero, Caracalla, Satan, the Pope! I should like to be all these—and I am nothing.

But I am always myself; you may convince yourself of that by reading my diary. The details and the shading of the picture change, but the outlines are always the same.

Wednesday, April 5.—I paint and I read, but that is not enough. For a vain creature like me it is best to devote one's-self entirely to painting, because that is imperishable.

I shall be neither a poet nor a philosopher, nor a *savante*. I can be nothing more than a singer and a painter. But that is always something. And then I want to be talked of by everybody, which is the principal thing. Stern moralists, do not shrug your shoulders and censure me with an affected indifference for worldly things because I speak in this way. If you were more just you would confess that you yourselves are the same at heart! You take very good care not to let it be seen, but that does not prevent you from knowing in your inmost souls that I speak the truth.

Vanity! Vanity! Vanity!

The beginning and the end of all things, and the eternal and sole cause of all things. That which does not spring from vanity springs from passion. Vanity and passion are the sole masters of the world.

Friday, April 7.—I live in torture! Oh, how expressive is the Russian saying, "To have a cat in one's heart"! I have a cat hidden in my heart. It makes me suffer incredibly to think it possible that a man I care for should not love me.

Pietro has not come; he left the convent only this evening. I saw his clerical and hypocritical brother, Paul A——, to-day. There is a creature to be crushed under foot—little, black, sallow, vile, hypocritical Jesuit!

If the affair of the monastery be true he must know of it, and how he must laugh with his mean, cunning air as he relates it to his friends! Pietro and Paul cannot abide each other.

Sunday, April 9.—I have been to confession and received absolution, and now I fly into a passion and swear. A certain amount of sin is as necessary to a man's existence, as a certain volume of air is to sustain life. Why are men attached to this earth? Because the weight of their conscience drags them down. If their conscience were pure, men would be too light to keep their footing on this planet, and would soar up to the skies like little red balloons.

There is a fantastic theory for you! No matter!

And Pietro does not come.

Monday, April 10.—They have shut him up forever. No, only for the time I am to remain in Rome.

To-morrow I go to Naples; they cannot have foreseen this trick. Besides, once he is released, he will come in search of me.

I don't know whether to think him a worthless fellow, a coward, or a child whom they tyrannize over. I am quite calm, but sad. It is only necessary to look at things from a certain point of view, mamma says, in order to see that nothing in the world is of any consequence. I am in complete accord with madame, my mother, as to this, but to be able to judge what that point of view is in the present instance, I must first know the exact truth. All that I now know is that this is a strange adventure.

Tuesday, April 18.—At noon to-day we set out for Pompeii; we are to make the journey in a carriage, as we pass through a beautiful country and can thus enjoy the view of Vesuvius and of the cities of Castellamare and Sorrento.

I overheard mamma speaking of marriage.

“Woman is made to suffer,” she said, “even if she has the best of husbands.”

“Woman before marriage,” I said, “is Pompeii before

the eruption; and woman after marriage is Pompeii after the eruption.”

It may be that I am right!

Wednesday, April 19.—See at what a disadvantage I am placed! Pietro, without me, has his club, society, his friends—everything, in a word, except me; while I, without Pietro, have nothing.

His love for me is only the occupation of his idle moments, while mine for him is everything to me. He made me forget my ambition to play an active part in the world; I had ceased to think of it, I thought only of him, too happy to escape thus from my anxieties. Whatever I may become in the future, I bequeath my journal to the world. I offer you here what no one has ever yet seen. All the memories, the journals, the letters, which are given to the public are only inventions glossed over, and intended to deceive the world. I have no interest in deceiving any one; I have neither any political action to gloss over, nor any unworthy action to conceal. No one troubles himself whether I am in love or not, whether I weep or whether I laugh. My chief anxiety is to express myself with as much exactness as possible. I do not deceive myself in regard to my style or my orthography. I can write letters without mistakes, but in this ocean of words, doubtless, I make a great many. Besides, I am not a Frenchwoman, and I make mistakes in French. Yet if you asked me to express myself in my own language I should do it still worse, perhaps.

ROME, *Monday, April 24.*—I had matter enough to keep me writing all day, but I have no longer a clear idea of anything. I only know that in the Corso we met A——, and he ran up to the carriage, radiant and joyous; and that he asked if we should be at home in the evening. We said we should be, alas!

He came, and I went into the drawing-room and took part in the conversation quite naturally like the others. He told me he had remained four days in the convent, and that he had then gone to the country; that he was at present on good terms with his father and mother; and that he was now going to be sensible and to think of his future. Finally, he said that I had amused myself at Naples; that I had been

firting there as usual, and that this showed I did not love him. He told me also that he had seen me the other Sunday near the Convent San Giovanni and Paolo; and to prove that he spoke the truth he told me how I was dressed and what I was doing; and I must confess he was correct.

“Do you love me?” he asked me at last.

“And you?”

“Ah, that is the way with you always; you are always laughing at me.”

“And what if I should say that I do?”

He is altogether changed; in twenty days' time he seems to have become a man of thirty. He speaks quite differently; he has become surprisingly sensible, and has grown as diplomatic as a Jesuit.

“You know I play the hypocrite,” he said; “I bow down before my father, I agree to everything he wishes; I have grown very sensible, and I think of my future.”

Perhaps I shall be able to write more to-morrow; to-night I am so stupid that I cannot.

Tuesday, April 25.—“I will come to-morrow,” he said to pacify me, “and we will talk over all this seriously.”

“It is useless,” I said. “I see now how much I can depend upon your fine professions of love. You need not come back,” I added more faintly. “You have vexed me; I bid you good-bye in anger, and I shall not sleep to-night. You may boast of having put me in a rage—go!”

“But, mademoiselle, how unjust you are! To-morrow I will speak with you when you are calmer.”

It is he who complains; it is he who says I have always repulsed him; that I have always laughed at him; that I have never loved him. In his place I should have said the same; nevertheless, I find him very dignified and very self-possessed for a man who is really in love. I know how to love better than that; at any rate I am furious, furious, furious!

It was still raining when the Baron Visconti—who, notwithstanding his age, is both charming and *spirituel*—was announced. Suddenly, while discussing the Odescalchi marriage, the conversation turned on Pietro.

“Well, madame, the boy, as you call him, is not a *parti* to be despised,” he said, “for the poor Cardinal may die at any

moment, so that one of these days his nephews will be millionaires, and Pietro, consequently, a millionaire."

"Do you know, Baron, they tell me the young man is going to enter the convent," said mamma.

"Oh, no, indeed, I assure you; he is thinking of something altogether different."

Then the talk turned on Rome, and I observed that I should be sorry to leave it.

"Remain here, then," said the Baron.

"I should like very much to do so."

"I am glad to see that you are fond of our city."

"Do you know," I said, "that they are going to leave me here in a convent?"

"Oh," said Visconti, "I hope you will stay here from another reason than that. We shall find the means,—I will find them," he said, pressing my hand warmly.

Mamma was radiant,—I was radiant; it was quite an aurora borealis.

This evening, contrary to our expectations, we had a great many visitors, among them A——.

Our visitors were seated at one table; Pietro and I at another. We talked of love in general, and Pietro's love in particular. His principles are deplorable, or rather he is so crazy that he has none. He spoke so lightly of his love for me that I don't know what to think. And then his character is wonderfully like my own.

I don't know how it was, but at the end of five minutes we were good friends again; everything was explained and we agreed to marry; he did, at least; I remained silent for the most part.

"You leave Rome on Thursday?" he said.

"Yes, and you will forget me."

"Ah, no, indeed; I am going to Nice."

"When?"

"As soon as I can; for the present I cannot."

"Why not? Tell me,—tell me this instant!"

"My father will not allow it."

"You have only to tell him the truth."

"Of course I shall tell him that I go there on your account, that I love you, and that I wish to marry you—but not yet.

You do not know my father. He has only just forgiven me; I dare not ask anything more from him for the present."

"Speak to him to-morrow."

"I dare not; I have not yet gained his confidence. Only think, he had not spoken to me for three years; we had ceased to speak to each other. In a month I will be at Nice."

"In a month I shall be no longer there."

"And where shall you go?"

"To Russia. I shall go away and you will forget me."

"But I shall be at Nice in a fortnight, and then—and then we will go away together. I love you, I love you," he ended, falling on his knees.

"Are you happy?" I asked, pressing his head between my hands.

"Oh, yes, because I believe in you—I believe your word."

"Come to Nice, now," I said.

"Ah, if I could!"

"What one wants to do, one can do."

Thursday, April 27.—At the railway station I walked up and down the platform with the Cardinalino.

"I love you," he cried, "and I shall always love you, to my misfortune, it may be."

"And you can see me go away with indifference."

"Oh, don't say that. You must not speak so; you do not know what I have suffered. Since I have known you I am completely changed; but you, you always treat me as if I were the most despicable of men. For you I have broken with the past; for you I have endured everything; for you I have made this peace with my family. Will you write to me?"

"Don't ask too much," I said gravely. "It is a great favor if a young girl permits herself to be written to. If you don't know that, I shall teach it to you. But they are entering the car. Let us not lose time in useless discussion. Will you write to me?"

"Yes, and all that you can say is of no avail. I feel that I love you as I can never love again. Do you love me?"

I nodded affirmatively.

"Will you always love me?"

The same sign.

"Good-by, then."

“Till when?”

“Till next year.”

“No!”

“Come, come, good-by.”

And without giving him my hand I went into the railway coach where our people were already seated.

“You have not shaken hands with me,” he said, approaching the car.

I gave him my hand.

“I love you!” he said, very pale.

“*Au revoir*,” I answered softly.

“Think of me sometimes,” he said, growing still paler; “as for me, I shall do nothing else but think of you.”

“Yes; *au revoir*.”

The train started, and for a few seconds I could still see him looking after me with an expression of deep emotion on his countenance; then he walked a few steps toward the door, but as the train was still in view, he stopped again, mechanically crushed his hat down over his eyes, took a few steps forward, and then—then we were already out of sight.

NICE, *Friday, April 28*.— . . . The house is charmingly furnished; my room is dazzling, all upholstered in sky-blue satin. On opening the window of the balcony and looking out on our pretty little garden, the Promenade, and the sea, I could not help saying aloud:

“They may say what they will, but there is no place at once so charmingly home-like and so adorably romantic as Nice.”

Sunday, May 7.—One finds a miserable satisfaction in having cause to despise everybody. At least one no longer cherishes illusions. If Pietro has forgotten me, I have been grossly insulted, and there is another name to inscribe on the list of those to whom I owe hatred and revenge.

Such as they are, I am satisfied with my fellow-beings and I like them; my interests are the same as theirs; I live among them, and on them depend my fortune and my happiness. All this is stupid enough. But in this world what is not stupid is sad, and what is not sad is stupid.

To-morrow at three o'clock I start for Rome, to enjoy the

gayeties there, as well as to show A—— my contempt for him if the occasion should present itself.

ROME, *Thursday, May 11.*— . . . I left Nice yesterday at two o'clock, with my aunt. . . . We arrived here at two. I took my aunt to the Corso. (What a delightful thing it is to see the Corso again after Nice!) Simonetti came over to us. I presented him to Mme. Romanoff, and told him it was by a miraculous chance I was in Rome.

I made a sign to Pietro to come to us; he was radiant, and looked at me with a glance that shows he has taken everything seriously.

He made us laugh a great deal telling us about his sojourn in the monastery. He had consented, he said, to go there for four days, and they kept him for seventeen.

"Why did you tell me a falsehood?" I asked. "Why did you say you were going to Terracina?"

"Because I was ashamed to tell you the truth."

"And do your friends at the club know of it?"

"Yes; at first I said I had gone to Terracina; then they asked me about the monastery, and I ended by telling them all about it; I laughed, and everybody laughed. Only Torlonia was furious."

"Why?"

"Because I did not tell him the truth at first; because I had not confidence in him."

Then he told us how, in order to please his father, he had let a rosary fall, as if by chance, out of his pocket, so that it might be thought he always carried one. I said all sorts of mocking and impertinent things to him, to all of which he responded, I must say, with a good deal of spirit.

Saturday, May 13.—I feel unable to write to-night, and yet something compels me to write. So long as I leave anything unsaid, something within torments me.

I chatted and made tea to the best of my ability till half-past ten. Then Pietro arrived. Simonetti went away soon afterward, and we three were left alone. The talk turned on my diary, that is to say, on the questions I have touched on in it, and A—— asked me to read him some extracts from it on God and the soul. I went to the antechamber, and knelt down beside the famous white box to look up the

passages while Pietro held the light. But in doing so I came across others of more general interest, and read them aloud. And this lasted almost half an hour. On returning to the drawing-room A—— began to tell us all sorts of anecdotes of his past life, from the time he was eighteen. I listened to everything he said with something like jealousy and terror.

In the first place, his absolute dependence upon his family freezes my blood. If they were to forbid him to love me, I am certain he would obey.

The thought of the priests, the monks, terrifies me, notwithstanding all he has told me of their piety. It frightens me to hear of the atrocities they perpetrate, of their tyranny.

Yes, they make me afraid, and his two brothers also, but this is not what most troubles me; I am free to accept or to refuse him. All I heard to-night and the conclusions I drew from it, taken in connection with what has passed between us, confuse my mind.

Wednesday, May 17.—I had much to write about yesterday but it was nothing compared to what I have to write about to-night. He spoke to me again of his love. I told him it was useless; that my family would never consent.

“They would be right in not doing so,” he said dreamily. “I could not make any woman happy. I have told my mother everything; I spoke to her about you. I said, ‘She is so good and so religious, while as for me I believe in nothing, I am only a miserable creature.’ See, I remained seventeen days in the monastery, I prayed, I meditated, and I do not believe in God; religion does not exist for me, I believe in nothing.”

I looked at him in terror.

“You must believe,” I said, taking his hand in mine; “you must correct your faults; you must be good.”

“That is impossible; and as I am no one could love me. Am I not right? I am very unhappy,” he continued: “you could never form an idea of my position. I am apparently on good terms with my family, but only apparently. I detest them all—my father, my brothers, my mother herself. I am unhappy; if you ask me why, I cannot tell you. I do not know. Oh, the priests!” he cried, clenching his fists and

grinding his teeth as he raised to heaven a face hideous with hatred. "The priests! oh, if you knew what they were!"

It was fully five minutes before he grew calm.

"I love you, however, and you only. When I am with you I am happy," he said at last.

"Give me the proof."

"Speak."

"Come to Nice."

"You put me out of my senses when you say that; you know that I cannot go."

"Why not?"

"Because my father will not give me the money; because my father does not wish me to go to Nice."

"I understand that very well, but if you tell him why you wish to go?"

"He would still refuse his consent; I have spoken to my mother; she does not believe me. They are so accustomed to see me behave badly that they no longer believe in me."

"You must reform; you must come to Nice."

"But you have told me that I shall be refused."

"I have not said you would be refused by me."

"Ah, that would be too much happiness," he said, looking at me intently. "That would be a dream."

"But a beautiful dream; is it not so?"

"Ah, yes!"

"Then you will ask your father to let you go?"

"Yes, certainly; but he does not wish me to marry."

"All is ended, then," I said, drawing back. "Farewell!"

"I love you!"

"I believe you," I said, pressing both his hands in mine, "and I pity you."

"You will never love me?"

"When you are free."

"When I am dead."

"I cannot love you at present, for I pity you, and I despise you. If they commanded you not to love me, you would obey."

"Perhaps!"

"That is frightful!"

"I love you," he repeated for the hundredth time, and he went away, his eyes filled with tears.

He came back once more and I bade him farewell.

"No, not farewell."

"Yes, yes, yes, farewell. I loved you until this conversation." (1881.—I never loved him; all this was but the effect of an excited imagination in search of romance.)

For the past three days I have had a new idea—it is that I am going to die. I cough and complain. The day before yesterday I was seated in the drawing-room at two o'clock in the morning; my aunt urged me to retire, but I paid no heed to her; I said I was convinced that I was going to die.

"Ah," said my aunt, "from the way in which you behave I don't doubt but that you will die."

"So much the better for you; you will have less to spend; you will not have to pay so much to Laferrière!"

And being seized with a fit of coughing I threw myself face downward on the sofa, to the terror of my aunt, who left the room so as to make it appear that she was angry.

Wednesday, July 5.—I left Nice yesterday at two in the afternoon, accompanied by my aunt and Amalie my maid. Mamma cried for fully three hours at the thought of our separation, so that I was amiable and affectionate with her. At half-past two we reached Paris; it must be confessed that if Paris is not the most beautiful, it is at least the most charming, the most *spirituelle* of cities.

Thursday, July 13.—We went to see the Countess M— this evening. She spoke to me on the subject of marrying.

"Oh, no," I said, "I have no wish to marry. I want to be a great singer. See, dear Countess, we must do this; I will disguise myself as a poor girl, and you and my aunt will take me to the most celebrated singing-master in Paris, as a little Italian *protégée* of yours who gives promise of being a singer."

"Oh! oh!" cried the Countess in remonstrance.

"That is the only way to learn the truth concerning my voice," I resumed tranquilly. "And I have one of last year's dresses that will just produce the desired effect!" I added, pursing up my mouth and pushing out my lips.

"After all, it is an excellent idea!" she said at last.

Friday, July 14.—Since morning I have been taking the greatest care of myself; I have not coughed once more than was necessary. I have not moved. I am dying of heat and thirst, but I have not taken even a drink of water. . . .

We set out at last, with Madame de M——, and proceeded to No. 37 *Chaussée d'Antin*, where M. Wartel, the most celebrated singing-master in Paris, lives.

Madame de M—— had spoken to him of me as a young girl from Italy who had been particularly recommended to her, and whose family desired to know what hopes she gave of becoming a great singer.

We reached the house at three . . . and were shown into a little *salon* adjoining the one in which the master was giving a singing lesson. At last four o'clock struck. I felt my limbs tremble and my strength fail me.

Wartel made me a sign that meant "come in." I did not understand.

"Come in, mademoiselle, come in," he said.

I entered the *salon*, followed by my two protectresses, whom I begged to return to the room we had left, lest their presence should intimidate me, and in truth I felt very much afraid.

Wartel is an old man, but his accompanist is quite young.

"Do you read music?" asked the master.

"Yes," I replied.

"What pieces can you sing?"

"None; but I can sing a scale or an exercise."

"Take an exercise, then, Monsieur Chose. What is your voice—soprano?"

"No, monsieur, contralto."

"We shall see."

Wartel, who did not rise from the arm-chair in which he was seated, made me a sign to begin, and I proceeded to sing the exercise with diffidence at first, then desperate, and at last satisfied.

"Well," said the master, "your voice is rather a mezzo-soprano than a contralto. It is a voice that will gain in range. Have you ever taken lessons?"

"Never, Monsieur; that is to say, ten lessons only."

"Well, you must work hard. Can you sing a romance?"

"The aria from Mignon!" cried my aunt from the other room.

"Very well; sing the aria from Mignon."

As I sang, the countenance of Wartel, which at first had expressed only attention, showed a slight surprise which gradually deepened into amazement; at last he went so far as to keep time to the music with his head, smiling agreeably as he did so, and finally to join in himself.

"Good, very good! now make her sing a——" I have forgotten the word he used.

The accompanist made me sing the—(it signifies little what its name was), he made me run through all my notes.

"As far as *si* natural," said the old man. "Yes, it is a mezzo-soprano; and that is better, much better, for the stage."

I continued standing.

"Sit down, mademoiselle," said the accompanist, examining me from head to foot with his eyes.

I sat down on the edge of the sofa.

"In fine," said the severe Wartel, "you must work hard; you will succeed."

"How long will it take to develop her voice?" said Madame de M——.

"You can understand, madame, that that will depend upon the pupil herself; some do not need so long—those who have intelligence."

"This one has more than is necessary."

"Ah, so much the better; in that case it will be easier."

"But, finally, how long will it take?"

"To develop her voice, to perfect it, fully three years; yes, fully three years' work, fully three years!" he repeated.

I was silent, meditating vengeance against the perfidious accompanist, whose looks seemed to say, "This little girl has a good figure, she is pretty; that will be amusing."

After a few words more we rose: Wartel remained seated, and extended his hand kindly to me. I bit my lips.

"Listen," I said at the door, "let us go back and tell them the truth."

My aunt took out her card, and we returned, laughing. I told the severe maestro of my stratagem.

What an expression the face of the accompanist wore! I shall never forget it; I was avenged.

Sunday, July 23.—Rome—Paris—the stage, singing, painting!

No, no! Russia before everything! That is the foundation of everything. Since I am posing as a sage, let me play my part consistently; let me not be led astray by any will-o'-the-wisps of imagination.

Russia first of all, if God will only help me.

I have written to mamma. Here I am, out of love, and up to my ears in business. Oh, if God will only help me, then all will go well.

May the Virgin Mary pray for me!

Thursday, July 27.—We arrived this morning in Berlin.

The city made a singularly agreeable impression on me; the houses are extremely handsome.

Friday, July 28.—Berlin reminds me of Italy, of Florence. It reminds me of Florence because my aunt is with me here, as she was at Florence, and the life we lead is the same. Before going anywhere else we went to the Museum. Whether from ignorance or prejudice, I had not expected to see so fine a collection of works of art as we found here. As usual, it was the sculpture that most engaged my attention; it seems to me that I have one sense more than other people—a sense devoted especially to the comprehension of sculpture.

Here I am lodged like Faust,—before me an antique German bureau, at which I am seated with books, manuscripts and rolls of paper around me.

Where is the devil? Where is Margaret? Alas! the devil is always with me; my mad vanity—that is the devil. O ambition unjustified by results! O vain aspirations toward an unknown goal!

I hate moderation in anything. I want either a life of continual excitement or one of absolute repose. Why the thought should occur to me now I know not, but I do not love A——. Not only do I not love him, but I do not even think of him any longer, and *all that* appears to me a dream.

While I do not admire the plainness and the materialism of the Germans, I must concede to them many good qualities: they are very polite, and very obliging. What I like most in

them is the respect they entertain for their history and for their rulers. This shows they are still far from being contaminated by the infection of what is called republicanism. No other form of government can be compared to the ideal republic; but a republic is like ermine—the slightest blemish upon it renders it worthless. And where will you find a republic without blemish?

No, life here is impossible; this is a frightful country. Fine houses, broad streets—but nothing for the spirit or the imagination. The most insignificant town in Italy is the equal of Berlin in this respect.

Thursday, August 3; Friday, August 4 (July 23, Russian style).—Yesterday at three o'clock I went to meet the train, and fortunately found my uncle, who had already arrived, waiting for me. . . . At midnight I entered the carriage; my aunt cried; I held my eyes level and motionless, so that the tears might not overflow. The conductor gave the signal, and, for the first time in my life, I found myself alone! I began to sob aloud; but don't imagine I derived no profit from it! I studied from nature the art of crying.

"Enough! my child," I said at last, sitting erect. It was time. I was in Russia. On descending from the carriage I was received in the arms of my uncle, who was accompanied by two gendarmes and two custom-house officers. I was treated like a princess; they did not even examine my luggage. The station is large, and the officials are well-bred and extremely polite. I fancied myself in some ideal country, everything is so well-managed. . . . My compatriots awaken no particular emotion in me, no species of ecstasy such as I have experienced on revisiting other countries that I had seen before; all I feel is a sort of sympathy for them and a sensation of extreme ease. It was still daylight at half-past nine. We had already passed Gatchina, the ancient residence of Paul I., who was so persecuted all his lifetime by his haughty mother; and soon arrived at Tsarskoë Selo, within twenty-five minutes of St. Petersburg.

Sunday, August 6.—It is raining, and I have taken cold; I have written in my letter to mamma, "St. Petersburg is a filthy place! The streets are disgraceful for the capital of a country; one is mercilessly jolted over the rough paving-

stones; the Winter-Palace is a barracks, and so is the Grand Theater; the cathedrals are richly decorated, but outlandish and badly planned.”

I tried to call up some emotion on looking at the portrait of Pietro A——, but he is not handsome enough to make one forget that he is a despicable man, a creature one cannot but regard with contempt. I am no longer angry with him; I despise him too much for that—not from personal feeling, but because of his manner of life, of his weakness of character. Stay, I am going to define for you the word weakness. The weakness which inclines us to the good, to tenderness, to the forgiveness of injuries, may be called by that name, but the weakness which inclines us to evil-doing and wickedness is called *cowardice*.

I thought I should feel the separation from my family more than I do. I am, however, *not happy*; but that is rather owing to the presence of disagreeable and common people (my poor uncle, for example, notwithstanding his beauty), than to the absence of those I love.

Monday, August 7, 1876 (July 26).—I have just come from the post-office, where I went to get my photographs and a dispatch from my father. He had telegraphed to Berlin that my coming would be for him a “real happiness.”

Thursday, August 10 (July 29), 1876.—This is a memorable evening. I have finally ceased to regard the Duke of A—— as my cherished ideal. I saw at Bergamasco’s a portrait of the Grand Duke Vladimir, from which I could not tear myself away; a more perfect and pleasing type of beauty could not be imagined. Giro grew enthusiastic with me over it, and we ended by kissing the portrait on the lips. I adored the Duke when I might have adored a Prince Imperial of Russia! It was stupid, but one cannot command these things; and then, in the beginning I regarded H—— as my equal, as a man whom I might aspire to marry. Well, that is past. Who will be my idol now? No one. I shall live for fame, and in the hope of finding—a *man*.

Behold me, then, free! I have no longer an idol to worship; I am in search of some one to adore, and I must find one soon, for life without love is like a bottle without wine. The wine must be good wine, however.

Abundance is not the only merit of the fare here. It is also of the most delicate quality. When one eats well, one is in a good humor, one regards good fortune with greater joy and evil fortune with greater equanimity, and one feels well-disposed toward one's neighbors. Gluttony is a monstrous thing in a woman, but to love good eating to some extent is as much a merit as it is to be intelligent or well-dressed; without taking into account that simple and delicate food preserves the health, and, as a consequence, youth, the freshness of the complexion, and the roundness of the contours. Let my figure testify to this. Marie Sapogenikoff was right in saying that a figure like mine was worthy of a more beautiful face; and observe that I am far from being ugly. At thirteen I was too large, and every one thought me sixteen. At present I am slender, but fully developed, remarkably rounded, perhaps too much so. I compare myself with all the statues I see, and I find none of them with contours as rounded, or with hips as large, as mine. Is this a defect? The shoulders, however, require a slightly fuller curve.

At the station Grousskoë we were met by two carriages, six peasant-servants, and my good-for-nothing brother. Paul is tall of stature, and rather stout; but he is beautiful as a Roman statue.

We arrived at Chapatowka, after a drive of an hour and a half, during which I could detect the existence of much petty rivalry and spite on my father's side toward the Babanines. I held my head high and kept my brother in check, who, indeed, was enchanted to see me. I will not take part with either side. I need to be on good terms with my father.

The house is small, and consists of a single story. It has a large garden, not very well kept. The women of the peasantry are remarkably well-formed, pretty, and *piquante* in their costume, that follows every contour of the figure and allows the leg to be seen as far as the knee.

My Aunt Marie received us on the steps. After I had taken a bath we went in to dinner. I had several skirmishes with Paul. He tries to pique me, without meaning it, perhaps, and only in obedience to the impulse given him by my father. I put him haughtily in his place, however, and it is he who is humbled when he sought to humble me. I can read what

is in the depths of his heart: Incredulity as to my success and petty resentment in regard to our relative positions in the world. The only name they give me here is "Queen." My father seeks to dethrone me, but I will make him yield to my power. I know his nature, for he and I are alike in many things.

Thursday, August 15 (August 3).—I was pacing slowly up and down, leaning on my brother Paul's arm, and my thoughts idly wandering, when, in passing under the trees whose interlaced branches formed a green canopy above that almost touched our heads, it occurred to me to think what A—— would say if he were walking here with me and I were leaning on his arm. He would say, bending slightly toward me, in those soft and penetrating tones he kept for me alone, "How happy I am, and how much I love you!"

No words could give an idea of the tenderness of his accents in speaking to me, in saying those things that were meant for me—alone. Those tiger-cat manners, those burning glances and those enchanting tones, veiled and vibrating, that murmured endearing words as if they were a complaint or a supplication—so humble, so passionate, so gentle were they—were for me alone.

But it was a superficial tenderness, that meant nothing; and if he looked at me tenderly, it was because this was his natural expression, as there are persons who appear always eager, others who appear always astonished, and others vexed, when they are none of these things in reality.

Oh, how I should like to know the truth in regard to *all of this!* I should like to return to Rome married, otherwise it would be a humiliation. But I have no desire to marry. I want to remain free, and, above all, I want to study. I have discovered the right path at last.

And, frankly speaking, to marry in order to spite A—— would be a piece of stupidity.

That is not the question, however, but I wish to live as other women live.

I am dissatisfied with myself to-night, without knowing exactly why.

1877

Thursday, September 6.—I will stay in Paris. This is what I have definitively resolved to do, and my mother also. I spent the whole evening with her. Everything would have gone very well if she had not been ill, as she was, particularly toward night. She has not left her bed since.

I have resolved to remain in Paris, where I will pursue my studies, going to a watering-place in the summer for relaxation. All my caprices are exhausted. Russia was what I needed, and I am now completely reformed. And I feel that the moment has at last come to pause in my course. With my abilities, in two years I shall have made up for lost time.

So, then, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and may the divine protection be with me. This is not a resolution made to be broken, like so many former ones, but a final one.

PARIS, *Wednesday, September 19.*—I don't know why exactly, but I think I shall like to live in Paris. It seems to me that a year in the *atelier Julian* will lay a good foundation.

Tuesday, October 2.—To-day we removed our belongings to 71 Champs Elysées. Notwithstanding the confusion I found time to go to the *atelier Julian*, the only one of any note here for women. The hours of work are from eight in the morning till noon, and from one in the afternoon to five.

To-day not being the fourth, which is an unlucky day for me, I was eager to begin work on as many things as possible.

I sketched a three-quarter head in crayon in ten minutes at the studio, and Julian told me he had not expected anything so good from a beginner. I left the studio early, as all I wanted was to make a beginning to-day. We went to the Bois. I plucked five oak-leaves there and took them to Doucet, who in half an hour made me a charming little blue scapular. But what shall I wish for? to be a millionaire? To get back my voice? To obtain the *Prix de Rome* under the guise of a man? To marry Napoleon IV? To go into the great world?

I wish more than anything to get back my voice.

The day passes quickly when one draws from eight in the morning till noon, and from one in the afternoon to five. Only to go to the studio and back takes almost an hour and a half. To-day I arrived a little late, so that I worked but six hours.

When I think of the entire years that I have lost it makes me angry enough to give up everything! But that would only make matters worse. Come, be miserable and hateful as you will, but be satisfied, at least, to have at last succeeded in making a beginning. And I might have begun at thirteen? Four entire years lost!

I might be painting historical pictures by this time if I had begun four years ago. All that I have done is worse than nothing; it must be undone again.

At last I am working with artists—real artists, who have exhibited in the *Salon*, and whose pictures are bought—who even give lessons themselves.

Julian is satisfied with the beginning I have made. “By the end of the winter,” he said to me, “you will be able to paint very good portraits.”

He says some of the women pupils give as much promise as the men; I would have worked with the latter but that they smoke, and then there is no difference in the work. Formerly the women pupils did not draw from the nude, but since they have been admitted to the Academy there is no difference made in that respect between them and the men.

The servant at the studio is just like one of those they describe in novels.

“I have always lived among artists,” she says, “and I am not by any means one of the *bourgeoisie*; I am an artist.”

I am happy, happy.

Friday, October 5.—“Did you do that by yourself?” M. Julian asked me on entering the studio to-day.

“Yes, Monsieur.”

I grew as red as if I had told a falsehood.

“Well, I am satisfied with it, very well satisfied with it.”

“Truly?”

“Very well satisfied.”

In the studio all distinctions disappear. One has neither name nor family; one is no longer the daughter of one's

mother, one is one's self,—an individual,—and one has before one art, and nothing else. One feels so happy, so free, so proud!

At last I am what I have so long wished to be. I have wished for it so long that I scarcely believe it now to be true.

Apropos, whom do you think I saw in the Champs Elysées to-day?

None other than the Duke of H—— occupying a *fiacre* all by himself.

The handsome, vigorous young man with yellow locks and a delicate mustache now looks like a big Englishman; his face is very red, and he has little red whiskers that grow from the tip of the ear to the middle of the cheek.

Four years, however, change a man greatly; at the end of half an hour I had ceased to think of him.

Sic transit gloria Ducis.

The sense of shame disappears in the presence of perfect beauty, for supreme beauty leaves room in the mind for no other feeling than admiration.

And so with other things. The music that allows the defect of the stage-setting to be noticed is not perfect. An act of heroism that, after it has taken place, has left the judgment free, is not the heroic act you have dreamed of. . . .

To be supreme of its kind a thing must occupy the mind to the exclusion of every feeling that is not connected with it.

Thursday, October 11.—M. Julian told the servant at the studio that Schoepfi and I were the pupils who gave greatest promise of being artists. Schoepfi is a Swiss. M. Julian added that I may become a great artist.

The weather is so cold that I have taken cold, but I can forgive all that provided only I can learn to draw.

To draw? And why?

To compensate me for everything I have been deprived of since the day I was born; to supply the place of everything I have ever longed for, and everything I still long for; to enable me to achieve success by my genius, by—by anything you choose, provided only that I achieve success!

Saturday, October 13.—It is on Saturday that M. Tony

Robert-Fleury comes to the studio. He is the artist who painted *Le Dernier Jour de Corinthe*, which was purchased by the State for the Luxembourg. The most distinguished artists of Paris come to the studio from time to time to give us the benefit of their advice.

When he came to me and proceeded to *pronounce judgment* I interrupted him, saying:

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur, but I began only ten days ago."

"Where did you draw before?" he asked, examining my drawing.

"Nowhere."

"How, nowhere?"

"Yes, I took thirty-two lessons in painting for my own amusement."

"But that is not studying."

"No, Monsieur, for that reason——"

"You had never drawn from nature before coming here?"

"Never, Monsieur."

"That cannot be possible."

"But I assure you——"

And as he appeared still incredulous, I added:

"I will give you my word of honor that it is as I say, if you wish."

"Well, then," he said, "you have extraordinary talent for painting; you are specially gifted, and I advise you to work hard."

Let me go on with and conclude the history of my success.

"How is this, Mademoiselle?" said Julian this evening, standing in front of me with his arms folded.

I felt something like fear, and asked him, reddening, what the matter was.

"Why, this is splendid," he said; "you work all day long on Saturdays, when every one else is taking a little relaxation!"

"Why, yes, Monsieur, I have nothing else to do; I must do something."

"This is fine. Do you know that M. Robert-Fleury is not at all dissatisfied with you?"

"Yes, he has told me so."

“This poor Robert-Fleury! He is still somewhat indisposed.”

And the master, installing himself beside me, began to chat with me—a thing he very seldom does with any of his pupils, and which is very much appreciated.

Mme. D—— dined with us to-day; I was quiet, reserved, silent, scarcely amiable, indeed. I had no thought for anything but art.

As I am writing, I stop and think of all the labor that will be necessary—the time, the patience, the difficulties that will present themselves.

It is not as easy to become a great painter as it is to say the words; even if one has the genius, there exists still the necessity for the indispensable mechanical labor.

And a voice within whispers to me: “You will feel neither the time nor the difficulties that may present themselves; you will achieve success before you are aware of it.”

And I believe this voice! It has never yet deceived me, and it has too often predicted misfortune for it to speak falsely this time; I hear it, and I feel that I am justified in believing it.

I shall take the *Prix de Rome!* . . .

1878

Saturday, April 6.—Robert-Fleury really gives me too much encouragement; he thought the second place was my due, he said, and it did not surprise him at all that I should receive it.

And to think that M—— on leaving our house to-night probably went home to dream of me, and imagine, perhaps, that I am dreaming of him——

Whilst I, *en deshabelle*, with my hair in disorder and my slippers thrown off, am asking myself if I have not succeeded sufficiently in bewitching him, and, not satisfied with asking myself, am asking Dina also.

And yet—O Youth!—I might once have thought that this was love. Now I am more sensible, and I understand that it is merely an amusement to feel that you are causing some one to fall in love with you, or rather to perceive that some one is falling in love with you. *The love one inspires and the love*

one feels are two distinct sentiments which I confounded together before.

Good Heavens! and I once thought I was in love with A——, with his long nose that makes me think of that of M——. How frightful!

How happy it makes me to be able to clear myself from this suspicion—how happy! No, no, I have never yet loved, and if you could only picture to yourself how happy I feel, how free, how proud, how worthy—of him who is to come!

Friday, April 12.—Julian met Robert-Fleury at the café yesterday, and the latter said I was a truly remarkable and interesting pupil, and that he expected great things of me. It is such words as these that I must constantly bear in mind, especially when my spirit is invaded by a species of inexplicable terror, and I feel myself sinking in an abyss of doubt and of torturing thoughts of all kinds, for none of which are there any real grounds.

It has happened very often, for some time past, that they have put three candles in my room together,—that signifies a death.

Is it I who am to depart for the other world? I think so. And my future? And the fame that awaits me? Ah, well, they would be of no value to me in that case.

If there were only a man on the scene, I should fancy myself in love, so restless am I; but, besides there being no one, I am disgusted with the whole thing.

I begin to believe that I have a serious passion for my art, and that reassures and consoles me. If it were not for this restlessness and this terror, I might be happy!

I remember that in my childhood I had a superstitious fear somewhat similar to the feeling I have at present. I thought I should never be able to learn any other language but French; that the other languages were not to be learned. Well, you see there was absolutely nothing in it; yet that was as much a superstitious fear as my present feeling is.

Saturday, April 20.—I glanced through a few pages in my journal before closing it last night, and came by chance across A——'s letter.

This made me think of the past, and I sat dreaming of it, and smiling and dreaming again. It was late when I went

to bed, but the time spent thus was not lost; such moments are precious, and cannot be had at will; there are no moments lost when one wills it except when we are young; we must make the most of them and be grateful for them, as for everything else that God has given us.

Owing to Robert-Fleury I was unable to go to confession before mass to-day, which has obliged me to defer taking communion until to-morrow.

My confession was a peculiar one; it was as follows:

"You have committed some sins, no doubt," said the priest, after the customary prayer. "Are you prone to idleness?"

"Not at all."

"To pride?"

"Very much so."

"You do not fast?"

"Never."

"Have you injured any one?"

"I do not think so—perhaps; in trifles it may be, father, but not in anything of importance."

"Then may God grant you pardon, my daughter."

I have recovered my mental balance. I proved this to-night by conversing with the others without running into exaggerations of speech; my mind is tranquil, and I have absolutely no fear, either physical or moral. It has often happened to me to say: "I am terribly afraid" of going to such a place, or of doing such a thing. This is an exaggeration of language which is common to almost every one and which means nothing. What I am glad of is that I am accustoming myself to talk with every one. It is necessary to do that if one desires to have a pleasant *salon*. Formerly I would single out one person to converse with, and neglect the others entirely, or almost entirely.

Saturday, April 27; Sunday, April 28.—I foolishly took the notion into my head to invite some men to attend the midnight mass at our church. On our right were the Ambassador and the Duke de Leuchtenberg and Mme. Akenkiew, his wife. The Duke is the son of the Grand Duchess Marie, who died at Florence, and the nephew of the Emperor. This couple were at Rome when I was there, and Mme. Aken-

kieff was not then received at the Embassy. At present, however, she plays the part of Grand Duchess to perfection. She is still beautiful and has a majestic carriage, though she is almost too slender.

The husband is devoted in his attentions to the wife; it is admirable and altogether charming.

The Embassy gave an Easter supper, which took place at two in the morning, after the mass. It was given in the priest's house, which was chosen for the purpose on account of its proximity to the church. It was the Ambassador, however, who issued the invitations and received the guests, so that we had an opportunity to sit at the same table as the Grand Duke and his wife, the Ambassador, and all the best people of the Russian colony in Paris.

I was not very gay, though in reality not sad at heart; for this will send me back to my studies with renewed ardor.

Why does not Prince Orloff, who is a widower, fall in love with me and marry me? I should then be Ambassadress in Paris, almost Empress. M. Anitchkoff, who was ambassador at Teheran, married a young girl for love when he was fifty-five.

I did not produce the effect I had intended. Laferrière disappointed me, and I was compelled to wear an unbecoming gown. I had to improvise a chemisette, as the gown was *decollette* and that would not do. My gown affected my temper, and my temper my appearance—everything.

Monday, April 29.—There is no better way of spending the time from six in the morning till eight in the evening, taking out an hour and a half for breakfast, than in some regular occupation.

Changing the subject: I will tell you that I think I shall never be seriously in love. I invariably discover something to laugh at in the man, and that is the end of it. If he is not ridiculous, he is stupid, or awkward, or tiresome; in fine, there is always something, if it were only the tip of his ear.

Yes, until I have found my master nothing else shall captivate me; thanks to my readiness in discovering the defects of people, not all the Adonises in the world could tempt me to fall in love.

Friday, May 3.—There are moments when one would give up all the intellectual pleasures in the world, glory and art itself, to live in Italy a life of sunshine, music, and love.

Thursday, May 9.—I might possess a beautiful hand if my fingers had not been vilely disfigured by playing on stringed instruments, and by biting my nails.

My form likè that of a Greek goddess, my hips too much like those of a Spanish woman, perhaps; my bust small and perfect in shape; my feet, my hands, and my childlike countenance—of what use are they, since no one loves me?

Thursday, May 30.—As a general thing, the family and friends of great men do not believe in their genius: in my case it is too much the other way; that is to say, that it would not surprise my family if I were to paint a picture as large as Medusa's raft, and receive the cross of the Legion of Honor for it. Is this a bad sign? I hope not.

Friday, May 31.—The hardest thing to bear is to be continually disappointed in those nearest to us. To find a serpent where one had expected to find flowers, that is indeed horrible. But these constant shocks have produced in me at last a species of indifference to them. No matter what is passing around me I take no notice now. I put my head out of the door only to go to the studio.

You think, perhaps, that this is the resignation of despair; it is the result of despair, but it is a sweet and tranquil feeling, although a sad one.

Instead of being rose-colored my life is gray, that is all.

I have accepted my fate and I am resigned to it.

My character has changed completely, and the change seems to be a permanent one; I no longer have need even of wealth; two black blouses a year, a change of linen that I could wash myself on Sundays, and the simplest food, provided it does not taste of onions and is fresh, and—the means to work; these are all I want.

No carriages; the omnibus or to go on foot: at the studio I wear shoes without heels.

But why live at all then? In the hope that better days will come, and that is a hope that never abandons us.

Everything is relative: thus, compared to my past tortures the present is ease; I enjoy it as an agreeable change. In

January I will be nineteen: Moussia will be nineteen. It is absurd; it is impossible; it is frightful.

Sometimes I am seized with a fancy to dress myself, to go out for a walk, to go to the opera, to the Bois, to the *Salon*, to the Exhibition; but I say to myself, "What for?" and I sink back again into my former state of apathy.

For every word I write I think a million thoughts; I express my thoughts only by fragments.

What a misfortune for posterity!

It may not be a misfortune for posterity, but it prevents me from being able to make myself understood.

I am jealous of Breslau; she does not draw at all like a woman. Next week I will work so hard!—you shall see. The afternoons shall be devoted to the Exhibition, and the *Salon*. But the week after—— I am resolved to be a great artist, and I will be one.

Monday, June 3.—In heart, soul, and thought I am a republican.

Let titles be preserved, but let there be equality of rights before the law; any other sort of equality than this is impossible.

Let ancient families continue to be respected, foreign potentates honored; let arts and all that contributes to the comfort and the elegance of life be protected. The republicans are reproached with having in their ranks a few miserable wretches. And where is the party that has not had such?

If France were to become altogether Legitimist or altogether Imperialist, would every one then be pure and virtuous?—Good-night—I write so fast that what I am saying is little better than the ravings of a lunatic.

Wednesday, June 12.—To-morrow I resume my work, which I have neglected since Saturday. My conscience reproaches me for it, and to-morrow everything will return to its accustomed order.

M. Rouher surprised me in many things. I was surprised at myself for employing so much tact and so much delicate flattery. Gavini and the Baron evidently approved of me unreservedly, and M. Rouher himself was pleased. They talked of votes, of laws, of pamphlets, of loyalists, of traitors, before me. Did I listen? You may well believe it. It was like the opening of a door into Paradise.

I am sorry I am a woman, and M. Rouher is sorry he is a man. "Women," he said, "are exempt from the annoyances and the cares that we have."

"Will you permit me to remark, Monsieur," I said, "that men and women alike have their cares and their annoyances; the only difference is that the cares of men bring with them honors, fame, and popularity; while the cares of women are attended by no advantage whatever."

"You believe, then, Mademoiselle, that our cares always bring us those compensations?"

"I think, Monsieur," I answered, "that that depends upon the man."

It must not be supposed that I entered all at once into the conversation like this; I remained quietly in my corner for fully ten minutes, embarrassed enough, for the old fox did not seem to be charmed at the presentation.

Shall I tell you something?

I was enchanted.

Now I have a mind to repeat to you all the fine things I said, but I must not. I will only say that I did my best not to use hackneyed phrases, and to appear full of good sense; in that way you will think my speeches finer than they really were.

Gavini remarked that the Bonapartists were happy in having the sympathies of all the pretty women with them, bowing to me as he said so.

"Monsieur," I answered, addressing myself to M. Rouher, "I do not give my sympathies to your party as a woman, I give them as an honest man might do."

Wednesday, July 3.—M—— came to say good-by, and as it was raining, he proposed to accompany us to the Exhibition.

We accepted; before we went, however, he and I being alone together for a moment, he entreated me not to be so cruel.

"You know how madly I love you," he said, "and how much you make me suffer. If you could but know how terrible a thing it is to see only mocking smiles, to hear only words of raillery when one truly loves!"

"You only imagine all that."

“Oh, no, I swear it to you; I am ready to give you the proofs of it—the most absolute devotion, the fidelity and the patience of a dog! Say but a word! say that you have some confidence in me—why do you treat me as a buffoon, as a being of an inferior race?”

“I treat you as I treat everybody.”

“And why? since you know that my affection is not like that of everybody—that I am heart and soul devoted to you?”

“I am accustomed to inspiring that sentiment.”

“But not such a love as mine. Let me believe that your feelings toward me are not altogether those of hatred.”

“Of hatred? Oh, no; I assure you they are not that.”

“The most terrible feeling of all for me would be indifference.”

“Ah, well!——”

“Promise me that you will not forget me in the few months I shall be away.”

“It will not be in my power to do so.”

“Let me remind you from time to time that I am still in existence. Perhaps I may amuse you, perhaps I may make you laugh. Let me hope that sometimes, occasionally, you will send me a word—a single word.”

“What is it you are saying?”

“Oh, without signing your name; simply this: ‘I am well’; only this, and that will make me so happy.”

“Whatever I write I sign my name to, and I never deny my signature.”

“You will grant me your permission to write?”

“I am like *Figaro*; I receive letters from all quarters.”

“God! if you but knew how maddening it is never to be able to obtain a serious word—to be always scoffed at! Let us talk seriously. You will not let it be said that you had no pity for me in the moment of my departure! If I might only hope that my devotion, my regard for you, my love—impose any conditions you choose, put me to the test. If I might only hope that one day you will be kinder, that you will not always mock me?”

“As far as tests are concerned,” I replied very seriously, “there is only one test that can be relied upon.”

“And that? I am ready to do anything.”

“That is time.”

“Be it so, then. Put my affection to the test of time; you shall see that it will stand it.”

“That would cause me great pleasure.”

“But tell me, have you confidence in me?”

“How, confidence? I have confidence enough in you to entrust you with a letter with the certainty that you will not open it.”

“No! not that! but an absolute confidence.”

“What grand words!”

“And is not my love for you something grand?” he said softly.

“I ask nothing better than to believe it; such things flatter a woman’s vanity. And, stay, I should really like to have some confidence in you.”

“Truly?”

“Truly.”

This is enough, is it not? We went to the Exhibition, and I was vexed to see that M—— was in high spirits, and made love to me as if I had accepted him.

I experienced a feeling of genuine satisfaction this evening. I find that M——’s love produces precisely the same emotions in me as did that of A——. You see, then, that I did not love Pietro! I was not even for a moment in love with him, though I came very near being so. But you know what a horrible disenchantment that was.

You understand that I have no intention of marrying M——.

“True love is always a sentiment to be respected,” I said to him; “you have no reason to be ashamed of yours; only don’t get foolish notions into your head.”

“Give me your friendship.”

“Vain word!”

“Then your——”

“Your demands are exorbitant.”

“But what am I to say, then? You are not willing that I should try to gain your affection by degrees—that I should begin by friendship——”

“Friendship! A chimera!”

“Love, then?”

“You are mad.”

“And why?”

“Because I hate you!”

Friday, July 5.—After the concert my aunt took the arm of Etienne, Dina Philippini's, and I the other's. The night was so lovely that we walked home. M——, who was restored to good-humor, spoke to me of his affection for me. It is always thus; I do not love him, but the fire of his love warms me; this is the same feeling that I mistook for love two years ago!

I was touched by the words he spoke; he even shed tears. As we approached the house I grew more serious; I was moved by the beauty of the night and by those melodious words of love. Ah, how delightful it is to be loved! There is nothing in the world so delightful as that. I know now that M—— loves me. One does not act a part like that. And if it were my money he wanted, my disdain would have caused him to abandon his pretensions before this; and there is Dina, whom every one believes to be as rich as I, and plenty of other girls he might marry if he chose. M—— is not a beggar; he is in every sense a gentleman. He could have found, and he *will* find, some one else to love.

M—— is very amiable. Perhaps it was wrong of me to let him hold my hand in his as long as he did when we were about to part. He kissed it; but I owed him that much; and then he loves me and respects me so much, poor fellow! I questioned him as if he were a child. I wanted to know how it had happened, and when. He fell in love with me at first sight, it seems. “But it is a strange kind of love,” he said; “other women are to me only women, but you are a being superior to the rest of humanity; it is a curious sentiment. I know that you treat me as if I was a hump-backed buffoon; that you have no feeling, no heart; and yet I love you. And I—at the same time that I adore you I know that our characters are not congenial.”

I listened to all he had to say, for to tell the truth a lover's speeches are more amusing than all the plays in the world, unless when one goes to them to show herself. But that, too, is a sort of adoration; you are looked at, you are

admired, and you feel your being expand like the flower under the rays of the sun. . . .

Wednesday, December 30, 1879.—I think that I am going to be ill. I am so weak that I cry without any cause. On leaving the studio to-day I went to the Magasin du Louvre. It would take a Zola to describe this excited, busy, disgusting crowd, running, pushing, with heads thrust forward, and eager eyes. I felt ready to faint from heat and weakness.

What a melancholy ending to the year! I think I shall go to bed at eleven and sleep while waiting for midnight—to have my fortune told.

1880

Thursday, January 1.—I went to the studio this morning; so that by working on the first day of the year I may work the whole year through. We made some visits afterward, and then went to the Bois.

Saturday, January 3.—I cough continually! but for a wonder, far from making me look ugly, this gives me an air of languor that is very becoming.

Monday, January 5.—Well, things are going badly.

I have begun to work again, but as I did not take a complete rest, I feel a languor and a lack of strength such as I never felt before. And the *Salon* so near! I have talked it all over with Julian, and we are both agreed that I am not ready.

Let me see: I have been working for two years and four months, without deducting time lost, or spent in traveling—little enough, yet after all it is a good deal. I have not worked hard enough, I have lost time; I have relaxed my efforts, I—in a word, I am not ready. “The constant pricking of a pin would drive one mad,” Edmond has said, “but a blow from a club, provided it were not given in a vital part, might be courageously borne.” It is true; the same eternal comparison—Breslau. She began in June, 1875, which gives her four years and a half, with two years at Zurich or Munich; total, six years and a half, without deducting either time spent in travel or time lost from study, as in my case. She had been painting a little more than two years when she exhibited. I have been painting a year and four

months, and I cannot exhibit with as much credit as she can.

As far as I myself am concerned, this would not matter; I could wait. I am courageous; if I were told I had to wait a year, I could answer from my heart, "Very well." But the public, and my family—they would believe in me no longer. I might send a picture, but what Julian desires is that I should paint a portrait, and this I could do only indifferently well. See what it is to be of importance; there are pupils in the studio who have exhibited, who cannot paint a fifth as well as I, and no one has said anything about it. But when it is I who am in question—"Why do it?" they say. "You do not want to teach, nor to be paid fifty or a hundred francs for a picture; what you want is fame. To exhibit such a thing as the others might very well do, would be unworthy of you."

This is my opinion, too; but the public and my family, and our friends and relations in Russia, what will they say?

Saturday, January 17.—The doctor would have me believe that my cough is a purely nervous one, and it may be so, for I have not taken cold; neither my throat nor my chest hurts me. I simply experience a difficulty in breathing, and I feel a pain in the right side. Be that as it may, I came home at eleven, and, all the time wishing that I might fall suddenly ill so as not to have to go to the ball, dressed myself for it. I looked beautiful. . . .

1884

Tuesday, Aug. 12.—In short, my friends, all this means that I am ill. I still struggle against the feeling, and try to drag myself about, but I thought this morning that I should at last have to succumb—that is to say, lie down and give up work. But suddenly I felt a little stronger, and I went out again in search of some hints for my picture. My weakness and the preoccupation of my thoughts, keep me apart from the real world, which, however, I have never seen so clearly as I do now. All its baseness, all its meanness, stand out before my mind with saddening distinctness.

Foreigner though I be—not to speak of my youth and my ignorance—I find passages to criticize in the writings of the best authors and poets. As for the newspapers, I cannot

read half a dozen lines in one of them without throwing it aside in disgust, not only because of the style, which is that of a scullion, but because of the sentiments expressed. There is no honesty in them. Every article is either written to serve a purpose, or is paid for.

There is neither good faith nor sincerity to be found anywhere.

And what is to be said of men, who call themselves men of honor, who will deliberately falsify the truth through party spirit?

It is disgusting.

We came home to dine after leaving Bastien,¹ who is still in bed, though his eyes are bright and he seems to be free from pain. He has gray eyes, the exquisite charm of which vulgar souls cannot be expected to appreciate. Do you understand what I mean by this? Eyes that have looked into the eyes of Jeanne d'Arc.

We spoke of the picture, and he complained of not being sufficiently appreciated. I told him he was appreciated by those who had souls to understand him, and that "Jeanne d'Arc" was a work which people admired more than they dared say to his face.

Saturday, August 16.—This is the first day I have been really able to work in the *fiacre*, and I came home with such a pain in my back that I was obliged to have it bathed and rubbed.

But how well I feel now! The Architect put my painting in place this morning. His brother is better. He went for an airing to the Bois to-day. They carried him downstairs in an easy-chair. Felix told me this when he came for some milk this afternoon.

For a week past Bastien has been drinking goat's milk—the milk of our goat. Imagine the joy of our people. But this is not all. He condescends to be so friendly with us that he sends for it himself whenever he has a fancy for it. This is delightful.

He will soon be lost to us then, since he is growing better.

¹Bastien-Lepage, whom she had come to revere as the greatest of artists. At this time he was ill unto death and tended by his brother, "the Architect."

Yes, our good times are coming to an end. One cannot go visit a man who is well enough to go out.

But I must not exaggerate things. He went to the Bois, but he was carried there in an easy-chair, and he went back to bed again on his return home. That does not mean that he is well enough to go out.

Tuesday, August 19.—I was so exhausted that I had scarcely strength enough to put on a linen gown and go to see Bastien. His mother received us with reproaches. Three days! she said, three days without coming to see him! It was dreadful! And when we were in his room Emile cried out: "All is ended, then? We are friends no longer?" "So, then, you have deserted me?" said *he himself*. Ah, I ought not to have stayed away so long.

My vanity tempts me to repeat here all his friendly reproaches, and his assurances that never, never, never could we come too often.

Thursday, August 21.—I do nothing but lounge about all day, except for a couple of hours in the morning—from five to seven—when I work out-of-doors in a carriage.

I have had a photograph taken of the scene I have chosen for my picture, so as to be able to copy with exactness the lines of the sidewalk.

This was done at seven this morning; the Architect was there at six. Afterwards we all drove home, I, Rosalie, the Architect, Coco, and the photograph.

Not that the presence of the brother was at all necessary, but it was pleasant to have him with us. I always like to have a guard of honor around me.

All is over! He is doomed!

Baude, who spent the evening here with the Architect, told it to mamma.

Baude is his most intimate friend—the one to whom he wrote the letter from Algiers that I read.

All is over, then.

Can it be possible?

I cannot yet realize what will be the effect of this crushing news upon me.

This is a new sensation—to see a man who is under sentence of death.

Tuesday, August 26.—All the confused thoughts that have filled my brain and distracted my mind have now settled immovably around this new misfortune.

It is a new experience—to see a man, a great painter—to see *him*, in short—

Condemned to die!

This is something not to be lightly spoken of.

And every day, until the day arrives, I shall be thinking, “He is dying!”

It is horrible!

I have summoned all my courage, and now I stand, with head erect, ready to receive the blow.

Has it not been thus with me all my life?

When the blow comes I shall receive it without flinching.

At times I refuse to believe it, I rebel against it; I give way to lamentations, when I know that all is ended.

I cannot utter two sentences connectedly.

But do not imagine that I am overwhelmed; I am only profoundly engrossed by the thoughts of how it will be with me—afterward.

Saturday, August 30.—It seems that matters are growing worse. I am unable to do anything. I have done nothing since the Sèvres picture was finished—nothing, that is to say, except two miserable panels.

I sleep for hours at a time in the broad daylight. I have finished the sketch for my picture, but it is laughable!

The canvas is there; everything is ready, I alone am wanting.

If I were to write here all I feel!—the terrible fears that assail me!—

September is here now, winter is not far distant.

The slightest cold might confine me to bed for a couple of months, and then, the convalescence—

And my picture! So that I should have sacrificed everything without—

Now is the moment to believe in God and to pray to Him.

Yes, the fear of falling ill is what paralyzes me; in the state in which I am, a heavy cold would put an end to me in six weeks.

And that is how I shall die at last.

For I am resolved to work at my picture in any case—and, as the weather will be cold—and if I do not take cold working, I shall take cold walking; how many people there are who do not paint; and who die all the same——

Here it is at last, then, the end of all my miseries! So many aspirations, so many hopes, so many plans—to die at twenty-four, on the threshold of everything.

I knew that this would be so. Since God could not grant me all that was necessary to my life, without ceasing to be just, He will let me die. There are so many years in a lifetime, so many—and I have lived so few—and accomplished nothing!

Wednesday, September 3.—I am making the design for the *Figaro*, but I am obliged to leave off work from time to time, to rest for an hour or so. I have a constant fever. I can obtain no relief. I have never before been so ill as I am now, but I say nothing of it to any one; I go out, I paint. What need of further words? I am sick, let that suffice. Will talking about it do any good? But going out is another thing, you will say.

It is a disease that permits of doing that in the intervals of comparative ease.

Thursday, September 11.—On Tuesday I began a study in the nude, of a child. It might make a very good picture if well treated.

The Architect was here yesterday; his brother desires to know why we have neglected him for so many days. So we went to the Bois in the afternoon, hoping to see him, but we arrived late; he was taking his usual turn through the walks; we waited for him, and you should have seen the surprise of all three to find us there. He grasped both my hands in his, and when we were going home he took a seat in our carriage, while my aunt returned with his mother. It is as well to get into this habit.

Saturday, September 13.—We are friends; he likes me; he esteems me; he finds me interesting. He said yesterday that I was wrong to torment myself as I do; that I should consider myself very fortunate. There is not another woman, he says, who has accomplished as much as I have done in as short a time.

“You have a name,” he added; “every one knows who Mlle. Bashkirtseff is. There is no doubt about your success. But as for you, you would like to send a picture every six months to the Salon; you are impatient to reach the goal. But that is quite natural, when one is ambitious; I have passed through all that myself.”

And to-day I said: “They see me driving with you; it is fortunate that I am sick, or they might accuse me of painting your picture.”

“They have done that already,” responded the Architect.

“Not in the papers!”

“Oh, no.”

Wednesday, September 17.—Few days pass in which I am not tormented by the recollection of my father. I ought to have gone to him and nursed him during his last illness. He made no complaint, for his nature was like mine, but my neglect must have made him suffer cruelly. Why did I not go?

It is since Bastien-Lepage has come back—since we have visited him so often and shown him so many little attentions, given him so many marks of our affection—that I feel this especially.

In mamma’s case it was different, they had lived apart for so many years—until within five of his death—but I, his daughter!

It is just, then, that God should punish me. But if we go to the root of the matter, we owe our parents no duty, if they have not protected us and cared for us from our entrance into the world.

But that does not prevent—but I have no time to analyze the question.—Bastien-Lepage causes me to feel remorse. This is a chastisement from God. But if I do not believe in God? I scarcely know whether I do or not, but even if I did not, I still have my conscience, and my conscience reproaches me for my neglect.

And one cannot say absolutely, “I do not believe in God.” That depends on what we understand by the word God. If the God we desire to believe in, the God who loves us, existed, the world would not be what it is.

Though there be no God to hear my evening prayer, yet I pray to Him every night in despite of my reason.

“Si le ciel est desert, nous n’offensons personne,
Si quelqu’un nous entend, qu’il nous prenne en pitié.”

Yet how believe?

Bastien-Lepage continues very ill; we found him in the Bois, writhing with pain; none of the doctors have been able to relieve him; it would be well to bring Charcot to see him some day as if by chance. When we were alone Bastien said it was abominable to have neglected him for two whole days.

Thursday, September 18.—I have just seen Julian! I have missed him indeed, but it was so long since we had seen each other that we had but little to say. He thought I had a successful and contented look. There is nothing, after all, but art; nothing else is worth a thought.

The whole family are with Bastien-Lepage, his sisters as well as his mother; they are to remain with him until the end; they seem to be good women, though garrulous.

That tyrant of a Bastien-Lepage will insist upon my taking care of myself: he wants me to be rid of my cold in a month; he buttons my jacket for me, and is always careful to see that I am warmly clad.

Once when they were all sitting on the left side of his bed, as usual, and I had seated myself on the right, he turned his back to the others, settled himself comfortably, and began to chat with me softly about art.

Yes, he certainly has a feeling of friendship for me—of selfish friendship, even. When I said to him that I was going to resume work again to-morrow, he answered:

“Oh, not yet, you must not desert me!”

Friday, September 19.—He continues to grow worse; we scarcely know what to do—whether to remain in the room while he is groaning with pain, or to go out.

To leave the room would look as if we thought him very ill; to remain would seem as if we wished to be spectators of his sufferings!

It seems shocking to speak in this way—as if I were wanting in feeling. It seems as if one might find words more—that is to say, less.—Poor fellow!

Wednesday, October 1.—Nothing but sorrow and annoyance!

But why write all this down?

My aunt left for Russia on Monday; she will arrive there at one in the morning.

Bastien-Lepage goes from bad to worse.

I am unable to work.

My picture will not be finished.

Here are misfortunes enough!

He is dying, and he suffers intensely. When I am with him I feel as if he were no longer of this earth; he already soars above us; there are days when I feel as if I too soared above this earth. I see the people around me; they speak to me, I answer them, but I am no longer of them. I feel a passive indifference to everything—a sensation somewhat like that produced by opium.

At last he is dying; I still go to see him, but only from habit; it is only his shadow that is there: I myself am hardly more than a shadow.

He is scarcely conscious of my presence. I am of no use to him; his eyes do not brighten when he sees me; he likes me to be there, that is all.

Yes, he is dying, and the thought does not move me; I am indifferent to it; something is fading out of sight—that is all.

And then everything will be ended.

Everything will be ended.

I shall die with the dying year.

Thursday, October 9.—It is as you see—I do nothing. I am never without fever; my physicians are a pair of imbeciles. I have sent for Potain and put myself into his hands again. He cured me once before. He is kind, attentive, and conscientious. After all, it seems that my emaciation, and all the rest of it, do not come from the lungs, but from some malady I contracted without knowing when, and to which I paid no attention, thinking it would go away of itself; as for my lungs, they are no worse than before.

But it is not necessary for me to trouble you with my ailments; what is certain, however, is that I can do nothing. Nothing!

Yesterday I went to dress myself to go to the Bois, and twice I was on the point of giving up, I was so overcome with weakness.

I succeeded at last, however.

Mme. Bastien-Lepage has been at Damvillers since Monday last, for the vintage, and, although there are women enough about him, he was glad to see us.

Sunday, October 12.—I have not been able to go out for the past few days. I am very ill, although I am not confined to bed.

Potain and his substitute come to see me on alternate days.

Ah, my God! and my picture, my picture, my picture!

Julien has come to see me. They have told him, then, that I was ill.

Alas! how could it be concealed? And how shall I be able to go see Bastien-Lepage?

Thursday, October 16.—I have a constant fever that is sapping my strength. I spend the whole day in the drawing-room, going from the easy-chair to the sofa and back again.

Dina reads novels to me. Potain came yesterday, and is to come again to-morrow. This man is no longer in need of money, and if he comes to see me so often, it must be because he takes some little interest in me.

I cannot leave the house at all, but poor Bastien-Lepage is still able to go out, so he had himself brought here and installed in an easy-chair, his feet supported by cushions. I was by his side, in another easy-chair, and so we remained until six o'clock.

I was dressed in a white plush morning-gown, trimmed with white lace, but of a different shade; Bastien-Lepage's eyes dilated with pleasure as they rested on me.

"Ah, if I could only paint!" he said.

And I!—

There is an end to this year's picture!

Saturday, October 18.—Bastien-Lepage comes almost every day. His mother has returned, and all three came to-day.

Potain came yesterday: I am no better.

Sunday, October 19.—Tony and Julian are to dine with us to-night.

Monday, October 20.—Although the weather is magnifi-

cient, Bastien-Lepage comes here instead of going to the Bois. He can scarcely walk at all now; his brother supports him under each arm; he almost carries him.

By the time he is seated in his easy-chair the poor fellow is exhausted. Woe is me! And how many porters there are who do not know what it is to be ill! Emile is an admirable brother. He it is who carries Jules on his shoulders up and down their three flights of stairs. Dina is equally devoted to me. For the last two days my bed has been in the drawing-room, but as this is very large, and divided by screens, *poufs*, and the piano, it is not noticed. I find it too difficult to go upstairs.

[The journal stops here—Marie Bashkirtseff died eleven days afterward, on the 31st of October, 1884.]

THE END

CLARENCE HAWKES

A MAN WHO TRIUMPHED OVER BLINDNESS, LAMENESS AND ILL-
HEALTH

1869-

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

There could be no better lesson for boy or man than reading the life of Clarence Hawkes. He was born in December, 1869, in Goshen, Massachusetts, an American of old New England stock. When only nine years old he lost a leg by amputation. Then, as though this first misfortune had not sufficiently handicapped him, at thirteen he was blinded by a shooting accident. Despite the darkness in which his life has ever since been lived, Mr. Hawkes has made of himself a well-known writer of nature stories, tales of the birds and beasts he had known as a child. He has also won for himself a reputation as a poet, supporting himself by his books and his lectures.

In 1915 Mr. Hawkes wrote the story of his own life, which he called "Hitting the Dark Trail." Only the simple straightforward account of the tragedy of his blinding can be given here; but every reader is urged to seek for himself the entire book. It has made Mr. Hawkes famous; for the world possesses few stories of so brave a fight in face of such overwhelming odds, few pictures of such suffering, such depths of agony endured and such triumphant evidence of the power of the soul of man to rise superior to its environment.

HITTING THE DARK TRAIL ¹

I

[The opening chapters tell of Mr. Hawkes' childhood, of his intense joy of living as a child, his watchful observation of all the nature-life around him. Then follows the account of a sprained ankle, of erysipelas setting in, and of a surgical operation, supposed to be trifling, but in the midst of which the child came out from the influence of ether to discover that conditions had compelled amputation.]

¹ Copyright, 1915, by Henry Holt & Co.

A FEW weeks later a pair of crutches were procured for me and I began life hobbling about upon them. These crutches went with me everywhere I traveled for two years, and I finally exchanged them for a peg leg, a makeshift artificial leg, which, while it was not ornamental, and the wearing of it greatly hurt my pride, yet gave me the free use of my arms, which the crutches had denied me. But whether it was on crutches or the peg leg, erect, or crawling on my hands and knees in some difficult place, I always went into the battle of life with all my energy.

It was during those cripple days, when I was so different from the other children, that I learned much of that hard law of nature, the survival of the fittest. For while most of the children with whom I came in contact were unusually kind to me, yet there was occasionally a boy who would pick upon me, making sport of my deficiency, or even jostling me about. I soon discovered that tact and forbearance will carry one only so far. One can smile and laugh things off, and plead and reason up to a certain point, but there are some people who only understand brute force, so upon this class I gave back blow for blow. A crutch is a very handy weapon of defense, and is very easily converted into a club, and I sometimes had to use it as such to keep my place in this fighting world, that can be so kind, and likewise so brutal.

But the heart of youth is naturally strong. The young die hard, and optimism is theirs by reason of their youth, so I soon went back to my childish games and sports on crutches, playing them all as hard, if not quite as successfully, as before. There were some things that I could not do—things that the other boys did—and it was in this connection that I learned one of the hardest lessons of life; as Stevenson says, to renounce if necessary and not be embittered. It took good courage to stand on the coaching line and yell oneself hoarse while the other fellow made your own home run, or to hand the other fellow the compliment for the high jump; but all those things I managed.

I also learned that by special dexterity, and by using one's head, mere physical strength can be overcome. So if I could go into the box and pitch so cleverly that the other boys could not hit my balls, I did not need to field the position. Then

there was always the schoolroom where my out-of-doors defeats, if there were any, could be avenged, and I often punished the brute strength that had been too much for me on the playground, there. The very fact that I was weak in athletics drove me to books, of which I was very fond, so I read omnivorously and studied prodigiously, and thus did two years' work for every year I attended school.

But it must not be imagined that I forsook nature and her ways, for both upon crutches and upon the peg leg I tramped the woods in Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, and became even more intimate with the furred and feathered folks. . . .

So with farming and tramping the fields and woods in all seasons, and attending the district school when it was in session, I came to my thirteenth year,—to that never-to-be-forgotten day of August 12th, the day of my Waterloo, when the current of my life was forever changed, for better or for worse. That it was for worse as far as my life's happiness and bodily comfort were concerned there can be no question, but that I have accomplished infinitely more because of what befell me on that terrible day I do not doubt.

That was the day that God plunged me into a crucible, and the scars of it will go with me to the grave.

II

It must not be imagined that after my lameness I gave up any of my outdoor sports and recreations, for I did not. Although it was much harder to pursue them, yet I clung to everything that I had possessed before with the grip of a bulldog, and was enabled to do about everything that I had done before. So the Spring after my misfortune saw me back upon the trout streams fishing, and on the lakes boating and canoeing, and the Autumn, back in the woods following my father with the game bag.

I even went so far as to tie snowshoes upon my rude wooden leg and lope off across the country through the deep snow following the hounds. Skating I managed in the same manner so I rounded out the life of a vigorous boy quite well.

About the first of August, 1893, my father bought me a new gun. I had always been allowed to use his guns, but this

was my own and I was very proud of it. But my pride and happiness in the new fowling piece were of short duration,—only twelve days, in fact.

Every minute incident of the day of August 12th I can remember, for that was the last day that I ever saw Mother Earth and the faces of those I loved.

The morning was hot and sultry, and I noted as I went to the barn to feed the horses that the cicadas were already singing. It would be a hot day indeed, if they were any prophets. About eight o'clock I brought the team around to the door. We had started a couple of hours later than usual that morning, as mother was going along. She was to leave us at the woodcock cover, and then drive on to town several miles further, where she was to do some shopping. . . .

At nine o'clock my mother set us down at the cover and went on her way to town little imagining how I would look when she next saw me.

The hunting ground was a fringe of alders and willows that skirted a dimpling little trout stream, and I often stopped as we hunted down stream to snap bits of bark into the brook and watch for the bright flash of the trout as he rose for it, for really I was more interested in fishing than in hunting.

The late blueberries and the early blackberries were both upon the bushes, and several times we stopped to eat. Our setter also ate berries freely, standing on his hind legs to do so. He did not use his paws to strip them off as a bear would have done, but picked them by the mouthful, often getting leaves, and occasionally a pricker, at which he would make up a wry face. I have known quite a few hunting dogs that would eat berries.

Presently as we penetrated farther into the cover the setter pointed and a second later the whistling whir of a woodcock's wings was heard. My father fired at the bird, which did not come out on my side of the cover. To my great astonishment and disgust, at the report I jumped and fell to trembling violently. I had never so much as winked an eyelash at the report of a gun before, but now it seemed to fill me with an unspeakable dread. There was a strange menace in it that I could not understand.

With considerable difficulty I steadied my nerve and went

on deeper and deeper into the cover, but very soon it changed its character and became an almost impenetrable black ash swamp. Not quite the usual cover for woodcock, but we knew from their borings that the birds were there, so we kept on.

Each furlong that we penetrated into the swamp increased the difficulty in walking. At last we reached a portion of the swamp where it was almost impossible for me with my lameness to proceed. The swamp-grass was shoulder high. It was intertwined with jewel-weed, iris, cat-tails, boneset, clematis, and nettles. The bottom also was very bad, for it was spongy and boggy, with soft places where it would not do to step. Often we had to thread our way upon hummocks of grass called niggerheads.

To add to our difficulties the August sun beat down upon us as I have never felt it before or since. We were tormented by an insatiable thirst, and the water all looked swampy and dark, and we did not dare drink it. The extreme heat of midsummer had turned the foliage in this portion of the swamp a sickly yellow green which color seemed to nauseate me. The nervousness that I had noted when the first gun was fired a mile back seemed to increase with each passing minute. I would jump if a twig snapped, like an old woman who thinks she hears burglars.

I laid it all to the heat, however, but finally told my father that I must sit down to rest for a few minutes, as the combination of heat and bad traveling was too much for me. He said, "All right," and pointed to a tree near by, where it was shady and more open than the rest of the swamp, so I went and sat down, while he began working a cover near by with the dog.

I had been sitting under the tree with my gun across my knee, watching my father's brown hunting cap, which occasionally showed for a moment where the alder cover was not so dense, and listening to the low tinkle of the little bell on the setter for perhaps five minutes, when the sharp quick whir of a woodcock's wings made me jump nearly out of my skin. I looked in the direction of the cover and saw a woodcock skimming along over some low alder bushes between me and the thicker cover where my father was.

I did not shoot, as to have done so would have sent a charge of shot directly into the cover where father was. I do not know that I could have shot, even if this had not been so, for I seemed to be in the grip of some strange spell; a sorcery was upon me that I could not shake off.

Then came the report of my father's gun, which, as the swamp was overarched with tall black ashes above the alders, detonated strangely. A blow as from a blast of wind suddenly striking upon me caused me to sink backwards against the tree at my back, while a score of awls, each red hot, it seemed to me from their burning, stuck into my hands, face and breast.

But more than torment of pain was the fearful fact that in a flash the sun had gone dark and a deadly sickness like death gripped me.

I put my hand up to my chin where some fluid was trickling down freely, and noted that the tiny stream was warm; blood warm, and then I knew what had happened.

I had just strength enough left to cry out to my father that he had shot me, and then I collapsed and fell back against the tree too faint to speak or move, although perfectly conscious.

I could hear my father calling to me, although he seemed miles away, while he was sopping brook water in my face with his handkerchief, and trying to lift me up.

I did not want to be lifted up, I did not want to be brought back to full consciousness, but preferred to sink down into total oblivion and rest. I was so tired and sick, and I knew it was going to hurt so when I did come back to myself.

Presently I could hear the crows calling away in the deep woods, but it was the tiniest sound I have ever heard; no louder than the humming of a mosquito, but still I knew it for crows.

Then the burning of the score of awls that had been boring into me ever since I sank back against the tree redoubled, the roaring in my ears ceased, and I could hear more plainly, and by degrees I came round. Came back to earth, and the horror that awaited me.

This was the problem that I had to face: I was at the

heart of a black ash swamp, two miles from the highway, wounded in thirty places. I could stand the shot that had hit me in the body and limbs, although they had broken two of my fingers; but the thing that staggered me and made me sorry for the time that I had not lost my life altogether, was the fact that three number-ten bird-shot were sticking in my right eye, and one in my left, and that as far as I knew I was totally blind.

I have often thought since what a queer freak of fortune it was that wounded me in the eyes. If my head had been turned just a trifle, if the shot had scattered just a little differently! If that shot were to be fired over a dozen times, it probably would not have put out both eyes another time. I am not a fatalist, I think, but it must have been ordained that those shot should find my eyes.

For half an hour I lay upon my back while my father continued to sop cold water in my face, and although I had bled a great deal, yet at the end of that time my strength came back to me sufficiently to permit of my standing. Then we began that horrible march of two miles under the blazing August sun, through that dense tangle of swamp growth.

I leaned upon my father's arm, and he guided me as best he could, but even then it was heartbreaking work. Every few rods I had to lie down, while he went for brook water. With this extreme exertion my hands, face, and breast began to swell, and fever began to quicken my pulse and make me light-headed.

Again and again my father had to implore me, telling me that I would surely die if I did not make an effort to reach the road. Again and again I rose and stumbled on when it seemed to me that I could never rise again. But our longest trials have an end, if we live through them, and if we do not it does not matter. At last, panting and nearly delirious with pain, I fell exhausted by the roadside at the end of the two-mile tramp.

A few minutes later my dear mother drove down the road, returning from town. She came to me, and held me in her arms, with that sympathy which only a mother can give, when the great misfortunes of life overtake us. I lay with my head in her lap for half an hour while she bathed my

swollen, bleeding face with brook water; and finally, helped by my father, I climbed into the wagon, and we began the long, tedious journey home.

I lay upon the back seat of the wagon, with my head in my mother's lap, sustained and comforted by her, while the wagon jolted over the five miles of rough road that lay between the scene of the accident and home. I was suffering badly from the shock, and shook as though I had a chill, and vomited freely. But worst of all was the pain, which was excruciating.

Every one of the thirty pellets sticking in my flesh burned as though it had been molten lead, and each wound began swelling freely, until when I reached home my best friend would not have known me.

My sister Alice, eleven years, and my two brothers stood tearfully each side of the doorway while I was led into the house, where I was at once put to bed.

The doctor was hastily sent for, but he was away upon a pleasure outing for the day, and there was no other doctor to be had in the place, so it was evening before medical assistance came to me.

Of course the chief anxiety was over my eyesight. The other wounds I would get over all right, if blood poisoning did not set in. But as to my eyes, the country doctors could not say. One day they talked hopefully and the next discouragingly, but I imagine that they feared the worst all the time. With three shot in one eye and one in the other it was impossible to keep down the inflammation, although I had ice water cloths on my eyes, which were changed every fifteen minutes for six weeks' time. The pain was fearful, a peculiar, zig-zagging pain that was like nothing I have ever experienced since and never want to again.

At last I was allowed to come forth from my bedroom, but with my eyes well protected by a shade. My eyes wept and smarted continually, but the pain was not quite so intense.

I then had perhaps a fifth or a tenth of my normal vision. I could see for perhaps fifty feet in every direction, but through a thick haze, as though the whole earth had been encompassed by a very dense fog.

This pitiful complement of sight was a great comfort to

me, until I discovered after a day or two that this sight was rapidly leaving me. Each morning when I awoke the fog-wall about me had come in a few feet nearer, or it was a little more dense. Anxiously I would test my sight each day, hoping that I was mistaken; but there was no mistake about it.

Every morning when I arose, I would first go to the head of the stairs and test my waning vision on a colored curtain that hung at a window in the hall below. So gradually, so surely, so relentlessly did my vision finally fade, that I was obliged to descend one stair each day to see the curtain in the hall. Finally I counted the stairs and calculated that two weeks from that day I should be totally blind, and this was just what came to me.

[Here follows the account of the author's despair, his resolute struggle and success.]

CLIFFORD WHITTINGHAM BEERS

WHO HAS GIVEN THE WORLD A NEW UNDERSTANDING OF THE
PROBLEMS OF INSANITY

1876-

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Mr. Clifford W. Beers, author of "A Mind That Found Itself," is the founder and Secretary of The National Committee for Mental Hygiene, New York City, which came into existence as a direct result of the publication of his remarkable autobiography. Mr. Beers has dedicated his life to a great cause and has served it well. In the year 1900, three years after graduating from Yale University, he developed a mental disorder, fortunately of a recoverable kind, which forced him to live for three years as a patient in sundry private and public hospitals for the insane in Connecticut, his native State. While still a patient and largely as a result of unnecessary hardships and injustices suffered by himself and by many fellow-patients, Mr. Beers resolved that, upon recovery and the regaining of freedom, he would publish his experiences and use the book in arousing interest in a national movement in behalf of the insane and also for the prevention of mental disorders. This high purpose was achieved in the face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties. In 1908, the first of the several editions of "A Mind That Found Itself" was published. In 1909, the National Committee for Mental Hygiene was founded; a model State society for mental hygiene having also been organized by Mr. Beers a few months earlier in Connecticut. During subsequent years, while serving as Secretary of the National Committee, he has helped to organize affiliated State societies in all sections of the country. Though originally planned to help the insane, societies and committees for mental hygiene now work in behalf of all of the mentally abnormal groups: the feeble-minded, epileptic, inebriate and the vast number of unstable individuals who, without guidance, are unable so to adjust themselves to their environment as to lead happy or efficient lives. The ultimate goal of the mental hygiene movement is better mental health and increased efficiency for everybody.

The autobiography of Mr. Beers is unique. The frank description by

the author of his mental processes while in a speechless state of depression, which lasted about two years, and in a state of elation, lasting nearly a year, is a valuable contribution to science and to literature. This part of the narrative has been likened to De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater"; the book as a whole having been called the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of "the cause" of the insane. In the revised fourth edition, issued in March, 1917, opinions of the book expressed by many representative men are presented in connection with an account of the mental hygiene movement.

The most eminent of American psychologists, the late William James, said of the book, "It is fit to remain in literature as a classic account 'from within' of an insane person's psychology." . . . "It reads like fiction, but it is not fiction; and this I state emphatically, knowing how prone the uninitiated are to doubt the truthfulness of descriptions of abnormal mental processes." His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, said, "To me it is a wonderful book. I scarcely remember ever having read anything which stirred me more deeply, or left upon my memory stronger or more vivid impressions." Dr. Henry van Dyke writes, "The book is certainly of a most extraordinary quality. A friend of mine sat up nearly all night to read it and said when he brought it back, 'That is more interesting than a novel.'" In the opinion of Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, "It is a most extraordinary thing to have a book written under such circumstances. If there is anything like it in the history of literature I am not acquainted with it. . . . It is a wonderful volume whether one considers its contents or the circumstances of its origin—and I find it intensely interesting."

Not the least interesting fact is that the book has so impressed philanthropists that the author has been able to secure for the National Committee for Mental Hygiene gifts and pledges amounting to nearly a quarter of a million dollars. "A Mind That Found Itself" was published for a great purpose and, as is evident, is achieving that purpose.

A MIND THAT FOUND ITSELF¹

I

THIS story is derived from as human a document as ever existed; and, because of its uncommon nature, perhaps no one thing contributes so much to its value as its authenticity. It is an autobiography, and more: in part it is a biography; for, in telling the story of my life, I must relate the history of another self—a self which was dominant from my twenty-

¹Copyright, 1907, by Clifford Whittingham Beers. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

fourth to my twenty-sixth year. During that period I was unlike what I had been, or what I have been since. The biographical part of my autobiography might be called the history of a mental civil war, which I fought single-handed on a battle-field that lay within the compass of my skull. An Army of Unreason, composed of the cunning and treacherous thoughts of an unfair foe, attacked my bewildered consciousness with cruel persistency, and would have destroyed me, had not a triumphant Reason finally interposed a superior strategy that saved me from my unnatural self.

I am not telling the story of my life just to write a book. I tell it because it seems my plain duty to do so. A marvelous escape from death and a miraculous return to health after an apparently fatal illness are enough to make a man ask himself: For what purpose was my life spared? That question I have asked myself, and this book is, in part, an answer. . . .

In presenting this book I have several definite purposes. First: I hope to rob insanity of many of its terrors—at least those which do not rightly belong to it. Most children are afraid of the dark until they learn that its hidden monsters are imaginary. But this childish fear is a sublime mental process compared with the unreasoning dread of insanity that prevails in the minds of most adults throughout the civilized world. Under certain conditions an insane person is, without doubt, the unhappiest of men, but I shall prove that sometimes he is not less happy—is indeed happier—than a sane person under the most favorable conditions. To a startling degree the unhappiness of the insane is directly due to the perhaps unconscious lack of consideration with which they are treated. This is fortunate; for these external contributory causes can be eliminated;—and no one thing will go so far toward eliminating them as the universal adoption and continued use of the humane and equally scientific principle of Non-Restraint in the treatment of mental disorders. As the reader will come to know:—doing to the insane as the sane would be done by is the essence of Non-Restraint. . . .

II

ON the thirtieth day of June, 1897, I was graduated at Yale. Had I then realized that I was a sick man I could and would have taken a rest; but, in a way, I had become accustomed to the ups and downs of a nervous existence, and, as I could not really afford a rest, six days after my graduation I entered upon the duties of a clerk in the office of the Collector of Taxes in the city of New Haven. I was fortunate in securing such a position at that time, for the hours were comparatively short and the work as congenial as any could have been under the circumstances. I entered the Tax Office with the intention of staying only until such time as I should secure a position in New York. About a year later I secured the desired position. After remaining in it for eight months (with the firm whose employ I reëntered in 1904), I left it, in order to take a position which seemed to offer a field of endeavor more to my taste. From May, 1899, till the middle of June, 1900, I was a clerk in one of the smaller life insurance companies, whose home office was within a stone's throw of what some men consider the center of the universe. To be in the very heart of the financial district of New York appealed strongly to my imagination. As a result of certain mistaken ideals, the making of money was then a passion with me. I foolishly wished to taste the bitter-sweet of power based on wealth.

For the first eighteen months of my life in New York, my health seemed no worse than it had been during the preceding three years. The old dread still possessed me. I continued to have my more and less nervous days, weeks, and months. In March, 1900, however, there came a change for the worse. At that time I had a severe attack of grip which incapacitated me for two weeks. As was to be expected in my case, this illness seriously depleted my vitality, and left me in a frightfully depressed condition—a depression which continued to grow upon me until the final crash came, on June 23d, 1900. The events of that day, seemingly disastrous as then viewed, but all for the best as the issue proved, forced me along paths traveled by thousands, but comprehended by few.

I had continued to perform my clerical duties until June 15th. On that day I was compelled to stop, and that at once. I had reached a point where my will had to capitulate to Unreason—that unscrupulous usurper. My previous five years as a neurasthenic had led me to believe that I had experienced all the disagreeable sensations an overworked and unstrung nervous system could suffer. But on this day several new and terrifying sensations seized me and rendered me all but helpless. My condition, however, was not apparent even to those who worked with me at the same desk. I remember trying to speak and at times finding myself unable to give utterance to my thoughts. Though I was able to answer questions, that fact hardly diminished my feeling of apprehension, for a single failure in an attempt to speak will stagger any man, no matter what his state of health. I tried to copy certain records in the day's work, but my hand was too unsteady, and I found it difficult to read the words and figures presented to my tired vision in blurred confusion.

That afternoon, conscious that some terrible calamity was impending, but not knowing what would be its nature, I performed a very curious act. Certain early literary efforts which had failed of publication in the college paper, but which I had jealously cherished for several years, I utterly destroyed. Then, after a hurried arrangement of my affairs, I took an early afternoon train, and soon found myself at home. Home life did not make me better, and, except for three or four short walks, I did not go out of the house at all until June 23d, when I went in a most unusual way. To relatives I said little about my state of health, beyond the general statement that I had never felt worse—a statement which, when made by a neurasthenic, means much but proves little. For five years I had had my ups and downs, and both my relatives and myself had begun to look upon these as things which would probably be corrected in and by time. Had the seriousness of my condition been realized, earlier arrangements would have been made which would have enabled me to take the long rest I needed. I am now glad that no such rest was taken. Had I been restored to health sooner than I was, or under different conditions, I should not have suffered and learned; nor should I have tasted the

peculiar joy of a life little known and less understood by mankind at large.

The day after my home-coming I made up my mind, or that part of it which was still within my control, that the time had come to quit business entirely and take a rest of months. I even arranged with a younger brother to set out at once for some quiet place in the White Mountains, where I hoped to steady my shattered nerves. At this time (to say nothing of the constantly recurring thought that I was about to fall into an epileptic attack) I felt as though in a tremor from head to foot.

This dread to which I so frequently refer was a thing which I seldom, if ever, referred to while it persisted. On more than one occasion I did say to my friends that I would rather die than live an epileptic; yet, if I rightly remember, I never declared the actual fear that I was doomed to bear such an affliction. However, I believe that I said on a few occasions, though without meaning it at the time, that, if necessary, I should kill myself rather than endure what I then thought, but do not now think, the most miserable of lives. Though I held the mad belief that I should suffer epilepsy, I held the sane hope, amounting to belief, that I should escape it. This fact may account, in a measure, for my six years of endurance.

On the 18th of June I felt so much worse that I went to my bed and stayed there until the 23d. During the night of the 18th my persistent dread became a false belief—a delusion. What I had long expected I now became convinced had at last occurred. I believed myself to be a confirmed epileptic, and that conviction was stronger than any ever held by a sound intellect. That half-resolve, made before my mind was actually impaired, namely, that I would kill myself rather than live the life I dreaded, now divided my attention with the belief that the stroke had fallen. From that time my one thought was to hasten the end, for I felt that I should lose the chance to die should relatives find me in a seizure of the supposed malady.

Considering the state of my mind and my inability at that time to appreciate the enormity of such an end as I half contemplated, my suicidal purpose was not entirely selfish. That

I had never seriously contemplated suicide is proved by the fact that I had not provided myself with the means of accomplishing it, despite my habit, which has long been remarked by those intimately acquainted with me, of preparing for unlikely contingencies. So far as I had the control of my faculties, it must be admitted that I deliberated; but, strictly speaking, the rash act which followed cannot correctly be called an attempt at suicide—for, how can a man who is not himself kill himself?

Soon my disordered brain was busy with schemes for death. I distinctly remember one which included a row on Lake Whitney, near New Haven. This row I intended to take in the most treacherous boat obtainable. Such a craft could be easily upset, and I should so bequeath to relatives and friends a sufficient number of reasonable doubts to rob my death of the usual stigma. I also remember searching for some deadly drug which I hoped to find about the house. But the quantity and quality of what I found was not such as I dared to trust. I then thought of severing my jugular vein, even going so far as to test against my throat the edge of a razor which, after the deadly impulse first asserted itself, I had secreted in a convenient place. I really wished to die, but so uncertain and bloody a method did not appeal to me. Nevertheless, had I felt sure that in my tremulous frenzy I could accomplish the act with skillful dispatch, I should at once have ended my troubles.

My imaginary attacks were now recurring with distracting frequency, and I was in constant fear of discovery. During these three or four days I slept scarcely at all—even the medicine given to induce sleep having little effect. Though inwardly frenzied, I gave no outward sign of my condition. Most of the time I remained quietly in bed. I spoke but seldom. I had practically, though not entirely, lost the power of speech; and my almost unbroken silence aroused no suspicions as to the seriousness of my plight.

By a process of elimination, all suicidal methods but one had at last been put aside. On that one my mind now centered. My room was on the fourth floor of a house—one of a block of five—in which my parents lived. The house stood several feet back from the street. The sills of my windows

were a little more than thirty feet above the ground. Under one was a flag pavement, extending from the house to the front gate. Under the other was a rectangular coal-hole covered with an iron grating. This was surrounded by flagging over a foot in width; and, connecting it and the pavement proper, was another flag. So that all along the front of the house, stone or iron filled a space at no point less than two feet in width. It required no great amount of calculation, to determine how slight the chance of surviving a fall from either of these windows.

About dawn I arose. Stealthily I approached the window, pushed open the blinds and looked out—and down. Then I closed the blinds as noiselessly as possible and crept back to bed: I had not yet become so desperate that I dared to take the leap. Scarcely had I pulled up the covering when a watchful relative entered my room, drawn thither perhaps by that protecting prescience which love inspires. I thought her words revealed a suspicion that she had heard me at the window, and speechless as I was I had enough speech to deceive her. For, of what account are Truth and Love when Life itself has ceased to seem desirable?

The dawn soon hid itself in the brilliancy of a perfect June day. Never had I seen a brighter—to look at; never a darker—to live through,—or a better to die upon. Its very perfection and the songs of the robins, which at that season were plentiful in the neighborhood, served but to increase my despair and make me the more willing to die. As the day wore on my anguish became more intense, but I managed to mislead those about me by uttering a word now and then, and feigning to read a newspaper, which to me, however, appeared an unintelligible confusion of type. My brain was in a ferment. It felt as if pricked by a million needles at white heat. My whole body felt as though it would be torn apart by the terrific nervous strain under which I labored.

Shortly after noon, dinner having been served, my mother entered the room and asked me if she should bring me some dessert. I assented. It was not that I cared for the dessert; I had no appetite. I wished to get her out of the room, for I believed myself to be on the verge of another attack. She

left at once. I knew that in two or three minutes she would return. The crisis seemed at hand. It was now or never for liberation. She had probably descended one of three flights of stairs when, with the mad desire to dash my brains out on the pavement below, I rushed to that window which was directly over the flag walk. Providence must have guided my movements, for in some otherwise unaccountable way, on the very point of hurling myself out bodily, I chose to drop feet foremost instead. With my fingers I clung for a moment to the sill. Then I let go. In falling my body turned so as to bring my right side toward the building. I struck the ground a little more than two feet from the foundation of the house, and at least three to the left of the point from which I started. Missing the stone pavement by not more than three or four inches, I struck on comparatively soft earth. My position must have been almost upright, for both heels struck the ground squarely. The concussion slightly crushed one heel bone and broke most of the small bones in the arch of each foot, but there was no mutilation of the flesh. As my feet struck the ground my right hand struck hard against the front of the house, and it is probable that these three points of contact divided the force of the shock and prevented my back from being broken. As it was, it narrowly escaped a fracture and, for several weeks afterward, it felt as if powdered glass had been substituted for cartilage between the vertebræ.

I did not lose consciousness even for a second, and the demoniacal dread, which had possessed me from June, 1894, until this fall to earth just six years later, was dispelled the instant I struck the ground. At no time since that instant have I experienced one of my imaginary attacks; nor has my mind even for a moment entertained such an idea. The little demon which had tortured me relentlessly for six years evidently lacked the stamina which I must have had to survive the shock of my suddenly arrested flight through space. That the very delusion which drove me to a death-loving desperation should so suddenly vanish, seems to me to indicate that many a suicide might be averted if the person contemplating it could find the proper assistance when such a crisis impends.

III

THOUGH I was unquestionably insane before the physical injuries which I sustained, I am inclined to believe that without the injuries my insanity would have manifested itself in a mild and easily curable form. As it was, the mere shock to my spine affected my brain and complicated my case. Within a few hours after my fall my brain was in a seriously disordered condition.

It was squarely in front of the dining-room window that I fell, and those at dinner were more startled than I. It took them a second or two to realize what had happened. Then my younger brother rushed out, and with other assistance carried me into the house. Naturally that dinner was permanently interrupted. A mattress was placed on the floor of the dining-room and I on that, suffering intensely. I said little, but what I said was significant. "I thought I had epilepsy!" was my first remark; and several times I said, "I wish it was over!" For I believed that my death was only a question of hours. To the doctors, who soon arrived, I said, "My back is broken!"—raising myself slightly, however, as I said so.

An ambulance soon arrived, in which I was placed. Because of the nature of my injuries it was necessary that the ambulance proceed slowly. The trip of a mile and a half seemed interminable, but in due time I arrived at Grace Hospital and was placed in a room which soon became a chamber of torture. It was on the second floor; and the first object to engage my attention and stir my imagination was a man who appeared outside my window and placed in position several heavy iron bars. These were, of course, for my protection, but at that time no such idea occurred to me. My mind was in a delusional state, ready and eager to adopt any external stimulus as a pretext for its wild inventions, and that barred window started a terrible train of delusions which persisted for seven hundred and ninety-eight days. During that period my mind imprisoned both mind and body in a dungeon than which none was ever more secure.

Knowing that those who attempt suicide are usually placed under arrest, I believed myself under legal restraint. I im-

aged that at any moment I might be taken to court to face some charge lodged against me by the local police. Every act of those about me seemed to be a part of what, in police parlance, is commonly called the "Third Degree." The hot poultices placed upon my feet and ankles threw me into a profuse perspiration, and my very active association of mad ideas convinced me that I was being "sweated"—another police term which I had often seen in the newspapers. I inferred that this third-degree sweating process was being inflicted in order to extort some kind of a confession, though what my captors wished me to confess I could not for my life imagine. As I was really in a state of delirium, with high fever, I had an insatiable thirst. The only liquids given me were hot saline solutions. Though there was good reason for administering these, I believed they were designed for no other purpose than to increase my sufferings, as a part of the same inquisitorial process. But had a confession been due I could hardly have made it, for that part of my brain which controls the power of speech was seriously affected, and was soon to be further disabled by my ungovernable thoughts. Only an occasional word did I utter.

Certain hallucinations of hearing, or "false voices," added to my torture. Within my range of hearing, but beyond the reach of my understanding, there was a hellish vocal hum. Now and then I would recognize the subdued voice of a former friend; now and then I would hear the voices of some who I believed were not friends. All these referred to me and uttered what I could not clearly distinguish, but knew must be imprecations. Ghostly rappings on the walls and ceiling of my room punctuated unintelligible mumblings of invisible persecutors. Those were long nights.

I remember distinctly my delusion of the following day—Sunday. I seemed to be no longer in the hospital. In some mysterious way I had been spirited aboard a huge ocean steamship. I first discovered this when the ship was in mid-ocean. The day was clear, the sea apparently calm, but for all that, the ship was slowly sinking. And it was I, of course, who had brought on what must turn out fatally for all, unless the coast of Europe could be reached before the water in the hold should extinguish the fires. How had this

peril overtaken us? Simply enough: During the night I had in some way—a way still unknown to me—opened a port-hole below the water-line; and those in charge of the vessel seemed powerless to close it. Every now and then I could hear parts of the vessel give way under the strain. I could hear the air hiss and whistle spitefully under the resistless impact of the invading waters; I could hear the crashing of timbers as partitions were wrecked; and as the water rushed in at one place I could see, at another, scores of helpless passengers swept overboard into the sea—my unintended victims. I believed that I too might at any moment be swept away. That I was not thrown into the sea by vengeful fellow-passengers was, I thought, due to their desire to keep me alive until, if possible, land should be reached, when a more painful death could be inflicted upon me.

While aboard my phantom-ship I managed in some way to establish an electric railway system; and the trolley cars which passed the hospital were soon running along the deck of my ocean-liner, carrying passengers from the places of peril in the ship's hold to what seemed places of comparative safety at the bow. Every time I heard a car pass the hospital one of mine went clanging along the ship's deck.

This feverish day-dream is less remarkable than the external stimuli which excited it. As I have since ascertained there was, just outside my room, an elevator and near it a speaking tube. Whenever the speaking-tube was used from another part of the building, the summoning whistle conveyed to my mind the idea of the exhaustion of air in a ship-compartment, and the opening and shutting of the elevator door completed the illusion of a ship fast going to pieces. But the ship my mind was on never reached any shore, nor did she sink. Like a mirage she vanished, and again I found myself safe in my bed at the hospital. "Safe," did I say? Scarcely that,—for deliverance from one impending disaster simply meant immediate precipitation into another.

My delirium gradually subsided, and four or five days after the 23d the doctors were able to set my broken bones. To my gradually increasing insanity the operation suggested new delusions. Shortly before the adjustment of the plaster

casts, my legs, for obvious reasons, were shaved from shin to calf. This unusual tonsorial operation I read for a sign of degradation—associating it with what I had heard of the treatment of murderers and with similar customs in more barbarous lands. It was about this time also that strips of court-plaster, in the form of a cross, were placed on my brow, which had been slightly scratched in my fall, and this I read for a brand of infamy.

Had my health been good I should at this time have been participating in the Triennial of my class at Yale. Indeed, I was a member of the Triennial Committee and though, when I left New York on June 15th, I had been feeling terribly ill, I had then hoped to brace myself for the anticipated pleasures of the reunion. The class reunions were held on Tuesday, June 26th—three days after my collapse. Those familiar with Yale customs know that the Harvard baseball game is one of the chief events of the commencement season. Headed by brass bands, all the classes whose reunions fall in the same year, march to the Yale Athletic Field to see the game and renew their youth—using up as much vigor in one delirious day as would insure a ripe old age if less prodigally expended. These classes with their bands and cheering, accompanied by thousands of other vociferating enthusiasts, march through West Chapel Street—the most direct route from the Campus to the Field. It is upon this line of march that Grace Hospital is situated, and I knew that on the day of the game the Yale thousands would pass the scene of my incarceration.

I have endured so many days of the most exquisite torture that I hesitate to distinguish among them by degrees; each deserves its own unique place, even as a Saint's Day on the calendar of an olden Spanish inquisitor. But, if the palm is to be awarded to any, June 26th, 1900, perhaps has the first claim.

My state of mind at this time might be pictured thus: The criminal charge of attempted suicide stood against me on June 23d. By the 26th many other and worse charges had accumulated. The public believed me the most despicable member of my race. The papers were filled with accounts of my misdeeds. The thousands of collegians gath-

ered in the city, many of whom I knew personally, loathed the very thought that a Yale man should so disgrace his Alma Mater. And when they approached the hospital on their way to the Athletic Field, I concluded that it was their intention to take me from my bed, drag me to the lawn, and there tear me limb from limb. Few incidents during my unhappiest years are more vividly or circumstantially impressed upon my memory. The fear, to be sure, was absurd, but in the lurid lexicon of Unreason there is no such word as "absurd." Believing, as I did, that I had dishonored Yale and forfeited the privilege of being numbered among her sons, it was not surprising that the college cheers which filled the air that afternoon, and in which I, only a few days earlier, had hoped to join, struck terror to my heart.

IV

NATURALLY I was suspicious of all about me, and became more so each day. But not until about a month after my hurt did I refuse to recognize my relatives. While I was at Grace Hospital my father and eldest brother called almost every day to see me, and, though I said little, I still accepted them in their proper characters. I remember well a conversation one morning with my father. The words I uttered were few but full of meaning. Shortly before this time my death had been momentarily expected. I still believed that I was surely about to die as a result of my injuries, and I wished in some way to let my father know that, despite my apparently ignominious end, I appreciated all that he had done for me during my life. Few men, I believe, ever had a more painful time in expressing their feelings than I had on that occasion. I had but little control over my mind, and my power of speech was impaired. My father sat beside my bed. Looking up at him, I said, "You have been a good father to me."

"I have always tried to be," was his characteristic reply.

After the broken bones had been set, and the first effects of the severe shock I had sustained had worn off, I began to gain strength. About the third week I was able to sit up and was occasionally taken out of doors. But each day, and especially during the hours of the night, my delusions in-

creased in force and variety. The world was fast becoming to me a stage on which every human being within the range of my senses seemed to be playing a part, and that a part which would lead not only to my destruction (for which I cared little), but also to the ruin of all with whom I had ever come in contact. In the month of July several thunderstorms occurred. To me the thunder was "stage" thunder, the lightning, man-made, and the accompanying rain due to some clever contrivance of my persecutors. There was a chapel connected with the hospital—or at least a room where religious services were held every Sunday. To me the hymns were funeral dirges; and the mumbled prayers, faintly audible, were in behalf of every sufferer in the world but one.

It was my eldest brother who looked after my care and interests during my entire illness. Toward the end of July, he informed me that I was to be taken home again. I must have given him an incredulous look, for he said, "Don't you think we can take you home? Well, we can and will." Believing myself in the hands of the police I did not see how that was possible. Nor did I have any desire to return. That a man who had disgraced his family should again enter his old home, and expect his relatives to treat him as though nothing were changed, was a thought against which my whole nature rebelled; and, when the day came for my return, I fought my brother and the doctor feebly as they lifted me from the bed. But, realizing the uselessness of resistance, I soon submitted, was placed in a carriage, and driven to the house I had left a month earlier.

For a few hours my mind was easier than it had been. But my new-found ease was soon dispelled by the appearance of a nurse—one of several who had attended me at the hospital. Though at home and surrounded by relatives I jumped at the conclusion that I was still under police surveillance. At my request my brother had promised not to engage any nurse who had been in attendance at the hospital. The difficulty of procuring any other led him to disregard my request, which at the time he held simply as a whim. But he did not disregard it entirely, for the nurse selected had merely acted as a substitute on one occasion, and

then only for about an hour. That was long enough, though, for my memory to become acquainted with her image. My brother's mistake was grave, for the unintentional breaking of that promise broke the only remaining thread that bound me to the world. And it is now clear to my judgment that the most trifling promise, direct or implied, made under such circumstances, should, if possible, be carried out to the letter. This question I have since discussed with alienists, all of whom agree with me. Suspicion cannot be overcome by being fed upon untruth itself, and suspicion is the condition of most unbalanced minds. I am convinced that the unhappiness of many such would be greatly decreased if, as nearly as possible, they received at the hands of sane persons the treatment accorded sane persons. It should never be taken for granted that a perverted mind cannot detect a perverted moral act. To gain the shattered confidence of suspicious insane patients, their treatment should be consistently honest and kind. But let me in all justice and all gratitude emphasize the fact that my brother was not to blame for his error of judgment; and without abating a jot of my conviction that such little subterfuges are injurious to the patient and should be scrupulously avoided—most of all by his relatives, and by the doctors and nurses in charge of him—I must add that, of course, had it not been this incident, almost any other would as surely have precipitated the plunge to chaos of my swaying reason.

Finding myself still under surveillance, I soon jumped to a second conclusion, namely: that this was no brother of mine at all. He instantly appeared in the light of a sinister double, acting as a detective. After that I refused absolutely to speak to him again, and this repudiation I extended to all other relatives, friends, and acquaintances. If the man I had accepted as my brother was spurious, so were all the rest—such was my deduction. For more than two years I was without relatives or friends, in fact, a man without a world, except that one created by my own mind from the chaos that reigned within it. Having lost all touch, even with my mother and father whom I had seen, naturally God, whom I had not seen, ceased to exist for me. Thus I was denied the comfort which comes to so many in distress.

While I was at Grace Hospital it was my sense of hearing which was the most disturbed. Soon after I was placed in my room at home all of my senses became perverted. I still heard the "false voices"—which were doubly false, for Truth no longer existed. The tricks played upon me by my perverted senses of taste, touch, smell, and sight were the source of great mental anguish. None of my food had its usual flavor. This soon led to that common delusion that some of it contained poison—not deadly poison, for I knew that my enemies hated me too much to allow me the boon of death, but poison sufficient to aggravate my discomfort. At breakfast I had cantaloupe, liberally sprinkled with salt. The salt seemed to pucker my mouth, and I believed it to be powdered alum. Usually, with my supper, sliced peaches were served. Though there was sugar on the peaches, salt would have done as well. Salt, sugar, and powdered alum had become the same to me.

Familiar materials had acquired a different "feel." In the dark, the bed sheets at times seemed like silk. As I had not been born with a golden spoon in my mouth, or other accessories of a useless luxury, I believed the detectives had provided these silken sheets for some hostile purpose of their own. What that purpose was I could not divine, and my very inability to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion stimulated my brain to the assembling of disturbing thoughts in an almost endless train. Thus does a perverted sense grow by what it feeds on.

Imaginary breezes struck my face, gentle, but not welcome, most of them from parts of the room where currents of air could not possibly originate. They seemed to come from cracks in the walls and ceiling and annoyed me exceedingly. I thought them in some way related to that Chinese method of torture by which water is allowed to strike the victim's forehead, a drop at a time, until death releases him.

The old doctrine of brimstone, Hell-fire, and damnation is not so difficult for me to believe as it is for that type of saint who would get to Glory easily, or, at least, substitute for Heaven a sweet and unmerited oblivion. For does not the Devil lurk in one's nasal passages? Stifling fumes of sulphur are as the crisp air of wooded glens compared to the

odor of burning human flesh and other pestilential fumes which seemed to assail me.

My sense of sight was subjected to many weird and uncanny effects. Phantasmagoric visions made their visitations throughout the night, for a time with such regularity that I used to await their coming with a certain restrained curiosity. Although I was not entirely unaware that something was ailing with my mind, I did not accept these visions, or any other abnormal effects of sense, as symptoms of insanity. All these horrors I took for the work of detectives, who sat up nights racking their brains in order to rack and utterly wreck my own with a cruel and unfair "Third Degree."

Handwriting on the wall has ever struck terror to the hearts of sane men. I remember as one of my most unpleasant experiences that I began to see handwriting on the sheets of my bed staring me in the face, and not me alone, but also the spurious relatives who often stood or sat near me. On each fresh sheet placed over me I would soon begin to see words, sentences, and signatures, all in my own handwriting. Yet I could not decipher any of the words, and this fact dismayed me, for I firmly believed that those who stood about could read them all and found them to be incriminating evidence.

I imagined that these vision-like effects, with few exceptions, were produced by a magic-lantern, controlled by some of my myriad persecutors. The lantern was rather a cinematographic contrivance. Moving pictures, often brilliantly colored, were thrown on the ceiling of my room and sometimes on the sheets of my bed. Human bodies, dismembered and gory, were one of the most common of these. All this may have been due to the fact that, as a boy, I had fed my imagination on the sensational news of the day as presented in the public press. These papers I had been accustomed to read thoroughly, reading first the worst news and ending with the best—if I had time. Despite the heavy penalty which I now paid for thus loading my mind, I believe this unwise indulgence gave a breadth and variety to my peculiar psychological experience which it otherwise would have lacked. For with an insane ingenuity I managed to connect myself with almost every crime of importance of which I had ever read.

Dismembered human bodies were not alone my bed-fellows at this time. I remember one vision of vivid beauty. Swarms of butterflies and large and gorgeous moths appeared on the sheets. That sight I really enjoyed, knowing that the pretty creatures were not alive; and I wished that the usually unkind operator would continue to minister to my aesthetic taste by feeding it on colors so rich and so faultlessly combined. Another pleasing vision appeared about twilight several days in succession. I can trace it directly to impressions gained in early childhood. The quaint pictures by Kate Greenaway—little children in attractive dress, playing in old-fashioned gardens—would float through space just outside my windows. The pictures were always accompanied by the gleeful shouts of real children in the neighborhood, who, before being sent to bed by watchful parents, devoted the last hour of the day to play. It was their shouts that stirred my memories of childhood and brought forth these pictures.

In my chamber of intermittent horrors and momentary delights, uncanny occurrences were frequent. I believed there was some one who at fall of night secreted himself under my bed. That in itself was not peculiar, as sane persons, at one time or another, are troubled by that same notion. But *my* bed-fellow—under the bed—was a detective; and he spent most of his time during the night pressing pieces of ice against my injured heels, to precipitate, as I thought, my overdue confession.

The piece of ice in the pitcher of water which stood usually on the table clinked against the pitcher's side as its center of gravity shifted through melting. It was many days before I reasoned out the cause of this sound; and until I did I supposed it to be produced by some mechanical device resorted to by the detectives for a purpose. Thus it is that the most trifling occurrence assumes vast significance to an unsound mind afflicted with certain types of delusion.

V

AFTER remaining at home for about a month, during which time I showed no improvement mentally, though I did gain physically, I was taken to a private sanatorium. My destination was frankly disclosed to me. But my habit of dis-

belief had now become confirmed, and I thought myself on the way to a trial in New York City, for some one of the many crimes with which I stood charged.

My emotions on leaving New Haven were, I imagine, much the same as those of a condemned and penitent criminal who looks upon the world for the last time. The day was hot, and, as we drove to the railway station, the blinds on most of the houses in the streets through which we passed were seen to be closed. The reason for this was not then apparent to me. I thought I saw an unbroken line of deserted houses, and I imagined that their desertion had been deliberately planned as a sign of displeasure on the part of their former occupants. As citizens of New Haven I supposed them bitterly ashamed of such a despicable inhabitant as myself. Because of the early hour, the streets were practically deserted. This fact too I interpreted to my own disadvantage; and, as the carriage crossed the main business thoroughfare, I took what I believed to be my last look at that portion of my native city.

From the carriage I was carried to the train and placed in the smoking-car in the last seat on the right-hand side. The back of the seat next in front was reversed so that my legs might be placed in a comfortable position, and one of the boards used by card-playing travelers was placed beneath them as a support. With a consistent degree of suspicion I paid particular attention to a blue mark on the face of the railroad ticket held by my custodian. I took it to be a means of identification for use in court, but wherefore, I knew not.

That one's memory may perform its function in the grip of Unreason itself is proved by the fact that my memory retains an impression, and an accurate one, of virtually everything that befell me, except when under the influence of an anæsthetic or in the unconscious hours of undisturbed sleep. Important events, trifling conversations, and more trifling thoughts of my own, are now recalled with ease and accuracy; whereas, prior to my illness and up to August 30th, 1902, when I again got in touch with my own world, mine was an ordinary memory when it was not noticeably poor. At school and in college I stood lowest in those studies in which success depended largely upon this faculty. Psychiatrists inform me

that it is not unusual for patients afflicted as I was to retain accurate impressions of their experiences while ill. To laymen this may seem almost miraculous, yet it is not so; nor is it even remarkable. Assuming that an insane person's memory is capable of recording impressions at all, remembrance, for one in the torturing grip of delusions of persecution, should be doubly easy. This deduction is in accord with the accepted psychological law: that the retention of an impression in the memory depends largely upon the intensity of the impression itself, and the frequency of its repetition. Fearing to speak lest I should incriminate myself and others, gave to my impressions the requisite intensity, and the daily recurrence of the same general line of thought served to fix all impressions in my then supersensitive memory.

Shortly before seven in the morning, *en route* to the sanatorium, the train passed through a manufacturing center. Many workmen were lounging in front of a factory, most of them reading newspapers. I believed these papers contained an account of me and my crimes, and I thought every one along the route knew who I was and what I was, and that I was on that particular train. Few seemed to pay any attention to me, yet this very fact looked to be a part of some well laid plan of the detectives.

The sanatorium for which I was destined was situated in the country, and when we reached a certain station I was carried from the train to a carriage and driven thither. Just as we alighted from the train I caught sight of a former college acquaintance, whose appearance I thought was designed to let me know that Yale, which I believed I had disgraced, was one of the powers behind my throne of torture.

Soon after I reached my room in the sanatorium, the supervisor entered. Drawing a table close to the bed he placed upon it a slip of paper which he asked me to sign. I looked upon this as a trick of the detectives to get a specimen of my handwriting. I now know that the signing of the slip is a legal requirement, with which every patient is supposed to comply upon entering such an institution—private in character—unless he has been committed by some court. The exact wording of this "voluntary commitment" I do not now recall; but, in substance, it was an agreement to abide by the rules

of the institution—whatever *they* were—and to submit to such restraint as might be deemed necessary. Had I not felt the weight of the world on my shoulders, I believe my sense of humor would have caused me to laugh outright. For the signing of such an agreement by one so situated was, even to my mind, a farce. After much coaxing I was induced to go so far as to take the pen in my hand. There I hesitated. The supervisor apparently thought I might write with more ease if the paper were placed on a book. And so I might, had he selected a book of a different title. One more likely to arouse suspicions in my mind could not have been found in a search of the Congressional Library. I had left New York on June 15th, and it was now in the direction of that city that my present trip had taken me. I considered this but the first step of my return under the auspices of the Police Department. “Called Back” was the title of the book that stared me in the face. After refusing for a long time I finally weakened and signed the slip; but I did not place it on the book. To have done that would, in my mind, have been tantamount to giving consent to extradition; and I was in no mood to assist the detectives in their mean work.

At what cost had I signed that commitment slip? To me it was the act of signing my own death-warrant. And why should one in my irresponsible condition have been forced to undergo so heart-breaking an ordeal? If I was a mental incompetent—and I was—why go through a senseless formality, meaningless in the eyes of the law which declares an insane person incapable of intelligent and binding action? Under such conditions a patient should not be annoyed, and in some instances tortured, by being compelled to attend to the details of his own commitment. As well ask the condemned to adjust the noose. I am not opposed to “voluntary commitments.” I simply plead for their confinement to cases in which the patient sufficiently appreciates his condition to be able to make a choice. If he be past that condition let the law authorize some relative or friend to look after his commitment and, together with competent doctors, assume the entire responsibility for depriving him of his liberty. Though I have ventured one suggestion regarding commitments, I shall not at this time presume to attack the problem involved.

Its solution can come only after the ablest members of the medical and legal professions have given it the consideration it deserves.

During the entire time that my delusions of persecution, as they are called, persisted, I could not but respect the mind which had laid out so comprehensive and devilishly ingenious and, at times, artistic a "Third Degree," as I was called upon to bear. And an innate modesty (more or less fugitive since these peculiar experiences) does not forbid my mentioning the fact that I still respect that mind.

Suffering, such as I endured during the month of August in my own home, continued with gradually lessening force during the eight months I remained in this sanatorium. Nevertheless my suffering during the first four of these eight months was intense. All my senses were still perverted. My sense of sight was the first to right itself—nearly enough, at least, to rob the detectives of their moving pictures. But, before the last fitful film had run through my mind, I beheld one which I shall now describe. I can trace it directly to an impression made on my memory about two years earlier, when I was still sane.

Shortly after going to New York to live I had explored the Eden Musée. One of the most grewsome of the spectacles which I had seen in its famed Chamber of Horrors was a representation of a gorilla, holding in its arms the gory body of a woman. It was that impression which now revived in my mind. But, by a process strictly in accordance with Darwin's theory, the Eden Musée gorilla had become a man—in appearance, not unlike the beast that had inspired my distorted thought. This man held a bloody dagger which he repeatedly plunged into the woman's breast. The apparition did not terrify me at all. In fact I found it interesting, for I looked upon it as a contrivance of the detectives. Its purpose I could not imagine, and it distressed me the less as I reasoned that no additional criminal charges could make my situation worse than it already was.

For a month or two, "false voices" continued to annoy me. And if there is a hell conducted on the principles of my temporary hell, gossipers will one day wish they had attended strictly to their own business. This is not a confession. I

am no gossip, though I cannot deny that I have occasionally gossiped—a little. And this was my punishment: persons in an adjoining room seemed to be repeating with reference to me the very same things which I had said of others on these communicative occasions. I supposed that those whom I had talked about had in some way found me out, and intended now to take their revenge. If all makers of idle talk could be put through such a corrective course, idle talkers would be abolished from the earth.

My sense of smell, too, became normal; but my sense of taste was slow in recovering. At each meal, poison was still the *pièce de résistance*, and it was not surprising that I sometimes dallied one, two, or three hours over a meal, and often ended by not eating it at all.

There was, however, another reason for my frequent refusal to take food, in my belief that the detectives had resorted to a more subtle method of detection. They now intended by each article of food to suggest a certain idea, and I was expected to recognize the idea thus suggested. Conviction or acquittal depended upon my correct interpretation of their symbols, and my interpretation was to be signified by my eating, or not eating, the several kinds of food placed before me. To have eaten a burnt crust of bread would have been a confession of arson. Why? Simply because the charred crust suggested fire; and, as bread is the staff of life, would it not be an inevitable deduction that life had been destroyed—destroyed by fire—and that I was the destroyer? On one day to eat a given article of food meant confession. The next day, or the next meal, a refusal to eat it meant confession. This complication of logic made it doubly difficult for me to keep from incriminating myself and others.

It can easily be seen that I was between several devils and the deep sea. To eat or not to eat, perplexed me more than the problem conveyed by a few shorter words perplexed a certain prince, who, had he lived a few centuries later (out of a book) might have been forced to enter a kingdom where kings and princes are made and unmade on short notice. Indeed, he might have lost his principality entirely—or, at least, his subjects; for as I later had occasion to observe, the frequency with which a dethroned reason mounts a

throne and rules a world is such that self-crowned royalty in asylums for the insane receives but scant homage from the less elated members of the court.

For several weeks I ate but little. Though the desire for food was not wanting, my mind (that dog-in-the-manger) refused to let me satisfy my hunger. Coaxing by the attendants was of little avail; force was usually of less. But the threat that liquid nourishment would be administered through my nostrils sometimes prevailed, for the attribute of shrewdness was not so utterly lost that I could not choose the lesser of two evils.

What I looked upon as a gastronomic ruse of the detectives sometimes overcame my fear of eating. Every Sunday ice-cream was served with dinner. At the beginning of the meal a large pyramid of it would be placed before me in a saucer several sizes too small. I believed that it was never to be mine unless I first partook of the more substantial fare. As I dallied over the meal, that delicious pyramid would gradually melt, slowly filling the small saucer, which I knew could not long continue to hold all of its original contents. As this liquefying process advanced I became more indifferent to my eventual fate; and, invariably, before a drop of that precious reward had dripped from the saucer, I had eaten enough of the dinner to prove my title to the seductive desert. Moreover, during its enjoyment, I no longer cared a whit for charges or convictions of all the crimes on the calendar. This fact is less trifling than it seems; for it proves the value of strategy as opposed to brute and sometimes brutal force, of which I shall presently give some illuminating examples. . . .

VI

At this time my physical senses were less perverted than they had been previously, and in that fact lay my salvation. Now that my senses no longer lied to me, my returning reason enabled me to construct the ingenious scheme which, I believe, saved my life; for, had I not largely regained my reason *when I did*, I am inclined to believe that my distraught mind would have destroyed itself and me, before it could have been restored by the slow process of returning health.

A few hours after my private detective had given me the information I so much desired, I wrote my first letter in twenty-six months. As letters go it is in a class by itself. I dared not ask for ink, so I wrote with a lead pencil. Another fellow-patient in whom I had confidence, at my request, addressed the envelope; but he was not in the secret of its contents. This was an added precaution, for I thought the Secret Service men might have found out that I had a detective of my own and would confiscate any letters addressed by him or me. The next morning *my* "detective" mailed the letter. That letter I still have, and I treasure it as any innocent man condemned to death would treasure a pardon or reprieve. It should convince the reader that sometimes an insane man can think and write clearly. An exact copy of this—the most important letter I ever expect to be called upon to write—is here appended:

AUGUST 29, 1902.

DEAR GEORGE:

On last Wednesday morning a person who claimed to be George M. Beers of New Haven, Ct., clerk in the Director's Office of the Sheffield Scientific School and a brother of mine, called to see me.

Perhaps what he said was true, but after the events of the last two years I find myself inclined to doubt the truth of everything that is told me. He said that he would come and see me again sometime next week, and I am sending you this letter in order that you may bring it with you as a passport, provided you *are* the one who was here on Wednesday.

If you did not call as stated please say nothing about this letter to any one, and when your double arrives, I'll tell him what I think of him. Would send other messages, but while things seem as they do at present it is impossible. Have had some one else address envelope for fear letter might be held up on the way.

Yours,

CLIFFORD W. B.

Though I felt reasonably confident that this message would reach my brother, I was by no means certain. I was sure, however, that, should he receive it, under no circumstances

would he turn it over to any one hostile to myself. When I wrote the words: "Dear George," my feeling was much like that of a child who sends a letter to Santa Claus after his faith in the existence of Santa Claus has been shaken. Like the skeptical child, I felt there was nothing to lose, but everything to gain. "Yours" fully expressed such affection for relatives as I was then capable of,—for the belief that I had disgraced, perhaps destroyed, my family prompted me to forbear to use the family name in the signature.

The thought that I might soon get in touch with my old world did not excite me. I had not much faith anyway that I was to reestablish former relations, and what little faith I had was almost dissipated on the morning of August 30th, 1902, when a short message, written on a slip of paper, reached me by the hand of an attendant. It informed me that my brother would call that afternoon. I thought it a lie. I felt that any brother of mine would have taken the pains to send a letter in reply to the first I had written him in over two years. The thought that there had not been time for him to do so and that this message must have arrived by telephone did not then occur to me. What I believed was that my own letter had been confiscated. I asked one of the doctors to swear on his honor that it really was my own brother who was coming to see me. He did so swear, and this may have diminished my first doubt somewhat, but not much, for abnormal suspicion robbed all men in my sight of whatever honor they may have had.

The thirtieth of the month was what might be called a perfect June day in August. In the afternoon, as usual, the patients were taken out of doors, I among them. I wandered about the lawn, and cast frequent and expectant glances toward the gate, through which I believed my anticipated visitor would soon pass. In less than an hour he appeared. I first caught sight of him about three hundred feet away, and, impelled more by curiosity than hope, I advanced to meet him. "I wonder what the lie will be this time," was the gist of my thoughts.

The person approaching me was indeed the counterpart of my brother as I remembered him. Yet he was no more my brother than he had been at any time during the preceding

two years. He was still a detective. Such he was when I shook his hand. As soon as that ceremony was over he drew forth a leather pocket-book. I instantly recognized it as one I myself had carried for several years prior to the time I was taken ill in 1900. It was from this that he took my recent letter.

"Here's my passport," said he.

"It's a good thing you brought it," said I coolly, as I glanced at it and again shook his hand—this time the hand of my own brother.

"Don't you want to read it?" he asked.

"There is no need of that," was my reply. "I am convinced."

After my long journey of exploration in the jungle of a tangled imagination, a journey which finally ended in my finding the person for whom I had long searched, my behavior differed very little from that of a great explorer who, after a perilous trip through real jungles, found the man he sought and, coolly grasping his hand, greeted him with a now historic remark.

The very instant I caught sight of my letter in the hands of my brother, all was changed. The thousands of false impressions recorded during the seven hundred and ninety-eight days of my depressed state seemed at once to correct themselves. Untruth became Truth. A large part of what was once my old world was again mine. To me, at least, my mind seemed to have found itself, for the gigantic web of false beliefs in which I had all but hopelessly enmeshed myself was immediately recognized by me as a snare of delusions. That the Gordian knot of mental torture should be cut and swept away by the mere glance of a willing eye is like a miracle. Not a few patients, however, suffering from certain forms of mental disorder, regain a high degree of insight into their mental condition in what might be termed a flash of divine enlightenment. Though insight regained seemingly in an instant is a most encouraging symptom, power to reason normally on all subjects cannot, of course, be so promptly regained. My regained power to reason correctly on some subjects simply marked the transition from depression, one phase of my disorder, to elation, another phase of it.

My memory during depression might be likened to a photographic film, seven hundred and ninety-eight days long. Each impression seems to have been made in a negative way and then, in a fraction of a second, miraculously developed and made positive. Of hundreds of impressions made during that depressed period I had not before been conscious, but from the moment I regained my reason they have stood out vividly. Not only so, but other impressions gathered during earlier years have done likewise. Since that August 30th, which I regard as my second birthday (my first was on the 30th of another month), my mind has exhibited qualities which, prior to that time, were so latent as to be scarcely distinguishable. As a result, I find myself able to do desirable things I never before dreamed of doing—the writing of this book is one of them.

Yet had I failed to convince myself on August 30th, when my brother came to see me, that he was no spy, I am almost sure that I should have compassed my own destruction within the following ten days, for the next month, I believed, was the fatal one of opening courts. It was death by drowning that impended. And I find it peculiarly appropriate to liken my salvation itself to a prolonged process of drowning. Thousands of minutes of the seven hundred and ninety-eight days—and there were over one million of them, during which I had been borne down by intolerably burdensome delusions—were, I imagine, much like the last minutes of consciousness experienced by persons who drown. Many who have narrowly escaped this fate can testify to the vividness with which good and bad impressions of their entire life rush through their confused minds, and hold them in a grip of terror until a kind unconsciousness envelopes them. Such had been many of my moments. But the only unconsciousness which had deadened my sensibilities during these two despondent years was the semi-unconsciousness of sleep itself. Though I slept well most of the time, mine was seldom a dreamless sleep. Many of my dreams were, if anything, harder to bear than my delusions of the day, for what little reason I had was absolutely suspended in sleep. Almost every night my brain was at battledore and shuttlecock with weird thoughts. And if not all my dreams were terrifying, this

fact seemed to be only because a perverted and perverse Reason, in order that its possessor might not lose the capacity for suffering, knew how to keep Hope alive with visions which supplied the contrast necessary for keen appreciation.

No man can be born again, but I believe I came as near it as ever a man did. To leave behind what was in reality a Hell, and, in less than one second, have this good green earth revealed in more glory than most men ever see it, was a compensating privilege which makes me feel that my suffering was distinctly worth while. This statement will no doubt seem extravagant to those who dread insanity; but those who appreciate what a privilege it is to be placed in a position to do great good, will, I am sure, credit me with sincerity. For have I not before me a field of philanthropy in which to work—a field which, even in this altruistic age, is practically untouched?

I have already described the peculiar sensation which assailed me when, in June, 1900, I lost my reason. At that time my brain felt as though pricked by a million needles at white heat. On this August 30th, 1902, shortly after largely regaining my reason, I had another most distinct sensation in the brain. It started under my brow and gradually spread until the entire surface was affected. The throes of a dying Reason had been torture. The sensations felt as my dead Reason was reborn were delightful. It seemed as though the refreshing breath of some kind Goddess of Wisdom were being gently blown against the surface of my brain. It was a sensation not unlike that produced by a menthol pencil rubbed ever so gently over a fevered brow. So delicate, so crisp and exhilarating was it that words fail me in my attempt to describe it. Few if any experiences can be more delightful. If the exaltation produced by some drugs is anything like it, I can easily understand how and why certain pernicious habits enslave those who contract them. For me, however, this experience was liberation, not enslavement. . . .

VII

THOUGH I respected my clothes, I did not at once cease to tear such material as would serve me in my scientific investi-

gations. Gravity being conquered, it was inevitable that I should devote some of my time to the invention of a flying-machine. This was soon perfected—in my mind; and all I needed, that I might test the device, was my liberty. As usual I was unable to explain how I should produce the result which I so confidently foretold. But I was secure in the belief that I should, ere long, fly to St. Louis and claim and receive the one hundred thousand dollar reward offered by the Commission of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition for the most efficient airship there to be exhibited. The moment that thought winged its way through my mind, I had not only a flying-machine, but a fortune in the bank. Being where I could not dissipate my riches I became a lavish verbal spender. I was in a mood to buy anything, and I whiled away many an hour planning what I should do with my fortune. The St. Louis prize was a paltry trifle. I reasoned (if my magnificent mental processes may be dignified as reasoning) that the man who could harness gravity had at his beck and call the world and all that therein is. This sudden accession of wealth made my vast humanitarian projects seem only the more feasible. What could be more delightful, thought I, than the furnishing and financing of ideas of a magnitude such as would stagger humanity. My condition was one of ecstatic suspense. Give me my liberty and I would show a sleepy old world what could be done to improve conditions, not only among the insane, but along every line of beneficent endeavor.

The city of my birth was to be made a garden-spot. All defiling, smoke-begriming factories were to be banished to an innocuous distance. Churches were to give way to cathedrals; the city itself was to become a paradise of mansions. Yale University was to be transformed into the most magnificent—yet efficient—seat of learning in the world. For once, college professors were to be paid adequate salaries, and alluring provision for their declining years was to be made. New Haven should become a very hot-bed of culture. Art galleries, libraries, museums, and theaters of a dream-like splendor were to rise whenever and wherever I should will. Why absurd? Was it not I who would defray the cost? The famous buildings of the Old World were to

be reproduced, if, indeed, the originals could not be purchased, brought to this country, and reërected. Not far from New Haven there is a sandy plain, once the bed of the Connecticut River, but now a kind of miniature desert. I often smile as I pass it on the train; for it was here, for the edification of those who might never be able to visit the Valley of the Nile, that I planned to erect a pyramid that should out-Cheops the original. My harnessed gravity, I believed, would not only enable me to overcome existing mechanical difficulties, but it would make the quarrying of immense monoliths as easy as the slicing of bread.

After all, delusions of grandeur are the most entertaining of toys. The assortment which my imagination provided was a comprehensive one. I had tossed aside the blocks of childhood days. Instead of laboriously piling small squares of wood one upon another, in an endeavor to build the tiny semblance of a house, I now, in this second childhood of mine, projected against thin air phantom edifices, planned and completed in the twinkling of an eye. To be sure such houses of cards almost immediately superseded each other, but the vanishing of one could not disturb a mind which had ever another interesting bauble to take its place. And therein lies part of the secret of the happiness peculiar to that stage of elation which is distinguished by delusions of grandeur,—always provided the afflicted one be not subjected to privation and abuse. The sane man who can prove that he is rich in material wealth is not nearly so happy as his unfortunate brother whose delusions trick him into believing himself a modern Cræsus. A wealth of Midas-like delusions is no burden. Such a fortune, though a misfortune in itself, bathes the world in a golden glow. No clouds obscure the vision. Optimism reigns supreme. "Failure" and "impossible" are as words from an unknown tongue. And the unique satisfaction about a fortune of this fugitive type is that its loss occasions no regret. One by one the phantom ships of treasure sail away for parts unknown; until when the last has become but a speck on the mental horizon, the observer makes the happy discovery that his pirate fleet has left behind it a priceless wake of Reason! . . .

VIII

THE field is before us! The disgrace of the facts (of which I have related but a few) still cries to Heaven. Though the days of dungeons, manacles, shackles, ropes, straps, and chains have, in the main, passed, it should yet be borne in mind that our great hospitals, with their beautiful grounds, are too often but cloaks wherewith a well-intentioned but blind civilization still covers a hideous nakedness. This cruel and deceptive cloak must be torn off. Let these mysteries be converted into open Truth and Fairness. That the public has long been deceived by appearances is not surprising. For, even I, in walking casually through the wards of such a hospital, find it well-nigh impossible to realize that many of the inmates are subjected to even mild abuse. Even I, who have suffered the most exquisite torture from "muffs" and strait-jackets (camisoles), have, in my several tours of inspection at State Hospitals, looked upon a patient so bound with a feeling rather akin to curiosity than sympathy. So innocent do these instruments of restraint appear when one views a victim for the few moments it takes to pass him by, it is little wonder that a glib-tongued apologist of "Restraint" may easily convince one that the bound patient is, in fact, better so. Nevertheless, he is not better so. The few seconds that the observer beholds him are but an infinitesimal fraction of the long hours, days or weeks, that he must endure the embrace of what soon becomes an engine of torture. There is but one remedy for the evils attending the mechanical restraint of the insane. At once and forever abandon the vicious and crude principle which makes its use possible.

The question is: will the reader help to bring about improved conditions? If so, let him take his stand as an advocate of Non-Restraint. So will he befriend those unfortunates whose one great need may best be epitomized in these words—the words of a man who for a score of years worked among the insane in the capacity of assistant physician, and later as superintendent of a state hospital. His simple though vital remark to me was: "After all, what the insane most need is a *friend!*"

These words, so spoken, came with a certain startling

freshness. And yet it was the sublime and healing power of this same love which received its most signal demonstration two thousand years ago at the hands of one who restored to reason and his home that man of Scripture "who had his dwelling among the tombs; and no man could bind him, no, not with chains: Because that he had been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces: neither could any man tame him. And always, night and day, he was in the mountains, and in the tombs, crying, and cutting himself with stones. But when he saw Jesus afar off, he ran and worshiped him, And cried with a loud voice, and said, What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the Most High God? I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not."

For twenty centuries the cry of the insane has been and to-day is: "Torment me not! Torment me not!"

THE END

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES IN THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

	IN VOLUME		IN VOLUME
Abelard.....	II	Darwin, Charles.....	XIV
Alfieri, Vittorio.....	X	De Quincey, Thomas.....	XII
Al Ghazali.....	II	Dickens.....	XIV
Amiel, Henri Frederic.....	XIV	Digby, Sir Kenelm.....	IV
Andersen, Hans Christian..	XIII	Drake, Sir Francis.....	IV
Augustine, Saint.....	I	Fouché, Joseph.....	XI
Aurelius, Marcus.....	I	Fox, George.....	V
Avicenna.....	II	Franklin, Benjamin.....	VI
Bacon, Sir Francis.....	IV	Frederick the Great of Prussia.....	VII
Barry, Mme. Jeanne Du...	IX	Froebel, Friedrich.....	XII
Bashkirtseff, Marie.....	XV	Froissart, Sir John.....	II
Beers, Clifford.....	XV	Garibaldi.....	XIV
Bessemer, Sir Henry.....	XIV	Geikie, Sir Archibald.....	XV
Bismarck.....	XIV	Gibbon, Edward.....	IX
Bodley, Sir Thomas.....	IV	Goethe.....	IX
Bunyan, John.....	V	Goldoni, Carlo.....	VII
Burns, Robert.....	X	Goldsmith, Oliver.....	VIII
Byron.....	XII	Grammont, Count Philibert de.....	V
Cæsar, Augustus.....	I	Guerin, Eugenie de.....	XIII
Cæsar, Julius.....	I	Hamilton, Alexander.....	X
Cardan, Jerome.....	III	Hawkes, Clarence.....	XV
Cartwright, Peter.....	XII	Haydon, Benjamin.....	XII
Casanova, Jean Jacques...	VIII	Heine, Heinrich.....	XII
Catherine the Great of Russia.....	VIII	Henry the Eighth of England.....	III
Cellini.....	III	Herbert of Cherbury, Lord..	IV
Charles the Fifth of Germany.....	III	Holberg, Lewis.....	VI
Cibber, Colley.....	VI	Hugo, Victor.....	XIII
Comines, Sir Philip de....	II	Hume, David.....	VII
Dante.....	II		

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES IN THE LIBRARY

IN VOLUME	IN VOLUME
Huxley, Thomas XV	Robinson, Mrs. Mary X
Jefferson, Thomas IX	Roland, Madame X
Johnson, Dr. Samuel VII	Rousseau, Jean Jacques VII
Josephus, Flavius I	Ruskin, John XIV
Kovalevsky, Sonia XV	Saint Simon, Duc de VI
Lafayette X	Salimbene II
Latude, Henri de VIII	Sargon, King of Babylon I
Lilly, William V	Scott, Sir Walter XI
Lincoln, Abraham XIV	Sennacherib, King I
Longfellow, Henry XIII	Sinuhit, Prince of Egypt I
Luther III	Socrates I
Maimon, Solomon X	Sophia, Princess, of Hanover V
Marguerite de Valois IV	Spencer, Herbert XIV
Marie Asmar of Babylon XIII	Sully, Duke de IV
Marie Thérèse of France XII	Teresa, Saint IV
Marmontel, Jean François VIII	Timur, or Tamberlaine II
Marshall, John X	Tolstoi XV
Mary Queen of Scots IV	Trenck, Baron Frederic VIII
Metternich, Prince von XI	Uni, Lord, of Egypt I
Mill, John Stuart XIII	Vambery, Arminius XV
Milton V	Victoria, Queen XIV
Mohammed Ali Hazin VI	Vidocq, Eugene XI
Napoleon XI	Wagner, Richard XIV
Nelson X	Washington IX
Newman, John Cardinal XIII	Wellington, Duke of XI
Newton, Sir Isaac V	Wesley, John VII
Pepys, Samuel V	Wilde, Oscar XV
Petrarch II	Wilhelmine, Margravine of Baireuth VII
Platter, Thomas III	Wordsworth, William XI
Priestley, Dr. Joseph VIII	Xenophon I
Raleigh, Sir Walter IV	
Renan, Ernest XV	



3 1927 00127304

920.01 University Library of

AUTHOR

Un3 Autobiography

TITLE

v.15 Recent Great Auto-

DATE DUE

BORROWER'S NAME

biographies

920.01

Un3

v.15

